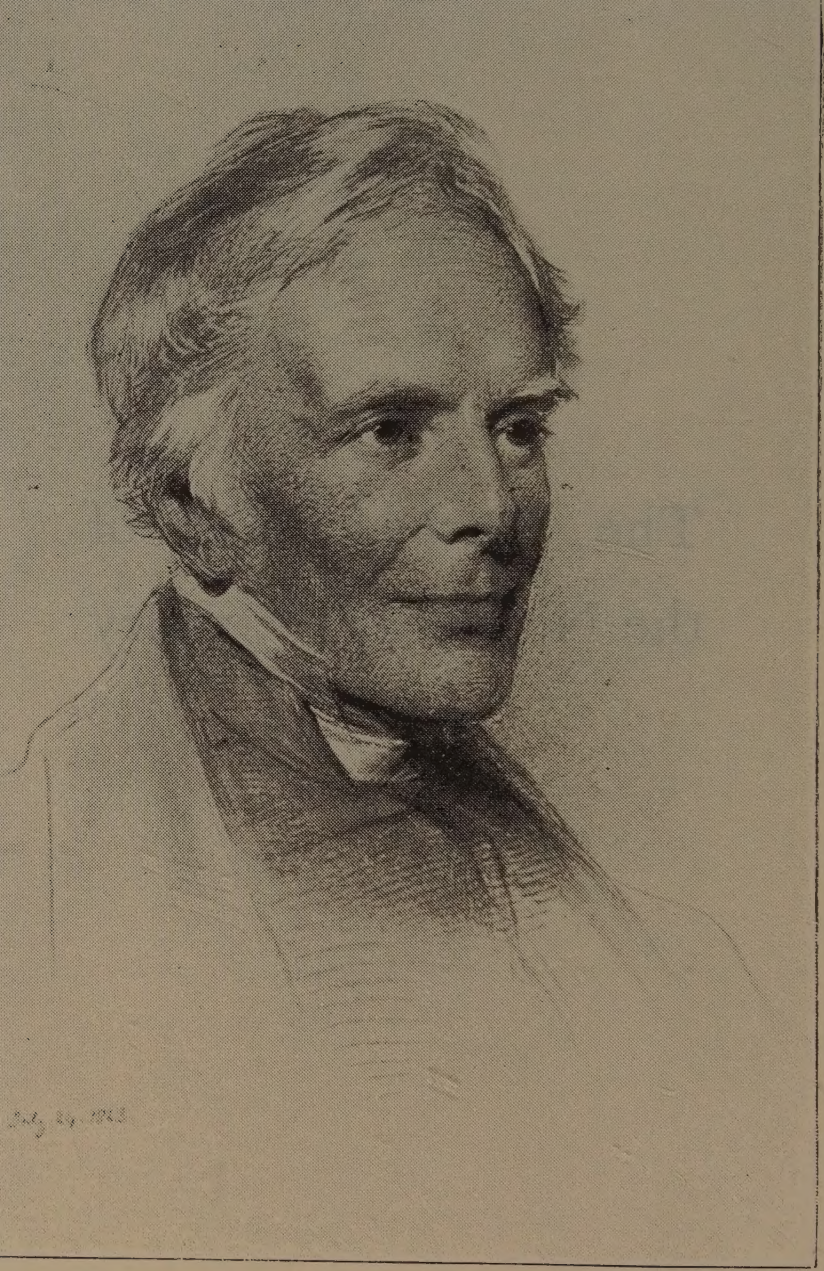
The Sacred Poets of the Nineteenth Century



always Yours
J. Keble

The Sacred Poets of the Nineteenth Century.

James Montgomery

to

Anna Lætitia Waring

Edited by

ALFRED H. MILES

LONDON
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LTD.
1906

AMS PRESS • NEW YORK • 1967

ROBERT R. MUNTZ LIBRARY
THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT TYLER
TYLER, TEXAS 75701

In the prefatory note to the second edition of this work (1896) the Editor invited criticism with a view to the improvement of future editions. Several critics responded to this appeal, and their valuable suggestions have been considered in preparing this re-issue. In some cases the text has been revised and the selection varied; in others, additions have been made to complete the representation. The biographical and bibliographical matter has been brought up to date.—A. H. M.

Reprinted with permission of Routledge & Kegan Paul Ltd.

Manufactured in the United States of America

PREFATORY.

THIS and the following volume of THE POETS AND THE POETRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, are devoted to the Sacred, Moral, and Religious poetry of the period.

In several cases it has been found desirable to give further selections from the works of general poets already represented in earlier volumes. These are poets whose religious verse bears a sufficient proportion to their general poetry, or is sufficiently characteristic to call for separate representation.

The Editor's thanks are due to many authors and publishers, some of the former of whom have passed away since their assent was given to representation in this work. Of these, John Henry Newman, James Martineau, Horatius Bonar, John Stuart Blackie, and George MacDonald are the best known. The thanks of the Editor are due to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge for the use of the hymns of Anna Lætitia Waring in the following pages, and for the lyrics of the late Christina Rosetti which appear in the subsequent volume; to the Religious Tract Society, also in this connection, for the hymns of George Rawson; to Messrs.

Chatto & Windus for permission to include the poems of the late George MacDonald; to James Maclehose & Sons, the publishers of the several volumes of Dr. Walter C. Smith; to Messrs. Bell & Sons, the publishers of Adelaide Procter's poems; to Messrs. Burns & Oates, the publishers of the late Edward Caswell's "Masque of Mary"; and to Messrs. Houlston & Sons for the use of poems by Ada Cross, *née* Cambridge, and Sarah Doudney.

The Editor regrets that he has found it impossible to trace the proprietorship of the copyrights of some of the hymns included in the following pages, and hopes that he may be forgiven if he has inadvertently trespassed upon rights of which he is unaware. In this connection he would cordially acknowledge his indebtedness to Dr. Julian's invaluable "Dictionary of Hymnology."

A H. M.

INDEX

PAGE

JAMES MONTGOMERY (1771—1854) . *A. H. Miles* 1

ORIGINAL HYMNS, ETC.

I. "Songs of praise" 5
II. "Angels, from the realms of glory" . . 6
III. "Hail to the Lord's anointed!" . . . 7
IV. "Go to dark Gethsemane" 9
V. At Home in Heaven ("For ever with") 9

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS—

I. Friends ("Friend after friend departs") . 13
II. The Common Lot ("Once, in the flight of ages") 14
III. The Christian Soldier ("Servant of God! well done") 15
IV. Prayer ("Prayer is the soul's sincere desire") 17
V. "A poor wayfaring man" 18
VI. The Field of the World ("Sow in the morn") 20

THE GRAVE ("There is a calm") 21

THE WEST INDIES—

I. Home ("There is a land") 25
II. The Slaver ("Lives there a savage") . 27

RICHARD MANT (1776—1848) . *Alfred H. Miles* 29

THE SUNDIAL OF ARMOY (*Selected Lyrics*) . . 31

I. The Paradise of Heaven 31
II. Heavenly Changes in the Departed . . 32
III. Commemoration of One Departed . . 33
IV. Faith confirmed by Sense 35

THE BRITISH MONTHS—

Christian Consolation on the Death of Friends 37

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS 40

PAGE

SIR ROBERT GRANT (1779—1838) *Alfred H. Miles* 41

SACRED POEMS—

I. Psalm civ. ("O worship the King") . . 43
II. Litany ("Saviour, when in dust to Thee") 44
III. "When gathering clouds around I view . 46
IV. "Whom have I in heaven but Thee?" . 47

REGINALD HEBER (1783—1826) . *Alfred H. Miles* 49

(*Ye spirits of our Fathers*) 52

HYMNS—

I. "The Son of God goes forth to war" . . 53
II. "Brightest and best" 54
III. "By cool Siloam's shady rill" . . . 55
IV. "The Lord of Might, from Sinai's brow" . 56
V. "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty" . 56
VI. "Who yonder on the desert heath" . . 57
VII. "The sound of war! In earth and air" . 58
VIII. "Thou art gone to the Grave" . . . 59
IX. "From Greenland's icy mountains" . . 60

POEMS—

I. An Evening Walk in Bengal . . . 61
II. The Passage of the Red Sea . . . 63

BERNARD BARTON (1784—1849). *Alfred H. Miles* 69

(*The Stream*) 72
(*To a Grandmother*) 72

POEMS—

I. "Which Things are a Shadow" . . . 73
II. A Dream 74
III. To the Owl 76
IV. A Colloquy with Myself 78

HENRY KIRK WHITE (1785—1806) *Alfred H. Miles* 81

(*To Love*) 83
(*What art Thou?*) 84

ON DISAPPOINTMENT 85

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT (1789—1871) . *A. H. Miles* 87

(*Darling, weep not!*) 87

POEMS—

I. "Just as I am" 89
II. Watch and Pray 90
III. Thy Will be Done 91
IV. The Hour of Prayer 92
V. Leaning on Her Beloved 93
VI. Let me be with Thee 94

PAGE

JOSIAH CONDER (1789—1855) *W. Garrett Horder* 95

HYMNS—

I. Psalm lxxxiv. ("How honoured, how dear") 99
II. "Beyond, beyond that boundless sea" . 101
III. "How shall I follow Him I serve?" . . 102
IV. "The Lord is King" 103
V. "Day by day the manna fell" . . . 104
VI. "O show me not my Saviour dying" . . 105
VII. "Oh, give thanks to Him who made" . 106

SONNETS—

I. Summer is come 107
1. "Summer is come" 107
2. "Now day survives the sun" . . 107
II. Autumn 108
1. "A glorious day" 108
2. "Now that the flowers have faded" 108

HENRY HART MILMAN (1791—1868) *A. H. Miles* 109

HYMNS—

I. "Ride on, ride on in majesty" . . . 111
II. "Bound upon th' accursèd tree" . . 111
III. "When our heads are bow'd with woe" . 113
IV. "O help us, Lord, each hour of need" . 113
V. "Lord! Thou didst arise and say" . . 114

THE MARTYR OF ANTIOCH—

Funeral Hymn ("Brother! thou art gone") 115

BELSHAZZAR—

Hymn of the Captive Jews 117

JOHN KEBLE (1792—1866) . . *Alfred H. Miles* 119

(*Go where the waters fall*) 123

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR—

I. Morning ("Hues of the rich") . . . 125
II. Evening ("'Tis gone, that bright") . . 127
III. "What went ye out to see?" . . . 129
IV. "See Lucifer like lightning fall" . . 131
V. "There is a book, who runs may read" . 133
VI. "O for a sculptor's hand" 135
VII. "Red o'er the forest" 137
VIII. The Conversion of St. Paul 139
IX. "Bless'd are the pure in heart" . . . 142
X. "Where is it mothers learn their love?" . 145

PAGE

SIR JOHN BOWRING (1792—1872) *Alfred H. Miles* 147

HYMNS AND POEMS—

I. "In the Cross of Christ I glory" . . 151
II. "God is love" 151
III. Where? When? How? 152
IV. Matter and Mind 153
V. The Reign of Law 154
VI. Unchanging Changes 154
VII. Resurrection 155
VIII. Confidence (*Sonnet*) 156

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE (1793—1847) *A. H. Miles* 157

PSALMS AND HYMNS—

I. "Sing to the Lord our might" . . . 159
II. "My spirit on Thy care" 159
III. "God of mercy, God of grace" . . . 160
IV. "Pleasant are Thy courts above" . . 161
V. "Praise, my soul, the King of heaven" . 162
VI. "Long did I toil" 163
VII. "Jesus, I my cross have taken" . . 164
VIII. "Abide with me" 165

ROBERT POLLOK (1798—1827) . *Alfred H. Miles* 167

THE COURSE OF TIME—

I. The Poet's Autobiography (From Book iii.) 169
II. Lord Byron (From Book iv.) . . . 172
III. The Lovers (From Book v.) . . . 176
IV. The Resurrection of the Body (From Books vii. and viii.) 178
V. Death (From Book vii.) 182

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (1801—1890) *A. H. Miles* 185

(*Opusculum*) 187

VERSES ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS—

I. Nature and Art 189
II. A Thanksgiving 191
III. Moses 192
IV. Humiliation 193
V. David and Jonathan 193
VI. The Pillar of the Cloud ("Lead, Kindly Light") 194

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS (*Selected passages*) . 195

I. The Soul of Gerontius 195
II. "Praise to the Holiest" 200

PAGE

CAROLINE CLIVE (1801—1873) *Alexander B. Grosart* 201

IX Poems—

I. At Llyncwmstraethy 205
II. The Grave 205
III. Former Home 208
IV. Hearts-ease 210

Paul Ferroll—

An Incident 212

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS (1805—1848) *A. H. Miles* 215

Hymns—

I. "Nearer, my God, to Thee" . . . 219
II. "O! I would sing a song of praise" . . 220
III. "O hallowed memories of the past" . . 221
IV. "He sendeth sun, He sendeth shower" . 222
V. "The mourners came at break of day" . 223
VI. "O pleasant life!" 223
VII. "Part in peace!" 224

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH (1807—1886)
Alfred H. Miles 225

(*Not Thou from us, O Lord*) . . . 225
(*If there had anywhere appeared in space*) . 226
(*Lord, many times I am aweary quite*) . 226

Poems—

I. "What, many times I musing asked" . 227
II. "This did not once so trouble me" . . 228

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH (1807—1885)
Alfred H. Miles 229

The Holy Year—

I. "Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost" . . . 231
II. "O Lord of heaven" 232
III. "Hark the sound of holy voices" . . 233
IV. "O day of rest and gladness" . . . 235

HENRY ALFORD (1810—1871) . *Alfred H. Miles* 237

(*I know not if the dark or bright*) . . 238

Hymns—

I. "In token that thou shalt not fear" . . 239
II. "Come, ye thankful people, come" . . 239
III. "Ten thousand times ten thousand" . 240
IV. "Forward! be our watchword" . . 242

Be Just and Fear Not 245

PAGE

HORATIUS BONAR (1808—1889). *Mackenzie Bell* 247
(*Not written down in haste*) 248
HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE—
I. How Long ("My God, it is not fretfulness") 251
II. "I heard the voice of Jesus say" . . 252
III. "When the weary, seeking rest" . . 253
IV. "A few more years shall roll" . . . 255

JOHN STUART BLACKIE (1809—1895) *A. H. Miles* 257
(*The fool hath in his heart declared*) . . 257
BENEDICITE ("Angels holy") 259

HENRY ELLISON (1811—1880) *Alexander B. Grosart* 261
(*Europa on the Wrong Bull*) 265
MAD MOMENTS—
I. Season-Changes; Their Signs and Moral . 267
II. Nature 283
III. To Pysche (Ode I.) 288
To Pysche (Ode II.) 290
SELECTED SONNETS—
I. The Day's Eye 292
II. The Alp Rose 292
III. Sonnet to the Gentian 293
IV. A Sunset Thought 293
V. The Stars 294
VI. London after Midnight 294
VII. On Robert Burns' Humanity . . . 295
VIII. To Wordsworth 295
THE POETRY OF REAL LIFE—
The Upright Man 296

FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER (1814—1863)
Alfred H. Miles 299
HYMNS—
I. The Pain of Love ("Jesus! why dost Thou") 301
II. Sunday ("There is a Sabbath") . . . 302
III. Jesus Crucified ("O come and mourn") . 304
IV. The Agony ("O soul of Jesus") . . . 306
V. The Sorrowful World 308
VI. The Pilgrims of the Night 311

PAGE

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH (1818—1871)
W. Garrett Horder 313
(*While little boys, with merry noise*) . . 317
MEMORIALS OF THEOPHILUS TRINAL, STUDENT—
I. Reasoning with God 319
II. Modulations 319
III. The Five Flowers 321
IV. The Heaven 322
V. Hymn for Sunday ("The Lord is rich") . 323
VI. Rest 324
VII. Proofs 327
THE RIVULET—
I. "Lift up your heads" 329
II. "Where is thy God?" 330
III. "Gracious Spirit" 331
IV. "Dismiss me not" 332
V. "Oft when of God we ask" . . . 333
VI. "O, break my heart" 334
VII. "The world was dark" 334
VIII. "O Lord, Thou art not fickle" . . . 335

JOHN MASON NEALE (1818—1866) *W. Garrett Horder* 337
ORIGINAL HYMNS—
I. Evening ("God hath two families of love") 341
II. The Communion of Saints 342
III. Laying the First Stone of a Church . . 343
IV. At a Funeral 344
V. The Ministration of Angels 345
HYMNS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH—
I. "Fierce was the wild billow" . . . 347
II. "The day is past and over" . . . 348
III. "Christian! dost thou see them?" . . 349
IV. "'Tis the Day of Resurrection" . . . 350
V. "Art thou weary, art thou languid?" . 351
VI. "O happy band of pilgrims" . . . 352
MEDIÆVAL HYMNS AND SEQUENCES—
Hora Novissima—
I. "The world is very evil" . . . 353
II. "O happy, holy portion" . . . 353
III. "Brief life is here our portion" . . 355
IV. "For thee, O dear dear Country!" . 356

PAGE

THOMAS HORNBLOWER GILL (1819)
W. Garrett Horder 361
(*Wellington*) 362
THE GOLDEN CHAIN OF PRAISE—
I. Sweet Subjection 365
II. The Divine Renewer 366
III. We are Seeking the Lord 367
IV. The Glory of the Latter Days . . . 368
V. New Year Hymn 370

CHARLES DENT BELL (1819) . *Alfred H. Miles* 371
POEMS OLD AND NEW—
I. God's Furnace 373
II. Before 375
III. After 378
IV. Dying Words 382
RONDEAUX—
I. "Works Death such change?" . . . 385
II. "I would not shrink" 385
III. "He does not come" 386
IV. "Before he passed" 386

ANNA LÆTITIA WARING (1820) *W. Garrett Horder* 387
HYMNS AND MEDITATIONS—
I. "Father, I know that all my life" . . 389
II. "My heart is resting, O my God" . . 390
III. "Go not far from me, O my strength" . 393
IV. The Cry of the Lost Answered . . . 396

James Montgomery

to

Anna Lætitia Waring

James Montgomery.

1771—1854.

James Montgomery was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, on the 4th of November, 1771. His father, John Montgomery, went to the West Indies as a Moravian missionary, and died there in 1791. James was educated at the Moravian settlements of Grace Hill, Ireland, and Fulneck, in Yorkshire, and in 1792 entered the office of *The Sheffield Register*, a newspaper of which two years later he became proprietor, continuing its publication under the title of *The Sheffield Iris.* In 1795 he was tried on a charge of sedition for selling copies of a ballad on the demolition of the Bastille, printed by his predecessor, and was condemned to pay a fine of twenty pounds, and to suffer imprisonment in York Castle for a term of three months. In the following year he was again prosecuted, this time for his criticisms of the conduct of a magistrate in quelling a Sheffield riot. A fine of thirty pounds and a term of six months imprisonment was the result of his second trial, in addition to which he was bound over to keep the peace for two years. His first volume of verse was "The Wanderer of Switzerland," and other poems, which appeared in 1806. This was followed in 1809 by "The West Indies," a poem celebrating the abolition of the African slave trade by the British legislature; in

1812 by "The World before the Flood," a poem in ten cantos dealing with the age of the patriarchs; in 1819 by "Greenland," a poem in five cantos, treating of the history of the Moravian Church; and in 1826 by "The Pelican Island," a poem in nine cantos, and in blank verse, describing the haunts of the pelican on the coast islands of New Holland. Besides these works he published "Prison Amusements," poems written in prison in 1797; "Thoughts on Wheels," an attack on State Lotteries, "The Climbing Boy's Soliloquy," an attempt to influence public feeling in favour of the chimney sweep; and "Original Hymns for public, private, and social devotion" (1853). In 1825 he retired from the editorship of *The Sheffield Iris*, and in 1830-1 delivered a series of Lectures before the Royal Institution on poetry and general literature, lectures which he published in 1833. He lived to a good old age in the enjoyment of a literary pension, and died suddenly at his residence, "The Mount," Sheffield, April 30th, 1854.

James Montgomery was held in great esteem by the best of his contemporaries, and for a long time enjoyed a much higher position, both in their regard and in public opinion, than his poetic work would seem to justify. Leigh Hunt, in his "Feast of the Poets," introduces Montgomery side by side with Campbell as a poet whom Apollo was glad to welcome, and yet of all those named as honoured of the song God at this "Feast of Reason," Shelley, Keats, Scott, Rogers, Landor, Byron, Moore, Crabbe, Southey, Campbell, Coleridge, and Wordsworth, Montgomery had surely the least right to be present. The secret of this exalted

estimate is doubtless to be found in the character of the man, his unswerving integrity, genial benevolence, and enthusiastic zeal for the cause of freedom for which he suffered, and which made the poem that he lived greater than any that he wrote. *The Edinburgh Review* attacked "The Wanderer of Switzerland" on its publication with characteristic violence, and predicted that "in less than three years no one would know the name of its author." Of course the *Edinburgh* was wrong in naming a three years' limit, for in that period the work passed through a number of editions, and greatly extended its author's fame; but equally, of course, the *Edinburgh* was right in denying "The Wanderer" a permanent place in literature. It is a feeble performance, and doubtless owed its popularity to the strong feeling of public sympathy felt for the Swiss patriots then suffering under French conquest. "The West Indies," "The World before the Flood," "Greenland," and the "Pelican Islands," show a great advance upon "The Wanderer," and contain many passages of admirable descriptive writing. But even these are often but second-hand work,—the versification of the experiences of others—for his inspiration and information were drawn not from the book of nature direct, but from gazetteers and books of travel. "The World Before the Flood" is perhaps the most original of his longer works. It is not however by these longer poems that the name of James Montgomery will be perpetrated. It is as a religious poet, and as a writer of sacred lyrics which give expression to the aspirations and reflections of devout hearts, that he will be longest remembered; and

it is not too much to say that in this department of poetic work his permanence seems fairly secure. Over a hundred of his hymns are said to be still in use. Among the more successful and popular of these are "Songs of praise the Angels sang," "Hail to the Lord's Anointed," "At home in Heaven," and "Go to dark Gethsemane." "James Montgomery is essentially a religious poet," wrote William Howitt, "and it is what of all things upon earth we can well believe he would most desire to be." His Christian songs are vigorous in thought and feeling, simple and direct in diction, broad in Christian charity, lofty in spiritual aspiration, and entirely free from cant. As such they form a not unworthy opening section for a volume devoted to the sacred poetry of the century.

ALFRED H. MILES.

ORIGINAL HYMNS FOR PUBLIC, PRIVATE, AND SOCIAL DEVOTION.

1853.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I.—SONGS OF PRAISE.

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And can man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No! the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

II.—ANGELS, FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY.

ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story
Now proclaim Messiah's birth;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Shepherds, in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of Nations;
Ye have seen His natal-star;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly, the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed, for guilt, to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains;
Come and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

III.—HAIL TO THE LORD'S ANOINTED!

HAIL to the Lord's anointed!
Great David's greater Son;
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To let the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

By such shall He be fearèd,
While sun and moon endure,
Beloved, obey'd, reverèd;
For He shall judge the poor,
Through changing generations,
With justice, mercy, truth,
While stars maintain their stations,
Or moons renew their youth.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace the herald go;
And Righteousness in fountains
From hill to valley flow.

Arabia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see;
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the Isles shall meet
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All-blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever;
That Name to us is—Love.

IV.—GO TO DARK GETHSEMANE.

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour:
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,
View the Lord of Life arraigned
O the wormwood and the gall!
O the pangs His soul sustained!
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;
Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb,
There, adoring at His feet,
Mark that miracle of time,—
God's own sacrifice complete:
It is finished!—hear the cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb,
Where they laid His breathless clay:
All is solitude and gloom:—
Who hath taken Him away?
Christ is risen!—He meets our eyes.
Saviour, teach us so to rise.

V.—AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

PART I.

"FOR ever with the Lord!"
—Amen; so let it be;
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality.

Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above.

Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds dispart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallow'd ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that He,
(Remember'd or forgot,)
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

Part II.

In darkness as in light
  Hidden alike from view,
I sleep, I wake within *His* sight
  Who looks all nature through.

From the dim hour of birth,
  Through every changing state
Of mortal pilgrimage on earth,
  Till its appointed date;

All that I am, have been,
  All that I yet may be,
He sees at once, as He hath seen
  And shall for ever see.

How can I meet His eyes?
  Mine on the cross I cast,
And own my life a Saviour's prize,
  Mercy from first to last.

"For ever with the Lord!"
  —Father, if 'tis Thy will,
The promise of that faithful word,
  Even here to me fulfil.

Be Thou at my right hand,
  Then can I never fail;
Uphold Thou me, and I shall stand,
  Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath
  Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
  And life eternal gain.

Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

Then, though the soul enjoy
Communion high and sweet,
While worms this body must destroy,
Both shall in glory meet.

The trump of final doom
Will speak the self-same word,
And Heaven's voice thunder through the tomb,
"For ever with the Lord!"

The tomb shall echo deep
That death-awakening sound;
The saints shall hear it in their sleep
And answer from the ground.

Then, upward as they fly,
That resurrection-word
Shall be their shout of victory,
"For ever with the Lord!"

The resurrection-word,
That shout of victory,
Once more,—"For ever with the Lord!
Amen; so let it be.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I.—FRIENDS.

1824.

FRIEND after friend departs:
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
Which finds not here an end.
Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.

Beyond the flight of time,
Beyond the vale of death,
There surely is some blessèd clime
Where life is not a breath;
Nor life's affections, transient fire,
Whose sparks fly upwards and expire.

There *is* a world above,
Where parting is unknown;
A whole eternity of love,
Form'd for the good alone;
And faith beholds the dying here
Translated to that glorious sphere.

Thus star by star declines,
Till all are pass'd away;
As morning high and higher shines
To pure and perfect day:
Nor sink those stars in empty night,
They hide themselves in heaven's own light

II.—THE COMMON LOT.

A Birthday Meditation.

(November 4th, 1805.)

ONCE, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man:—and Who was He?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That Man resembled Thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perish'd from the earth;
This truth survives alone;—

That joy and grief, and hope and fear,
Alternate triumph'd in his breast;
His bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear!—
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb;
O, she was fair!—but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encounter'd all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of Him afford no other trace
Than this,—There lived a Man!

III.—THE CHRISTIAN SOLDIER.

Occasioned by the sudden death of the Rev. Thomas Taylor; after having declared, in his last Sermon, on a preceding evening, that he hoped to die as an old soldier of Jesus Christ, with his sword in his hand.

"SERVANT of God! well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
—The voice at midnight came:
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame:
He fell,—but felt no fear.

Tranquil amidst alarms,
It found him in the field,
A veteran slumbering on his arms,
Beneath his red-cross shield:
His sword was in his hand,
Still warm with recent fight;
Ready that moment at command,
Through rock and steel to smite.

It was a two-edged blade,
Of heavenly temper, keen;
And double were the wounds it made,
Where'er it glanced between:
'Twas death to sin;—'twas life
To all who mourn'd for sin;
It kindled and it silenced strife,
Made war and peace within.

Oft with its fiery force,
His arm had quell'd the foe,
And laid, resistless in his course,
The alien armies low.
Bent on such glorious toils,
The world to him was loss;
Yet all his trophies, all his spoils,
He hung upon the Cross.

At midnight came the cry,
"To meet thy God prepare!"
He woke,—and caught his Captain's eye;
Then, strong in faith and prayer,
His spirit, with a bound,
Burst its encumbering clay;
His tent, at sun-rise, on the ground,
A darken'd ruin lay.

The pains of death are past,
Labour and sorrow cease,
And life's long warfare closed at last,
His soul is found in peace.
Soldier of Christ! well done;
Praise be thy new employ;
And while eternal ages run,
Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

IV.—PRAYER.

1819.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh;
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry,—"Behold! he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death:
He enters heaven with prayer.

The saints in prayer appear as one
In word and deed and mind,
While with the Father and the Son
Sweet fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made by man alone;
The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
For sinners intercedes.

O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod
Lord, teach us how to pray.

V.—A POOR WAYFARING MAN.

1826.

A POOR wayfaring man of griet
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, Nay:
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered; not a word he spake
Just perishing for want of bread;
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,
And ate; but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For, while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mocked his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on:
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipt, and returned it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof;
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side:
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed;
I had myself a wound concealed;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's death at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honoured him midst shame and scorn;
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd, if I for him would die?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, "I will.'

Then in a moment to my view
The stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in His hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes!
He spake; and my poor name He named:
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not; thou didst them unto Me."

VI.—THE FIELD OF THE WORLD.

1832.

SOW in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thine hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

Beside all waters sow;
The highway furrows stock;
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow:
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground,
Expect not here nor there;
O'er hill and dale, by plots, 'tis found:
Go forth, then, everywhere.

Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown:
Grace keeps the precious germs alive,
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry—"Harvest home."

THE GRAVE.

1804.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

THERE is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found,
They softly lie and sweetly sleep
Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter sky
No more disturbs their deep repose,
Than summer evening's latest sigh
That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head
And aching heart beneath the soil;
To slumber in that dreamless bed
From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth,
And cast me helpless on the wild:
I perish—O my mother earth!
Take home thy child.

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined
Shall gently moulder into thee;
Nor leave one wretched trace behind
Resembling me.

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear;
My pulse,—my brain runs wild,—I rave
—Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?
"I am THE GRAVE!"

"The GRAVE, that never spake before,
Hath found at length a tongue to chide;
O listen!—I will speak no more:—
Be silent, Pride!

"Art thou a wretch of hope forlorn,
The victim of consuming care?
Is thy distracted conscience torn
By fell despair?

"Do foul misdeeds of former times
Wring with remorse thy guilty breast?
And ghosts of unforgiven crimes
Murder thy rest?

"Lash'd by the furies of the mind,
From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst thou flee?
Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find
A friend in me.

"By all the terrors of the tomb,
Beyond the power of tongue to tell;
By the dread secrets of my womb;
By Death and Hell;

"I charge thee, LIVE!—repent and pray;
In dust thine infamy deplore;
There yet is mercy;—go thy way,
And sin no more.

"Art thou a Mourner?—Hast thou known
The joy of innocent delights,
Endearing days for ever flown,
And tranquil nights?

"O LIVE!—and deeply cherish still
The sweet remembrance of the past:
Rely on Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last.

'Art thou a Wanderer?—Hast thou seen
O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark?
A ship-wreck'd sufferer, hast thou been,
Misfortune's mark?

"Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,
LIVE!—thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home.

"To Friendship didst thou trust thy fame
And was thy friend a deadly foe,
Who stole into thy breast to aim
A surer blow?

"LIVE!—and repine not o'er his loss,
A loss unworthy to be told:
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross
For friendship's gold.

"Seek the true treasure seldom found,
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,
And soothe the bosom's deepest wound
With heavenly balm.

"Did Woman's charms thy youth beguile,
And did the fair one faithless prove?
Hath she betray'd thee with a smile,
And sold thy love?

"LIVE!—'twas a false bewildering fire:
Too often Love's insidious dart
Thrills the fond soul with wild desire,
But kills the heart.

"Thou yet shalt know how sweet, how dear,
To gaze on listening Beauty's eye;
To ask—and pause in hope and fear
Till she reply.

"A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,
A brighter maiden faithful prove;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest,
In woman's love.

"——Whate'er thy lot—whoe'er thou be,—
Confess thy folly,—kiss the rod,
And in thy chastening sorrows see
The hand of God.

"A bruised reed He will not break;
Afflictions all His children feel:
He wounds them for His mercy's sake.
He wounds to heal.

"Humbled beneath His mighty hand,
Prostrate His Providence adore:
'Tis done!—Arise! He bids thee stand,
To fall no more.

"Now, Traveller in the vale of tears,
To realms of everlasting light,
Through Time's dark wilderness of years,
Pursue thy flight.

"There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mouldering ashes sleep
Low in the ground,

"The Soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed from clay,
In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day!

"The Sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The Soul, immortal as its sire,
Shall never die."

THE WEST INDIES.

1809

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

I.—HOME.

(FROM PART III.)

THERE is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth;
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air:
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend:
Here woman reigns; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;

In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
—Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found?
Art thou a man?—a patriot?—look around:
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home.

On Greenland's rocks, o'er rude Kamschatka's plains
In pale Siberia's desolate domains;
When the wild hunter takes his lonely way,
Tracks through tempestuous snows his savage prey
The reindeer's spoil, the ermine's treasure shares,
And feasts his famine on the fat of bears
Or, wrestling with the might of raging seas,
Where round the pole the eternal billows freeze,
Plucks from their jaws the stricken whale, in vain
Plunging down headlong through the whirling main
—His wastes of ice are lovelier in his eye
Than all the flowery vales beneath the sky;
And dearer far than Cæsar's palace-dome,
His cavern-shelter, and his cottage-home.

O'er China's garden-fields and peopled floods;
In California's pathless world of woods;
Round Andes' heights, where winter from his throne
Looks down in scorn upon the summer zone;
By the gay borders of Bermuda's isles,
Where spring with everlasting verdure smiles;
On pure Madeira's vine-robed hills of health;
In Java's swamps of pestilence and wealth;
Where Babel stood, where wolves and jackals drink
'Midst weeping willows, on Euphrates' brink;
On Carmel's crest; by Jordan's reverend stream,

Where Canaan's glories vanished like a dream;
Where Greece, a spectre, haunts her heroes' graves,
And Rome's vast ruins darken Tiber's waves;
Where broken-hearted Switzerland bewails
Her subject mountains and dishonoured vales;
Where Albion's rocks exult amidst the sea,
Around the beauteous isle of liberty;
—Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside;
His home the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.

II.—THE SLAVER.

(FROM PART III.)

Lives there a savage ruder than the slave?
—Cruel as death, insatiate as the grave,
False as the winds that round his vessel blow,
Remorseless as the gulf that yawns below,
Is he who toils upon the wafting flood,
A Christian broker in the trade of blood;
Boisterous in speech, in action prompt and bold,
He buys, he sells,—he steals, he kills, for gold.
At noon, when sky and ocean, calm and clear,
Bend round his bark one blue unbroken sphere;
When dancing dolphins sparkle through the brine,
And sunbeam circles o'er the water shine;
He sees no beauty in the heaven serene,
No soul-enchanting sweetness in the scene,
But, darkly scowling at the glorious day,
Curses the winds that loiter on their way.

When swoll'n with hurricanes the billows rise,
To meet the lightning midway from the skies;
When from the unburthen'd hold his shrieking slaves
Are cast, at midnight, to the hungry waves;
Not for his victims strangled in the deeps,
Not for his crimes the harden'd pirate weeps,
But grimly smiling, when the storm is o'er,
Counts his sure gains, and hurries back for more.

* * * * * *

When the loud trumpet of eternal doom
Shall break the mortal bondage of the tomb;
When with a mother's pangs the expiring earth
Shall bring her children forth to second birth:
Then shall the sea's mysterious caverns, spread
With human relics, render up their dead:
Though warm with life the heaving surges glow,
Where'er the winds of heaven were wont to blow,
In sevenfold phalanx shall the rallying hosts
Of ocean slumberers join their wandering ghosts,
Along the melancholy gulph, that roars
From Guinea to the Charibbean shores.
Myriads of slaves, that perish'd on the way,
From age to age the shark's appointed prey,
By livid plagues, by lingering tortures slain,
Or headlong plunged alive into the main,
Shall rise in judgment from their gloomy beds,
And call down vengeance on their murderers' heads.

Richard Mant.

1776—1848.

Richard Mant, a devout Churchman and refined Christian poet, was born at Southampton, on the 12th of February, 1776. His father, the Rev. Richard Mant, D.D., Rector of All Saints' Church, Southampton, sent him to Winchester school, from whence he proceeded to Oxford, where he distinguished himself by gaining the Chancellor's prize for an essay on "Commerce" in 1799. After graduating as M.A., in 1801, he was ordained deacon, and took a travelling tutorship, in which capacity he visited the Continent of Europe. Upon his return, having taken Priest's Orders, he became successively curate at Buriton and Crawley in Hampshire. In the year 1800 he issued his first poetic publication, "Verses to the memory of Joseph Warton, D.D." This was followed in 1802 by the "Poetical Works of Thomas Warton, Poet Laureate," with a memoir of his life in two volumes. A small volume of miscellaneous poems appeared in 1806, followed by "The Slave, and other Poetical Pieces, being an Appendix to Poems," 1807. In 1810 he was presented to the living of Great Coggeshall in Essex, and from this time forward continued to contribute largely to Church literature. In 1811 he was elected Bampton lecturer, in which office he greatly distin-

guished himself, attracting considerable attention and laying the foundation of preferment which followed rapidly. 1815 saw him Rector of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, 1818, Vicar of East Horsley, Surrey. In 1820 he was consecrated Bishop of Killaloe, and in 1823 was translated to the See of Down and Connor, the charge of the diocese of Dromore falling upon him in 1842. He died on November 2nd, 1848.

Among his larger prose works may be named his edition of the Bible with notes and commentaries, prepared in conjunction with Dr. D'Oyly, a work which was popular in its day. Of his later poetic works the following are the titles in order of publication: "The Book of Psalms," an English metrical version, with notes and illustrations (1824); "The Gospel Miracles," in a series of poetical sketches, with illustrative conversations (1832); "The British Months," a poem in twelve parts, "full of feeling, and accurate observation of nature" (1835); "Ancient Hymns, from the Roman Breviary for Domestic Use, with some Original Hymns" (1837); "The Sundial of Armoy," written in Latin and English, the two versions being printed on opposite pages (1847), and "The Matin Bell," a poem written at Oxford, near the spot where Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were burnt (1848).

Dr. Mant's poetry is characterised by refined thought and earnest Christian feeling. Some of his hymns are still sung, and hold their own in anthologies of sacred song.

ALFRED H. MILES.

THE SUNDIAL OF ARMOY.

1847.

RICHARD MANT.

SELECTED LYRICS.

I.—THE PARADISE OF HEAVEN.

"NIGHT flies before the orient morning,"
So speak the dial's accents clear:
So better speaks the prophet's warning
To ears that hear.

"Night flies before the sun ascending";
The sun goes down, the shadow spreads;
O come the day which, never ending,
No night succeeds!

And, see! a purer day-spring beaming,
Unwonted light; nor moon nor sun;
But Light itself, with glory streaming,
God on His throne.

And thence the river flows of gladness,
And there the tree of comfort grows,
Which whoso tastes, all sense of sadness,
All care, forgoes.

O tree profuse of life and healing;
O stream of pleasure, ever new;
O day of light, God's light revealing,
Essential, true:—

For ye, for righteous men and lowly,
God's saints, that promised seat prepare;
Nor impious aught, nor aught unholy
Finds entrance there:

Prompt ye my spirit, lest the slumber
Of reckless sloth its pow'rs enchain;
Or worldly lusts its course encumber,
Or thoughts profane.

II.—HEAVENLY CHANGES IN THE DEPARTED.

O COME the day-spring never ending,
When, freed from sin and sinful stain,
With the free soul the body blending
Shall rise again!

Till, sown in weakness, rais'd in power,
All glorious rais'd, all worthless sown,
Purged from earth's dross, the golden ore
Heaven's impress own.

And life mortality shall banish,
And health efface corruption's spot,
And death by death self-stricken vanish,
And sin be not.

Then, angel-like, their God adoring,
Just men the angels' course shall run,
In God's own realm a brightness pouring
Forth as the sun.

God's city theirs, a holier dwelling
Than Sion's mount and Salem's gates,
God's temple, where devotion telling
His glory waits.

All sin, all grief, all death, for ever
Shall cease; and kind affection's tie,
Which death erewhile for once could sever
New life supply.

III—.COMMEMORATION OF ONE DEPARTED.

MEANWHILE before the Judge approving,
Cheers me the thought of thee approved,
Thee many a year thy consort loving,
Thee, wife beloved!

Whom God Himself of late hath taken,
Cheers me the thought that blest art thou,
Long-tried on earth, and, earth forsaken,
How peaceful now!

Yes, holy peace hath thee received,
Thy goal attain'd, thy warfare done;
Me wait new tasks, of thee bereaved,
Beloved one!

My loss—be thy kind heart its measure!
But hope survives for us to meet
Before God's face, in endless pleasure,
In joy complete:

Thee (for amid my heart's fond yearning,
I see thee to my fancy brought,
As once thou wast, ev'n now returning,
In silent thought):

Thee daily in God's volume reading
To mark, in better times of old,
What lesson to all time succeeding
God's matrons told:

God's handmaid thee, His servants treating,
Like PHŒBE, with a sister's due;
Thee on Christ's lips, like MARY, waiting;
Like ANNA true.

Thee in church-rites and prayers partaking;
Thee "of good works and alms-deeds" filled,
Like DORCAS, coats and garments making,
The poor to shield;

Thee, as EUNICE, early rearing
Thy race on holy lore to feed;
Thy husband, like PRISCILLA, cheering
To holy deed;

Thee in primeval worship joining,
Like faithful LYDIA, thee and thine,
One faith with simple mode combining
Of rite divine;

Thee, like "the ELECTED LADY," guiding
Thy sons by Truth's behests to move,
In the right faith of Christ abiding
With Christian love;

Like CHLOE, thee with thine eschewing
Discordant voice, dissentient mind,
And unity by peace ensuing
With will resigned;

Thee, like the lowly Virgin, saying,
Blest mother of the Incarnate Word,
"Thy will be done! bent on obeying,
Behold me, Lord!"

Thee pious, meek, kind, unaspiring,
Submiss to bear God's chastening will;
Me, weak alas! but aye desiring
To follow still;

To follow still, as He shall call me,
Obedient through life's varied scene,
Such harder tasks as may befall me,
Or paths serene:

Where on my steps His lamp is gleaming,
(Too slightly mark'd) His Word divine,
Till on His saints in glory beaming
Himself shall shine.

Such home be mine, in deathless union
With parents, children, friends approved;
Nor ever fail thy bland communion,
Wife ever-loved!

IV.—FAITH CONFIRMED BY SENSE.

O COME the day, the dark to brighten,
When, breaking on the distant view,
What faith believes shall sense enlighten,
And prove it true.

O come the day, in thought expected,
By tongue proclaim'd, when saints shall meet,
(Be mine such bliss) by God perfected,
In God's own seat.

Such bliss for Him, O God most holy,
Whose gift and attribute it is,
To cheer the meek, exalt the lowly,
And mark for His:

Such bliss be mine, all-righteous Father,
All worthless I, save for His name,
Who comes His purchased flock to gather,
His own to claim.

Then be it mine, in glory seated,
Till time, and time, and times be old,
At length to feel in truth completed
The bliss foretold!

Suffice it now, by His high pleasure,
To hold the course He bids, and strain
The race to run, the mark to measure,
The prize to gain;

Still on his banner'd sign attending,
Still led and shielded by His might,
Till, like yon sun, at eve descending,
I sink in night:

Yet not of time to come unheeding,
When night shall fly the dawn divine,
And the true Light, no night succeeding,
Self-radiant shine.

THE BRITISH MONTHS.

1835.

RICHARD MANT.

(November.)

CHRISTIAN CONSOLATION ON THE DEATH OF FRIENDS.

IT has been said, and I believe,
Though tears of natural sorrow start,
'Tis mixt with pleasure when we grieve
For those the dearest to the heart,
From whom long-loved at length we part;
As by a Christian's feelings led
We lay them in their peaceful bed.

Yet speak I not of those who go
The allotted pilgrimage on earth,
With earth-born passions grovelling low,
Enslaved to honour, avarice, mirth,
Unconscious of a nobler birth:
But such as tread with loftier scope
The Christian's path with Christian hope.

We grieve to think, that they again,
Shall ne'er in this world's pleasure share:
But sweet the thought that this world's pain
No more is theirs; that this world's care
It is no more their lot to bear.
And surely in this scene below
The joy is balanced by the woe.

We grieve to see the lifeless form,
The livid cheek, the sunken eye:
But sweet to think, corruption's worm
The living spirit can defy,
And claim its kindred with the sky.
Lo! where the earthen vessel lies!
Aloft the unbodied tenant flies.

We grieve to think, our eyes no more
That form, those features loved, shall trace,
But sweet it is from memory's store
To call each fondly-cherished grace,
And fold them in the heart's embrace.
No bliss 'mid worldly crowds is bred,
Like musing on the sainted dead!

We grieve to see expired the race
They ran, intent on works of love:
But sweet to think, no mixture base,
Which with their better nature strove,
Shall mar their virtuous deeds above.
Sin o'er their soul has lost his hold,
And left them with their earthly mould!

We grieve to know, that we must roam
Apart from them each wonted spot:
But sweet to think, that they a home
Have gained; a fair and goodly lot,
Enduring, and that changeth not.
And who that home of freedom there
Will with his prison-house compare?

'Tis grief to feel, that we behind,
Severed from those we love remain:
'Tis joy to hope, that we shall find,
Exempt from sorrow, fear, and pain,
With them our dwelling-place again.
'Tis but like them to sink to rest,
With them to waken and be blest.

O Thou, who form'st Thy creature's mind
With thoughts that chasten and that cheer,
Grant me to fill my space assigned
For sojourning a stranger here
With holy hope and filial fear:
Fear to be banished far from Thee,
And hope Thy face unveiled to see!

There before Thee, the Great, the Good,
By angel myriads compassed round,
"Made perfect" by the Saviour's blood,
With virtue clothed, with honour crowned,
"The spirits of the just" are found:
There tears no more of sorrow start,
Pain flies the unmolested heart,
And life in bliss unites whom death no more shall part.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

RICHARD MANT.

ROUND the Lord in glory seated
Cherubim and Seraphim
Filled His temple, and repeated
Each to each th' alternate hymn.

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with its fulness stored;
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry,
"Holy, holy, holy,"—singing,
"Lord of hosts, the Lord most high."

With His seraph train before Him,
With His holy Church below,
Thus conspire we to adore Him,
Bid we thus our anthem flow:—

"Lord, Thy glory fills the heaven,
Earth is with Thy fulness stored,
Unto Thee be glory given,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

Sir Robert Grant.

1779—1838.

Sir Robert Grant was the second son of Mr. Charles Grant, for some time Member of Parliament for Inverness, and one of the Directors of the East India Company. Robert Grant was born in Bombay in 1779, and came to England in 1790. In 1795 he became, with his brother Charles, afterwards Lord Glenelg, a pensioner of Magdalene College, Cambridge, where he obtained the Craven Scholarship in 1799, and graduated in 1801. He was elected a fellow of his college in 1802, and took the degree of M.A. in 1804. He was called to the bar in 1807, and became a Commissioner of Bankrupts. He was elected Member of Parliament for the Elgin Burghs in 1818, for Inverness Burghs in 1826, for Norwich in 1830, and for Finsbury in 1832. His parliamentary career was distinguished by his persistent efforts to obtain the removal of the civil disabilities of the Jews. In 1833, with the aid of Macaulay, Hume, and O'Connell, he succeeded in passing a resolution in favour of Jewish emancipation, and in the same session carried a bill through the House of Commons with the same object. It was, however, rejected by the House of Lords, as was a similar bill passed by the House of Commons in the following year. It was not until 1858, twenty years after his death, that the object to which he

devoted so much time and thought was accomplished. He became Judge-Advocate-General in 1832, and Governor of Bombay in 1834, in which year he was knighted. He entered upon his duties as Governor of Bombay in March 1835, and died suddenly at Dalporree on the 9th of July, 1838.

It is as a writer of hymns of great excellence and wide acceptability that Sir Robert Grant takes his place in this volume. The best of his hymns were contributed to the pages of the *Christian Observer* between the years 1806 and 1815, and to Elliott's "Psalms and Hymns" in 1835. In 1839 his brother, Lord Glenelg, published a small volume containing twelve of the best of these under the title "Sacred Poems," by the late Right Hon. Sir Robert Grant. It is from this volume that the following selections are taken. His version of Psalm civ. is one of the best hymns of praise in the language, his "Litany" one of the most tender lyrical prayers.

ALFRED H. MILES.

SACRED POEMS.

SIR ROBERT GRANT.

I.—PSALM CIV.

O WORSHIP the King
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His Love;—
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
Deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm

The earth with its store-
Of wonders untold,
Almighty, Thy power
Hath founded of old;
Hath stablish'd it fast
By a changeless decree,
And round it hath cast,
Like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care
  What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
  It shines in the light;
It streams from the hills,
  It descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils
  In the dew and the rain.

Frail children of dust,
  And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
  Nor find Thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender!
  How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
  Redeemer, and Friend!

O measureless might,
  Ineffable Love,
While Angels delight
  To hymn Thee above,
Thy humbler creation,
  Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
  Shall lisp to Thy praise.

II.—LITANY.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
  Low we bow th' adoring knee,
When repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;

O by all Thy pains and woe,
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy helpless infant years,
By Thy life of want and tears
By Thy days of sore distress,
In the savage wilderness,
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the insulting tempter's power;
Turn, O turn a favouring eye,
Hear our solemn Litany!

By the sacred griefs that wept
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;
By the boding tears that flow'd
Over Salem's loved abode;
By the anguish'd sigh that told
Treachery lurked within Thy fold,
From Thy seat above the sky,
Hear our solemn Litany

By Thine hour of dire despair,
By Thine agony of pray'r;
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear and torturing scorn;
By the gloom that veil'd the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice,
Listen to our humble cry!
Hear our solemn Litany!

By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone,
By the vault whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God!
O! from earth to heaven restor'd,
Mighty, re-ascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany!

III.—"WHEN GATHERING CLOUDS AROUND VIEW."

"For we have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin."—HEB. iv. 15.

WHEN gathering clouds around I view
And days are dark, and friends are few
On Him I lean, Who, not in vain,
Experienc'd every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still He, Who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

If wounded love my bosom swell,
Deceiv'd by those I prized too well,—
He shall His pitying aid bestow,
Who felt on earth severer woe,
At once betrayed, denied, or fled,
By those who shared His daily bread.

If vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd my spirit dies,
Still He Who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

When sorrowing o'er some stone I bend,
Which covers what was once a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me—for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, mark'st the tears I shed,
For Thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

And O, when I have safely past
Through every conflict—but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My painful bed—for Thou hast died;
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

IV.—"WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?"

"Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of Thee."—PSALM lxxiii. 25.

LORD of earth! Thy forming hand
Well this beauteous frame hath plann'd,
Woods that wave, and hills that tower,
Ocean rolling, in his power,

All that strikes the gaze unsought,
All that charms the lonely thought,
Friendship,—gem transcending price.
Love,—a flower of paradise,
Yet, amidst this scene so fair,
Should I cease Thy smile to share,
What were all its joys to me;
Whom have I on earth but Thee?

Lord of Heaven! beyond our sight
Rolls a world of purer light;
There, in love's unclouded reign,
Parted hands shall clasp again;
Martyrs there, and prophets high
Blaze a glorious company;
While immortal music rings
From unnumbered seraph strings;
O! that world is passing fair;
Yet if Thou were absent there,
What were all its joys to me?
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?

Lord of earth and heaven! my breast
Seeks in Thee its only rest;
I was lost; Thy accents mild
Homeward lured Thy wandering child.
I was blind! Thy healing ray
Charmed the long eclipse away;
Source of every joy I know
Solace of my every woe,
O if once Thy smile divine
Ceased upon my soul to shine
What were earth and heaven to me?
Whom have I in each but Thee?

Reginald Heber.

1783—1826.

Reginald Heber was born at Malpas, in Cheshire, on the 21st of April, 1783. He was educated privately, and at Brasenose College, Oxford, where he pursued a brilliant university career. He won the prize for the *Carmen Sæculare*, a Latin poem on the beginning of the new century (1800); the prize for English verse on the subject of Palestine (1803); and the prize for the best English prose essay on "The Sense of Honour" (1805). In 1805 he was elected fellow of All Souls' College, after which he spent two years in travelling in Germany and Russia. In 1807 he returned to England, and took Holy Orders, married Amelia, daughter of Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, and entered the living of Hodnet, devoting himself assiduously to the discharge of his parochial duties. In 1812 he became prebendary of St. Asaph; in 1815 Bampton Lecturer at Oxford; in 1822 Preacher at Lincoln's Inn; and later in the same year Bishop of Calcutta. He died suddenly at Trichinopoly, on the 3rd of April, 1826, after conducting Confirmation and visiting a native school. He published editions of his Bampton lectures, sermons on various occasions, an account of his Indian travels, and a biography of Jeremy Taylor, with an edition of his works. A collection of his lyrics was made and published, with others, in 1827, and a complete edition of his poems in 1841.

The Rev. J. H. Overton, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," from which these particulars are taken, describes Heber as a pious, amiable, and accomplished man, whose character is well displayed in his writings—his style always elegant and perspicuous, and his matter sensible and in good taste; but his verse wanting in the "divine afflatus," and his prose in strength and massiveness. From this criticism it is impossible to dissent. His prize poem, "Palestine," was received with enthusiasm on its recital, and was declared to be the best prize poem that Oxford had ever produced; but merely good rhetorical and descriptive writing in heroic couplets is not an uncommon accomplishment, and this poem can hardly claim higher characterisation. Heber lacked originality, and the power of imagination necessary to produce permanent work upon exalted lines. On the other hand, he had a facility in the manipulation of musical measures which made versification easy to him. An instance of his facility is afforded by the well-known story of Sir Walter Scott's criticism, and Heber's immediate incorporation of his critic's idea. Previous to the public recital of the poem, the young poet read it to Sir Walter, who was then on a visit to Oxford, and who observed that in the lines describing the Temple of Solomon he had failed to note the interesting and characteristic fact that no tools were used in its construction. Heber took the hint, retired for a few moments, and wrote the lines afterwards incorporated in the poem :—

> No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
> Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
> Majestic silence!

Much of Heber's poetical work was "occasional," and for the production of "occasional" verse his qualities eminently fitted him. "Palestine" was an occasional poem, and for the purpose of its occasion was a success, though it lacks the qualities necessary to secure permanent interest. He was equal to the occasion, but the subject was too big for him. In his occasional hymns he was much more successful. Those which he began to publish in the pages of the *Christian Observer* in the year 1811 constituted one of the earliest attempts to provide a set of sacred lyrics suited to the Christian seasons; and some have so admirably caught the spirit of the festival they celebrated that they have become identified with the occasion which inspired them. Many have become widely popular, and some must be counted among the best hymns in the language. His hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," written for a service at Wrexham Church, at which his father-in-law, the Dean of St. Asaph, preached on behalf of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and some half dozen others, are at the full tide of their popularity, nearly a century after they were first sung, and seem as unlikely to go out of favour as they were when they first caught the ears, and gave expression to the feelings of Christian worshippers nearly a hundred years ago. In other occasional and isolated efforts Heber showed a versatility which would doubtless have served him had he cared to follow the leadings of the lighter muse. "The Knight and the Lady" shows a sense of humour; the ballad, "O Captain of the Moorish Hold," some dramatic power; and the "Bow-meeting Song," which we

may quote here, the facility with which he could celebrate occasions other than religious and devotional.

Ye spirits of our Fathers,
The hardy, bold, and free,
Who chased o'er Cressy's gory field
A fourfold enemy!
From us who love your sylvan game,
To you the song shall flow,
To the fame of your name
Who so bravely bent the bow.

'Twas merry then in England,
(Our ancient records tell,)
With Robin Hood and Little John
Who dwelt by down and dell;
And yet we love the bold outlaw
Who braved a tyrant foe,
Whose cheer was the deer,
And his only friend the bow!

'Twas merry then in England
In autumn's dewy morn,
When echo started from her hill
To hear the bugle-horn.
And beauty, mirth, and warrior worth
In garb of green did go
The shade to invade
With the arrow and the bow.

Ye spirits of our Fathers!
Extend to us your care,
Among your children yet are found
The valiant and the fair!
'Tis merry yet in Old England,
Full well her archers know;
And shame on their name
Who despise the British bow!

But it is Heber's hymns which will keep him longest in memory, and the best of these seem sure of long-continued popularity.

Alfred H. Miles.

HYMNS.

REGINALD HEBER.

I.—*THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR.*

(St. Stephen's Day.)

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar!
Who follows in His train?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train!

Thy martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And called on Him to save:

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong!
Who follows in His train?

A glorious band, the chosen few
On whom the Spirit came;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew
And mock'd the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,
The lion's gory mane:
They bow'd their necks, the death to feel!
Who follows in their train?

A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.

They climb'd the steep ascent of Heaven,
Through peril, toil, and pain!
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

II.—BRIGHTEST AND BEST OF THE SONS OF THE MORNING.

(EPIPHANY.)

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings Divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer, by far, is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our Infant Redeemer is laid!

III.—BY COOL SILOAM'S SHADY RILL.

(First Sunday after Epiphany.)

BY cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God!

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passions rage!

O Thou, whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine!
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike Divine,

Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own!

IV.—THE LORD OF MIGHT FROM SINAI'S BROW.

(Sixth Sunday in Lent.)

THE Lord of Might, from Sinai's brow,
Gave forth His voice of thunder;
And Israel lay on earth below,
Outstretch'd in fear and wonder:
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And, at His left hand and His right,
The rocks were rent asunder!

The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
A meek and suffering stranger,
Upraised to Heaven His languid eye,
In Nature's hour of danger:
For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.

The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And hallelujahs loud and long,
O'er Death and Hell defeated!

V.—HOLY, HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

(Trinity Sunday.)

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth and sky and sea
Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, Blessèd Trinity!

VI.—WHO YONDER ON THE DESERT HEATH

(THIRTEENTH SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.)

"WHO yonder on the desert heath,
Complains in feeble tone?"
—"A pilgrim in the vale of Death,
Faint, bleeding, and alone!"

"How cam'st thou to this dismal strand
Of danger, grief, and shame?"
—"From blessed Sion's holy land.
By Folly led, I came!"

"What ruffian hand hath stript thee bare?
Whose fury laid thee low?"
—"Sin for my footsteps twined her snare,
And Death has dealt the blow!"

"Can art no medicine for thy wound,
Nor nature strength supply?"
—"They saw me bleeding on the ground,
And pass'd in silence by!"

"But, sufferer! is no comfort near,
Thy terrors to remove?"
—"There is to whom my soul was dear,
But I have scorn'd His love."

"What if His hand were nigh to save
From endless Death thy days?"
—"The soul He ransom'd from the grave
Should live but to His praise!"

"Rise then, oh rise! His health embrace,
With heavenly strength renew'd;
And, such as is thy Saviour's grace,
Such be thy gratitude!"

VII.—THE SOUND OF WAR! IN EARTH AND AIR.

(TWENTY-FIRST SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.)

THE sound of war! In earth and air
The volleying thunders roll:
Their fiery darts the Fiends prepare,
And dig the pit, and spead the snare,
Against the Christian's soul.
The Tyrant's sword, the rack, the flame,
The scorner's serpent tone,
Of bitter doubt the barbèd aim,
All, all conspire his heart to tame:
Force, fraud, and hellish fires assail
The rivets of his heavenly mail,
Amidst his foes alone.

Gods of the world! ye warrior host
Of darkness and of air,
In vain is all your impious boast,
In vain each missile lightning tost
In vain the Tempter's snare!
Though fast and far your arrows fly
Though mortal nerve and bone
Shrink in convulsive agony,
The Christian can your rage defy:

Towers o'er his head Salvation's crest,
Faith like a buckler guards his breast,
Undaunted, though alone.
'Tis past! 'tis o'er! in foul defeat
The Demon host are fled!
Before the Saviour's mercy-seat,
(His live-long work of faith complete),
Their conqueror bends his head.
"The spoils Thyself hast gainèd, Lord!
I lay before Thy throne:
Thou wert my rock, my shield, my sword;
My trust was in Thy name and word:
'Twas in Thy strength my heart was strong;
Thy spirit went with mine along;
How was I then alone?"

VIII.—THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE.

THOU art gone to the Grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Though sorrows and darkness encompass the tomb;
The Saviour has pass'd through its portal before thee,
And the lamp of His love is thy guide thro' the gloom!

Thou art gone to the grave! we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough paths of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of Mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless has died!

Thou art gone to the grave! and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear linger'd long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beam'd on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardst was the Seraphim's song!

Thou art gone to the grave! but we will not deplore thee,
Whose God was thy ransom, thy Guardian, and Guide.
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee,
And Death has no sting, for the Saviour has died!

IX.—FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Java's isle;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile;
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The Heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With Wisdom from on high,—
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till each remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till, o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

POEMS.

REGINALD HEBER.

I.—AN EVENING WALK IN BENGAL.

OUR task is done! on Gunga's breast
The sun is sinking down to rest;
And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.
With furled sail and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride:
Upon her deck, 'mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslem's savoury supper steams;
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

Come walk with me the jungle through:
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dank and rude,
The tiger holds its solitude;
Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun)
A dreadful guest but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on! no venomed snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake.
Child of the Sun! he loves to lie
'Midst Nature's embers, parched and dry,
Where o'er some tower in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreathe
Fit warder in the gate of Death.
Come on!—yet pause! Behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's archèd bough,

Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glows the geranium's scarlet bloom,[1]
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower;
The ceiba's crimson pomp displayed
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade
And dusk anana's prickly glade;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendent train and rushing wings
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,[2]
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.

So rich a shade, so green a sod
Our English fairies never trod!
Yet who in Indian bowers has stood
But thought on England's "good green wood!"
And blessed, beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breathed a prayer (how oft in vain!)
To gaze upon her oaks again?
A truce to thought,—the jackal's cry
Resounds like Sylvan revelry;
And through the trees yon failing ray
Will scantly serve to guide our way.
Yet mark! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,

[1] A shrub whose deep scarlet flowers very much resemble the geranium, and thence called the Indian geranium.
[2] The Mucharunga.

Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring,
While to this cooler air confest,
The broad Dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent, and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night!
Still, as we pass, in softened hum
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum.
Still, as we pass, from bush and briar,
The shrill Cigala strikes his lyre;
And, what is she whose liquid strain
Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane?
I know that soul-entrancing swell,
It is—it must be—Philomel!
Enough, enough! the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze;
The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier dye;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam;
And we must early sleep, to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
But, oh! with thankful hearts confess
E'en here there may be happiness;
And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
His peace on earth,—His hope of heaven!

II.—THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.

WITH heat o'erlaboured and the length of way,
On Ethan's beach the bands of Israel lay.
'Twas silence all, the sparkling sands along,
Save where the locust trilled her feeble song,

Or blended soft in drowsy cadence fell
The wave's low whisper or the camel's bell.—
'Twas silence all!—the flocks for shelter fly
Where, waving light, the acacia shadows lie;
Or where, from far, the flattering vapours make
The noon-tide semblance of a misty lake;
While the mute swain, in careless safety spread,
With arms enfolded, and dejected head,
Dreams o'er his wondrous call, his lineage high,
And, late revealed, his children's destiny.—
For not in vain, in thraldom's darkest hour,
Had sped from Amram's sons the word of power;
Nor failed the dreadful wand, whose godlike sway
Could lure the locust from her airy way;
With reptile war assail their proud abodes,
And mar the giant pomp of Egypt's Gods.
O helpless Gods! who nought availed to shield
From fiery rain your Zoan's favoured field!—
O helpless Gods! who saw the curdled blood
Taint the pure lotus of your ancient flood,
And fourfold-night the wondering earth enchain,
While Memnon's orient harp was heard in vain!—
Such musings held the tribes, till now the west
With milder influence on their temples prest;
And that portentous cloud which, all the day,
Hung its dark curtain o'er their weary way,
(A cloud by day, a friendly flame by night),
Rolled back its misty veil, and kindled into light!
Soft fell the eve;—but, ere the day was done
Tall waving banners streaked the level sun;
And wide and dark along the horizon red,
In sandy surge the rising desert spread.
"Mark, Israel, mark!"—On that strange sight intent,
In breathless terror every eye was bent;

And busy faction's fast-increasing hum
And female voices shriek, "They come, they come!"
They come, they come! in scintillating show
O'er the dark mass the brazen lances glow;
And sandy clouds in countless shapes combine,
As deepens or extends the long tumultuous line;—
And fancy's keener glance ev'n now may trace
The threatening aspects of each mingled race:
For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
The hireling guards of Misraim's throne, were there.
From distant Cush they trooped, a warrior train,
Siwah's[1] green isle and Sennaar's marly plain:
On either wing their fiery coursers check
The parched and sinewy sons of Amalek:
While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
Decked in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla[2] strode.
'Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with gold
Saw ye how swift the scythèd chariots rolled?
Lo! these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
Old Thebes hath poured through all her hundred gates
Mother of armies!—How the emeralds glowed,
Where, flushed with power and vengeance, Pharaoh rode!
And stoled in white, those brazen wheels before,
Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore;
And still responsive to the trumpet's cry
The priestly sistrum murmured—Victory!

[1] Oasis.—Sennaar; Meroe.
[2] The black tribes, who were of gigantic stature, and who had a custom of ornamenting themselves with the spoils of the elephant.

Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom?
Whom come ye forth to combat?—warriors, whom?—
These flocks and herds—this faint and weary train—
Red from the scourge, and recent from the chain?—
God of the poor, the poor and friendless save!
Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave!—
North, south, and west the sandy whirlwinds fly,
The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.
On earth's last margin throng the weeping train:
Their cloudy guide moves on:—"And must we swim
the main?"
'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood,
Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood:
He comes—their leader comes!—the man of God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads—The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse deep murmurs, from his holy feet;
And the chased surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sand, and coral hills below

With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell—
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurled,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea calves' low-roofed haunt are seen.
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread;
The beetling waters storm above their head,
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.

Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night.
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
Blazed broad and fierce the brandished torch of God.

Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave;
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye—
To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster gods in vain:
Clouds heaped on clouds their struggling sight confine,
And tenfold darkness broods above their line.
Yet on they fare, by reckless vengeance led,
And range unconscious through the ocean's bed
Till midway now—that strange and fiery form
Showed his dread visage lightening through the storm;
With withering splendour blasted all their might,
And brake their chariot-wheels, and marred their coursers' flight.
"Fly, Misraim, fly!"—The ravenous floods they see,
And, fiercer than the floods, the Deity.
"Fly, Misraim, fly!"—From Edom's coral strand
Again the prophet stretched his dreadful wand:—
With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,
And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep—
Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs past,
As mortal wailing swelled the nightly blast:
And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore
The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

Oh! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood
In trustless wonder by the avenging flood!
Oh! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below:
The mangled limbs of men—the broken car—
A few sad relics of a nation's war:

Alas, how few!—Then, soft as Elim's well,
The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.
And he, whose hardened heart alike had borne
The house of bondage and the oppressor's scorn,
The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
In faltering accents sobbed his gratitude;
Till kindling into warmer zeal, around
The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound;
And in fierce joy, no more by doubt supprest,
The struggling spirit throbbed in Miriam's breast.
She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
The dark transparence of her lucid eye,
Poured on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.
"Where now," she sang, "the tall Egyptian spear?
On's sunlike shield, and Zoan's chariot, where?
Above their ranks the whelming waters spread.
Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphèd!"—
And every pause between, as Miriam sang,
From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang,
And loud and far their stormy chorus spread,—
"Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphèd!"

Bernard Barton.

1784—1849.

Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, was born at Carlisle on the 31st of January, 1784. He was educated at the Quaker school at Ipswich, and afterwards apprenticed to a shopkeeper at Halstead, in Essex. He first settled at Woodbridge, Suffolk, where he married the daughter of his employer, who died nineteen months later in giving birth to a daughter. Seeking new associations he removed to Liverpool, and became a tutor in a private family, but returned after a year's absence to Woodbridge, and became a clerk in the bank of Messrs. Alexander and Co., continuing in the same service until his death forty years afterwards. Like many others who have felt the promptings of authorship while engaged in commercial pursuits, Bernard Barton longed for emancipation from the "dry drudgery at the desk's dead wood," and at one time contemplated the pursuit of literature as a profession. A declaration of this intention drew from Charles Lamb, with whom he kept up long and pleasant correspondence, the following strong and characteristic remonstrance: "Throw yourself upon the world, without any rational plan of support beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you!!! Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock slap dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you

have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. . . . Oh, you know not—may you never know—the miseries of subsisting for authorship! 'Tis a pretty appendage to a situation like yours or mine; but a slavery worse than all slavery to be a bookseller's dependant. . . . Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you. Trust not to the public: you may hang, starve, drown yourself for anything that worthy personage cares. I bless every star that providence, not seeing good to make me independent, has seen it next good to settle me upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall. Sit down, good B.B., in the banking office. What! is there not from 6 to 11 P.M., six days in the week, and is there not all Sunday? Fie, what a superfluity of man's time, if you could think so! Enough for relaxation, mirth, converse, poetry, good thoughts, quiet thoughts. O, the crunching, torturing, tormenting thoughts that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight who must draw upon it for his daily sustenance! Henceforth I retract all my first complaints of mercantile employment—look upon them as lovers' quarrels. I was but half in earnest. Welcome dead timber of a desk that gives me life. A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the spleen, but in my inner heart do I approve and embrace this our clever, but unharassing, way of life. I am quite serious. Yours Truly, C. LAMB."

Well had it been for many a poet since Bernard Barton's time if he had been counselled as wisely, and had as wisely taken counsel. In 1824 he was offered a presentation of £1,200 by his admirers

of the Society of Friends, and felt some hesitation in accepting it. Again he consulted Lamb, who counselled him to take it, but not to allow it to wean him from his business appointment. Late in life he received a civil list pension of £100, granted him by Sir Robert Peel. He died on the 19th of February, 1849, after but two days' absence from his post.

Bernard Barton's was a quiet muse. The *Edinburgh Review* said: "The staple of the whole poems is description and meditation—description of quiet home scenery, sweetly and feelingly wrought out; and meditation, overshadowed with tenderness, and exalted by devotion—but all terminating in soothing and even cheerful views of the conditions and prospects of mortality." The Quaker poet wrote, in fact, what may be described without disparagement as Quaker poetry, sober, sensible, and modest, if withal formal homely and drab. His principal books were "Metrical Effusions" (1812); "Poems" (1820); "Napoleon and Other Poems" (1822); "Poetic Vigils" (1824); "A Widow's Tale and Other Poems" (1827); "A New Year's Eve and Other Poems" (1828); "The Reliquary" (1836); and "Household Verses" (1845). His Memoirs and Letters, with a selection of his verse, were published in 1849, and occasion was taken to revise some of his poems, reducing their length, and removing the too obvious and long-drawn-out moral with which he was apt to weight his poems with weariness. This was precisely what his poems needed. He wrote easily and without revision, and aimed at morality rather than poetry, with the result that he produced a large quantity of prosy verse. The following stanzas are

all that survive in the final volume of the original ten stanza poem:—

THE STREAM.

It flows through flow'ry meads,
Gladdening the herds that on its margin browse;
Its quiet bounty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.

Gently it murmurs by
The village churchyard, with a plaintive tone
Of dirge-like melody,
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house, in the sunshine bright
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

The following sonnet was commended by Charles Lamb in a letter acknowledging the receipt of the volume in which it first appeared.

TO A GRANDMOTHER.

("Old age is dark and unlovely."—OSSIAN.)

O say not so! A bright old age is thine;
Calm as the gentle light of summer eves,
Ere twilight dim her dusky mantle weaves;
Because to thee is given, in thy decline,
A heart that does not thanklessly repine
At aught of which the hand of God bereaves,
Yet all He sends with gratitude receives;—
May such a quiet, thankful close be mine!
And hence thy fireside chair appears to me
A peaceful throne—which thou wert form'd to fill;
Thy children, ministers who do thy will;
And those grandchildren, sporting round thy knee,
Thy little subjects, looking up to thee,
As one who claims their fond allegiance still.

The poems in the following selection are given in their abbreviated form in cases where abbreviations have been made.

ALFRED H. MILES.

POEMS.

BERNARD BARTON.

I.—"WHICH THINGS ARE A SHADOW.

I SAW a stream whose waves were bright
With morning's dazzling sheen;
But gathering clouds, ere fall of night,
Had darken'd o'er the scene:
"How like that tide,"
My spirit sighed,
"This life to me hath been."

The clouds dispersed; the glowing west
Was bright with closing day;
And o'er the river's peaceful breast
Shone forth the sunset ray:—
My spirit caught
The soothing thought,
"This life might pass away."

I saw a tree with ripening fruit
And shady foliage crown'd;
But, ah! the axe was at its root,
And fell'd it to the ground:
Well might that tree
Recall to me
The doom my hopes had found.

The fire consum'd it; but I saw
Its smoke ascend on high—
A shadowy type, beheld with awe,
Of that which will not die,
But from the grave
Will rise and have
A refuge in the sky.

II.—A DREAM.

A DREAM came lately in the hours
To nightly slumber due;
It pictur'd forth no fairy bowers
To Fancy's raptur'd view;
It had not much of marvels strange,
Nor aught of wild and frequent change:—

But all seem'd real—ay! as much,
As now the page I trace
Is palpable to sight and touch;
Then how could doubt have place?
Yet was I not from doubt exempt,
But ask'd myself if still I dreamt.

I felt I did; but, spite of this,
Ev'n thus *in dreams* to meet,
Had much, too much of dearest bliss
Though not enough to cheat:
I knew the vision soon would fade,
And yet I bless'd it while it stay'd.

But oh, *thy* look!—It was not one
That earthly features wear;
Nor was it aught to fear or shun,
As fancied spectres are:
'Twas gentle, pure, and passionless,
Yet full of heavenly tenderness.

One thing was strange.—It seem'd to me
We were not long alone;
But many more were circling thee,
Whom thou on earth hadst known;
Who seem'd as greeting thy return
From some unknown, remote sojourn.

To them thou wast, as others be
  Whom on this earth we love;
I marvell'd much they could not see
  Thou camest from above;
And often to myself I said,
"How can they thus approach the dead?"

But though all these, with fondness warm,
  Said, "Welcome!" o'er and o'er,
Still that expressive shade, or form,
  Was silent, as before!
And yet its stillness never brought
To *them* one hesitating thought.

I only knew thee as thou *wert*;
  A being not of earth!
Yet had I not the power to exert
  My voice to check their mirth;
For blameless mirth was theirs, to see,
Once more, a friend belov'd like thee.

And so apart from all I stood,
  Till tears, though not of grief,
Afforded, to that speechless mood,
  A soothing, calm relief:
And, happier than if speech were free,
I stood, and watch'd thee silently!

I watch'd thee silently, and while
  I mus'd on days gone by,
Thou gav'st me one celestial smile—
  One look that cannot die.
It was a moment worthy years!
I woke, and found myself in tears.

III.—TO THE OWL.

BIRD of the solemn midnight hour!
Thy Poet's emblem be;
If arms might be the Muses' dower,
His crest were found in thee:
Though flippant wits thy dulness blame,
And Superstition fondly frame
Fresh omens from thy song;—
With me thou art a favourite bird,
Of habits, hours, and haunts, preferr'd
To day's more noisy throng.

Are not thy habits grave and sage,
Thyself beseeming well,
Like hermit's in his hermitage,
Or nun's in convent cell?
Secluded as an anchorite,
Thou spend'st the hours of garish light
In silence, and alone:
'Twere well if nuns and hermits spent
Their days in dreams as innocent,
As thine, my bird! have flown.

Are not the hours to thee most dear,
Those which my bosom thrill?
Evening—whose charms my spirit cheer,
And Night, more glorious still?
I love to see thee slowly glide
Along the dark wood's leafy side,
On undulating wing,
So noiseless in thy dream-like flight,
Thou seem'st more like a phantom-sprite
Than like a living thing.

I love to hear thy hooting cry,
  At midnight's solemn hour,
On gusty breezes sweeping by,
  And feel its utmost power:
From Nature's depths it seems to come,
When other oracles are dumb;
  And eloquent its sound,
Asserting Night's majestic sway,
And bearing Fancy far away
  To solitudes profound;—

To wild, secluded haunts of thine,
  Which hoary eld reveres;
To ivied turret, mould'ring shrine,
  Gray with the lapse of years;
To hollow trees by lightning scath'd;
To cavern'd rocks, whose roots are bath'd
  By some sequester'd stream;
To tangled wood, and briery brake,
Where only Echo seems awake
  To answer to thy scream.

While habits, hours, and haunts, so lone
  And lofty, blend with thee,
Well mayst thou, bird of night! be prone
  To touch thought's nobler key;
To waken feelings undefin'd,
And bring home to the Poet's mind,
  Who frames his vigil-lay,
Visions of higher musings born,
And fancies brighter than adorn
  His own ephem'ral day.

IV.—A COLLOQUY WITH MYSELF.

"As I walked by myself, I talked to myself,
And myself replied to me;
And the questions myself then put to myself
With their answers, I give to thee.
Put them home to thyself, and if unto thyself
Their responses the same should be,
Oh! look well to thyself, and beware of thyself,
Or so much the worse for thee."

WHAT are riches? Hoarded treasures
May, indeed, thy coffers fill;
Yet, like earth's most fleeting pleasures,
Leave thee poor and heartless still.

What is Pleasure? When afforded
But by gauds that pass away,
Read its fate in lines recorded
On the sea-sands yesterday.

What is Fashion? Ask of Folly,
She her worth can best express.
What is moping Melancholy?
Go and learn of Idleness.

What is Truth? Too stern a preacher
For the prosperous and the gay;
But a safe and wholesome teacher
In Adversity's dark day.

What is Friendship? If well founded,
Like some beacon's heavenward glow:
If on false pretensions grounded
Like the treacherous sand below.

What is Love? If earthly only,
Like a meteor of the night
Shining but to leave more lonely
Hearts that hailed its transient light:

But when calm, refined, and tender,
Purified from passion's stain,
Like the moon, in gentle splendour,
Ruling o'er the peaceful main.

What are Hopes? But gleams of brightness,
Glancing darkest clouds between;
Or foam-crested waves, whose whiteness
Gladdens ocean's darksome green.

What are Fears? Grim phantoms, throwing
Shadows o'er the pilgrim's way,
Every moment darker growing,
If we yield unto their sway.

What is Mirth? A flash of lightning,
Followed but by deeper gloom.
Patience?—More than sunshine, bright'ning
Sorrow's path, and labour's doom.

What is Time? A river flowing
To Eternity's vast sea;
Forward, whither all are going,
On its bosom bearing thee.

What is Life? A bubble floating,
On that silent, rapid stream;
Few, too few, its progress noting,
Till it bursts, and ends the dream.

What is Death, asunder rending
Every tie we love so well?
But the gate to life unending,
Joy, in heaven! or, woe in hell!

Can these truths, by repetition,
Lose their magnitude or weight?
Estimate thine own condition,
Ere thou pass that fearful gate.

Hast thou heard them oft repeated?
Much may still be left to do:
Be not by profession cheated
Live—as if thou knew'st them true.

Henry Kirk White.

1785—1806.

Henry Kirk White was born at Nottingham, on the 21st of March, 1785. He was privately educated, and at fifteen years of age entered the office of Messrs. Coldham & Enfield, Town Clerks and Attorneys of Nottingham, with a view to following the profession of the law. While here, he became the subject of deep religious impressions, and determined, if means could be found to support him at a university, to abandon the law for the Church. He worked very hard and bore many disappointments in the pursuit of his object, but in October 1805 he was enabled to take up his residence at St. John's College, Cambridge, where he devoted himself exhaustively to his studies. At the end of the term he was pronounced, upon examination, the first man of his year; but his constitution proved unequal to the strain put upon it, and on the 19th of October, 1806, he died.

Few men have owed more in the way of reputation to their misfortunes than Kirk White. His continual struggles against adverse cirumstances in the pursuit of knowledge, together with the amiability of his disposition and the piety of his life, secured for him many friends, who, in their admiration for his character, discovered evidence of Genius in his verse which those uninfluenced by his personality are unable to

detect. It would of course be absurd to look for maturity in the work of a youth of twenty years, but Genius could scarcely have written as much as this youth wrote without betraying itself, however crudely, in some thought or phrase of obvious originality or latent power. Kirk White's poems display no such evidence as we expect to find in the work of Genius, however young. He lacked originality and imagination; and while unable to invent new forms of beauty, showed no freshness in his views of old forms of truth. He had ambition, but he had nothing to say, nor was there anything felicitous in his manner of saying nothing. Among the "Fragments," gathered from the backs of old mathematical papers, there are one or two which are calculated to excite expectation, but it may be doubted whether he would ever have justified the claims made on his behalf even if Time had dealt more gently with him. The following are instances:—

(II.)

Lo! on the eastern summit, clad in gray,
Morn, like a horseman girt for travel, comes,
And from his tower of mist,
Night's watchman hurries down.

or,

(III.)

The pious man,
In this bad world, when mists and couchant storms
Hide Heaven's fine circlet, springs aloft in faith
Above the clouds that threat him, to the fields
Of ether, where the day is never veiled
With intervening vapours, and looks down
Serene upon the troublous sea, that hides
The earth's fair breast, that sea whose nether face
To grovelling mortals frowns and darkens all;
But on whose billowy back, from man concealed,
The glaring sunbeam plays.

According to Southey, who edited his "Remains," "The Christiad" was the poem which Kirk White had most at heart, and upon which he bestowed the most pains. It was never completed, but enough was written to show that the poet lacked the power necessary to the treatment of such a theme. A melancholy interest attaches to the final stanzas, which were found by Southey written in a different book.

Thus far have I pursued my solemn theme
With self-rewarding toil thus far have sung
Of God-like deeds, far loftier than beseem
The Lyre which I in early days have strung:
And now my spirits faint, and I have hung
The shell, that solaced me in saddest hour,
On the dark cypress! and the strings which rung
With Jesus' praise, their harpings now are o'er,
Or, when the breeze comes by, moan and are heard no more.

And must the harp of Judah sleep again?
Shall I no more re-animate the lay?
Oh! Thou who visitest the sons of men,
Thou who dost listen when the humble pray,
One little space prolong my mournful day!
One little lapse suspend Thy last decree!
I am a youthful traveller in the way,
And this slight boon would consecrate to Thee,
Ere I with Death shake hands, and smile that I am free.

Of Kirk White's shorter poems his lines "To Love" have been perhaps most frequently quoted, though they can scarcely be said to rise above the level of valentine verse.

TO LOVE.

Why should I blush to own I love?
'Tis Love that rules the realms above.
Why should I blush to say to all,
That Virtue holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the thickest shade,
Lest Love's dear secret be betrayed?
Why the stern brow deceitful move,
When I am languishing with love?

Is it weakness thus to dwell
On passion that I dare not tell?
Such weakness I would ever prove;
'Tis painful, though 'tis sweet to love.

Kirk White wrote several sonnets, of which the following is perhaps the best :—

WHAT ART THOU?

What art Thou, Mighty One! and where Thy seat?
Thou broodest on the calm that cheers the lands.
And Thou dost bear within Thine awful hands
The rolling thunders and the lightnings fleet.
Stern on Thy dark-wrought car of cloud and wind,
Thou guidest the northern storm at night's dead noon,
Or, on the red wing of the fierce monsoon,
Disturb'st the sleeping giant of the Ind.
In the drear silence of the polar span
Dost Thou repose? or in the solitude
Of sultry tracts, where the lone caravan
Hears nightly howl the tiger's hungry brood?
Vain thought! the confines of His throne to trace,
Who glows through all the fields of boundless space.

Kirk White's was a life of disappointment. It began with high hopes and bright anticipations, which it exhausted itself in its efforts to realise without success. Trained in such a school, it is perhaps natural that one of his best poems should be his ode "On Disappointment," given in the following pages.

ALFRED H. MILES.

ON DISAPPOINTMENT.

HENRY KIRK WHITE.

COME, Disappointment, come!
Not in thy terrors clad;
Come, in thy meekest, saddest guise;
Thy chastening rod but terrifies
The restless and the bad.
But I recline
Beneath thy shrine,
And round my brow resigned thy peaceful cypress twine.

Though Fancy flies away
Before thy hollow tread,
Yet Meditation, in her cell,
Hears with faint eye the lingering knell
That tells her hopes are dead;
And though the tear
By chance appear,
Yet she can smile, and say, My all was not laid here.

Come, Disappointment, come!
Though from Hope's summit hurled,
Still, rigid nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from heaven
To wean me from the world;
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die.

What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun—a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discussed)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.

Oh, what is Beauty's power?
It flourishes and dies;
Will the cold earth its silence break,
To tell how soft, how smooth a cheek
Beneath its surface lies?
Mute, mute is all
O'er Beauty's fall;
Her praise resounds no more when mantled in her pall.

The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day;
So music past is obsolete,
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet,
But now 'tis gone away.
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid.

Then since this world is vain,
And volatile, and fleet,
Why should I lay up earthly joys,
Where rust corrupts, and moth destroys,
And cares and sorrows eat?
Why fly from ill
With anxious skill,
When soon this hand will freeze, this throbbing heart be still

Come, Disappointment, come!
Thou art not stern to me;
Sad Monitress! I own thy sway,
A votary sad in early day,
I bend my knee to thee.
From sun to sun
My race will run,
I only bow, and say, My God, Thy will be done!

Charlotte Elliott.

1789—1871.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, author of some of the most popular hymns of the century, was born on the 18th of March, 1789. Her early life was spent at Clapham, where her uncle, the Rev. John Venn, was then rector. Her constitution, always delicate, induced a life of retirement and seclusion, only varied by occasional journeys in search of health. From 1834 she edited for many years the "Christian Remembrancer Pocket Book," to which she contributed both prose and verse. She also edited "The Invalids' Hymn Book," in which she first published many of her hymns. In 1869 she had a severe illness, from which she unexpectedly recovered, and during which she addressed the following verses to her devoted sister:—

Darling, weep not! I must leave thee,
For a season we *must* part!
Let not this short absence grieve thee,
We shall still be one in heart;
And a few brief sunsets o'er,
We shall meet to part no more!

Sweet has been our earthly union,
Sweet our fellowship of love;
But more exquisite communion
Waits us in our home above;
Nothing there can loose or sever
Ties ordained to last for ever.

Sweet has been thy tender feeling
  Through long years for this poor frame:
Love and care, like balm of healing,
  Have kept up life's feeble flame;
Now these dying pangs betoken
That the "silver cord" is broken.

Dearest! those sad features pain me:
  Wipe those loving tears away!
Let thy stronger faith sustain me,
  In this dark and cloudy day!
Be my "Hopeful," make me brave,
Lift my head above the wave!

Place me in those arms as tender,
  But more powerful far than thine:
For awhile thy charge surrender
  To His guardianship divine!
Lay me on my Saviour's breast,
There to find eternal rest!

Charlotte Elliott died on the 22nd of September, 1871. Several of her hymns have found world-wide acceptance, and one at least, "Just as I am, without one plea," has been translated into many languages. It is a little singular that nearly all her best hymns are cast in the same form, in four line stanzas with a short line for the fourth. It seems as though she needed the restraint of form to check the diffuseness of facility. Her hymns are characterised by simplicity, directness, and sincerity; they breathe a sweet and elevated piety.

ALFRED H. MILES.

POEMS.

1836.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

I.—"JUST AS I AM."

JUST as I am—without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings and fears within, without—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone—
O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am—of that free love,
The breadth, length, depth, and height to prove,
Here, for a season, then above—
O Lamb of God, I come!

II.—WATCH AND PRAY.

"CHRISTIAN! seek not yet repose,"
Hear thy guardian angel say;
Thou art in the midst of foes;
"Watch and pray."

Principalities and powers,
Mustering their unseen array,
Wait for thy unguarded hours;
"Watch and pray."

Gird thy heavenly armour on,
Wear it ever night and day;
Ambushed lies the evil one;
"Watch and pray."

Hear the victors who o'ercame;
Still they mark each warrior's way;
All with one sweet voice exclaim
"Watch and pray."

Hear, above all, hear thy Lord,
Him thou lovest to obey;
Hide within thy heart His word,
"Watch and pray."

Watch, as if on that alone
Hung the issue of the day;
Pray, that help may be sent down;
"Watch and pray."

III.—THY WILL BE DONE.

1834.

MY God, and Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
Oh teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy Will be done."

Though dark my path, and sad my lot,
Let me "be still" and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught,
"Thy will be done."

What though in lonely grief I sigh
For friends beloved no longer nigh,
Submissive still would I reply,
"Thy Will be done."

Though Thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized it ne'er was mine,
I have but yielded what was Thine;
"Thy Will be done."

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I'll strive to say,—
"Thy Will be done."

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee, I leave the rest;
"Thy Will be done."

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy Will be done."

IV.—THE HOUSE OF PRAYER.

MY God! is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening-star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,—
The hour of prayer?

Blest is that tranquil hour of morn,
And blest that hour of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer up-borne,
The world I leave!

For then a day-spring shines on me,
Brighter than morn's ethereal glow;
And richer dews descend from Thee
Than earth can know.

Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude
With hope of heaven.

No words can tell what sweet relief
There for my every want I find,
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What peace of mind.

Hushed is each doubt; gone every fear;
My spirit seems in heaven to stay:
And e'en the penitential tear
Is wiped away.

Lord! till I reach yon blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In prayer to Thee.

V.—LEANING ON HER BELOVED.

WRITTEN FOR ONE NOT LIKELY TO RECOVER.

LEANING on Thee, my Guide, my Friend,
My gracious Saviour! I am blest;
Though weary, Thou dost condescend
To be my rest.

Leaning on Thee, this darkened room
Is cheered by a celestial ray:
Thy pitying smile dispels the gloom—
Turns night to day.

Leaning on Thee, my soul retires
From earthly thoughts and earthly things;
On Thee concentrates her desires;
To Thee she clings.

Leaning on Thee, with childlike faith,
To Thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

Leaning on Thee, I breathe no moan,
Though faint with languor, parched with heat
Thy will has now become my own—
Thy will is sweet.

Leaning on Thee, midst torturing pain,
With patience Thou my soul dost fill:
Thou whisperest, "What did I sustain?"
Then I am still.

Leaning on Thee, I do not dread
The havoc slow disease may make;
Thou, who for me Thy blood hast shed,
Wilt ne'er forsake.

Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
"Be of good cheer!"

Leaning on Thee, no fear alarms;
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink
I feel "the everlasting arms,"
I cannot sink.

VI.—LET ME BE WITH THEE.

1836.

LET me be with Thee where Thou art,
My Saviour, my eternal Rest;
Then only will this longing heart
Be fully and for ever blest.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art;
Thy unveiled glory to behold;
Then only will this wayward heart
Cease to be treacherous, faithless, cold.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where spotless saints Thy Name adore;
Then only will this sinful heart
Be evil and defiled no more.

Let me be with Thee where Thou art,
Where none can die, whence none remove,
Then only will this cleansed heart
Reflect the fulness of Thy love.

Josiah Conder.

1789—1855.

JOSIAH CONDER was born in Falcon Square, London, on the 17th of September, 1789. His grandfather—Dr. John Conder—was the first Theological Tutor of the Nonconformist College at Homerton, and his father, Thomas Conder, a map engraver and bookseller. When he was six years of age he lost the sight of one eye through a severe attack of small-pox. His literary talent found early expression, for at the age of ten he contributed essays to the *Monthly Preceptor*, for which he gained two silver medals. Leaving school at the age of thirteen, he joined his father in his bookselling business, but still carried on his mental culture. When he was seventeen he contributed to an early number of the *Athenæum* some lines on "The Withered Oak." He made the acquaintance of James Montgomery and Ann Taylor, which led to the inclusion of some of their verses in an anonymous book he now published called "The Associated Minstrels." Failing health compelled his father to give up his business in 1811, and so it was thrown upon his son. His literary predilections were probably strengthened by his marriage in 1815 to the daughter of Roger Thomas, on her mother's side a granddaughter of Roubiliac, the noted sculptor, and herself a contributor to the anonymous book already mentioned, and a verse

writer of some merit. After eight years he disposed of his bookselling business, but five years before this he had become the proprietor of the *Eclectic Review*, which he managed until 1837. This brought him into close connection with some of the foremost literary men of that time. Considerable as was the work of managing the *Eclectic*, it did not exhaust his energies, for during the same time he edited for James Duncan, of Paternoster Row, the *Modern Traveller*, which extended to thirty volumes. In this great undertaking he had assistance on only one or two of the volumes. This has been described as "one of the most accurate, faithful, and laborious compilations ever published respecting nearly all parts of the world." In 1832 the *Patriot* was established to set forth the views of Evangelical Nonconformity, and Conder became its first editor, a post he held for twenty-three years. But even these labours did not exhaust his energies. He issued twenty-two works, nearly all prose, some of which involved very considerable research. Few men have ever lived a busier life. His pen was never idle, but in 1855 an attack of jaundice seized him, and he passed away at his home, 28, Belsize Road, St. John's Wood, London, on the 27th of December.

All his prose works, though in many cases very able and serving the purpose of the time, have passed out of use, and are known only to the curious. This also may be said of his general poetry; but he is kept in remembrance by his hymns, which still hold a place, and no mean one, in the affections of the Church. In this department he did good work, not only as a writer of hymns, but as an Editor. "The Congregational Hymn

Book—a supplement to Dr. Watts' "Psalms and Hymns," which he edited about 1844—showed fine taste, and was the best work of its kind published up to that time. It left an abiding influence on the Hymnody, not only of the Free, but also of the Episcopal Church. To this book he contributed fifty-six of his own hymns, some of which had previously appeared in his earlier volume, "The Star in the East."

His finest hymns are characterised by much elevation of thought, expressed in language combining both force and beauty. They generally excel in unity, and in some the gradual unfolding of the leading idea is masterly. The outcome of a deeply spiritual mind, they deal chiefly with the enduring elements of religion. Their variety in metre, in style, and in treatment, saves them from the monotony which mars the work of so many hymn writers. Really Evangelical in substance they are touched with so liberal a spirit and interpret Christian truth in so broad a manner that they are likely to hold their place in the affections of the Church.

Perhaps the most lyric of Conder's hymns is—

"O show me not my Saviour dying,"

in which he embodies the idea of Campanella in the fine sonnet rendered into nervous English by John Addington Symonds.

If Christ was only six hours crucified
After few years of toil and misery,
Which for mankind He suffered willingly,
While heaven was won for ever when He died;
Why should He still be shown on every side,

Painted and preached in nought but agony,
Whose pains were light matched with His victory,
When the world's power to harm Him was defied?
Why rather speak and write not of the realm
He rules in heaven and soon will bring below
Unto the praise and glory of His name.
Ah, foolish crowd! This world's thick vapours whelm,
Your eyes unworthy of that glorious show,
Blind to His splendour, bent upon His shame.

Conder's poetical works were: "The Withered Oak," "The Reverie" (1811); "The Star in the East" (1824); "Sacred Poems, Domestic Poems, and Miscellaneous Poems" (1824); "The Choir and the Oratory" (1837); "Hymns of Praise, Prayer, and Devout Meditation," which was in the press at the time of his death, and was revised and published by his son, the Rev. E. R. Conder, M.A.

W. GARRETT HORDER.

HYMNS.

JOSIAH CONDER.

1.—PSALM LXXXIV.

HOW honoured, how dear,
That sacred abode,
Where Christians draw near
Their Father and God!
'Mid worldly commotion,
My wearied soul faints
For the house of devotion,
The home of Thy saints.

The birds have their home;
They fix on their nest:
Wherever they roam,
They return to their rest:
From them fondly learning,
My soul would take wing;
To Thee so returning,
My God and my King.

O happy the choirs,
Who praise Thee above!
What joy tunes their lyres;
Their worship is love.
Yet, safe in Thy keeping,
And happy they be,
In this world of weeping,
Whose strength is in Thee.

Though rugged their way,
They drink, as they go,
Of springs that convey
New life as they flow:
The God they rely on,
Their strength shall renew,
Till each, brought to Zion,
His glory shall view.

Thou Hearer of prayer!
Still grant me a place,
Where Christians repair
To the courts of Thy grace.
More blest beyond measure,
One day so employed,
Than years of vain pleasure,
By worldlings enjoyed.

Me more would it please
Keeping post at Thy gate,
Than lying at ease
In chambers of state:
The meanest condition
Outshines, with Thy smiles,
The pomp of ambition,
The world with its wiles.

The Lord is a sun!
The Lord is a shield!
What grace has begun,
With glory is sealed.
He hears the distressèd,
He succours the just,
And they shall be blessed,
Who make Him their trust.

II.—BEYOND, BEYOND THAT BOUNDLESS SEA

BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
Above that dome of sky,
Further than thought itself can flee,
Thy dwelling is on high;
Yet dear the awful thought to me,
That Thou my God art nigh;—

Art nigh, and yet my labouring mind
Feels after Thee in vain,
Thee in these works of power to find,
Or to Thy seat attain.
Thy messenger, the stormy wind;
Thy path, the trackless main;—

These speak of Thee with loud acclaim;
They thunder forth Thy praise,—
The glorious honour of Thy name,
The wonders of Thy ways:
But Thou art not in tempest-flame,
Nor in day's glorious blaze.

We hear Thy voice, when thunders roll
Through the wide fields of air:
The waves obey Thy dread control;
Yet still, Thou art not there.
Where shall I find Him, O my Soul,
Who yet is everywhere?

Oh, not in circling depth or height,
But in the conscious breast,
Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
There doth His Spirit rest.
Oh come, Thou Presence Infinite!
And make Thy creature blest.

III.—HOW SHALL I FOLLOW HIM I SERVE?

HOW shall I follow Him I serve?
How shall I copy Him I love?
Nor from those blessèd footsteps swerve
Which lead me to His seat above?

Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn,
Are these the consecrated road?

'Twas thus He suffered, though a Son
Foreknowing, choosing, feeling all,
Until the perfect work was done,
And drunk the bitter cup of gall.

Lord! should my path through suffering lie
Forbid it I should e'er repine.
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my griefs, remembering Thine.

Oh, let me think how Thou didst leave
Untasted every pure delight,
To fast, to faint, to watch, to grieve,
The toilsome day, the homeless night:—

To faint, to grieve, to die for me!
Thou camest, not Thyself to please;
And, dear as earthly comforts be,
Shall I not love Thee more than these?

Yes! I would count them all but loss,
To gain the notice of Thine eye:
Flesh shrinks and trembles at the cross,
But Thou canst give the victory. . . .

IV.—THE LORD IS KING.

THE Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
O earth, and all ye heavens rejoice!
From world to world the joy shall ring:
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist His will, distrust His care,
Or murmur at His wise decrees,
Or doubt His royal promises?

The Lord is King! Child of the dust,
The Judge of all the earth is just:
Holy and true are all His ways;
Let every creature speak His praise.

He reigns! Ye saints, exalt your strains;
Your God is King, your Father reigns;
And He is at the Father's side,
The Man of love, the Crucified.

Come, make your wants, your burdens known,
He will present them at the throne;
And angel-bands are waiting there,
His messages of love to bear.

Oh, when His wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, His love forsake,
Then may His children cease to sing,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

Alike pervaded by His eye,
All parts of His dominion lie;
This world of ours and worlds unseen,
And thin the boundary between.

One Lord, one empire, all secures:
He reigns,—and life and death are yours.
Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
The Lord Omnipotent is King.

V.—DAY BY DAY THE MANNA FELL.

DAY by day the manna fell;
Oh, to learn this lesson well!
Still, by constant mercy fed,
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

"Day by day," the promise reads;
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away;
Take the manna of to-day.

Lord, my times are in Thy hand.
All my sanguine hopes have planned
To Thy wisdom I resign,
And would make Thy purpose mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give:
Day by day to Thee I live:
So shall added years fulfil,
Not my own,—my Father's will.

Fond ambition, whisper not;
Happy is my humble lot.
Anxious, busy cares, away;
I'm provided for to-day.

Oh, to live exempt from care
By the energy of prayer;
Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
Yet elate with gratitude.

VI.—O SHOW ME NOT MY SAVIOUR DYING.

O SHOW me not my Saviour dying,
As on the cross He bled;
Nor in the tomb, a captive lying,
For He has left the dead:
Then bid me not that form extended
For my Redeemer own,
Who, to the highest heavens ascended,
In glory fills the throne.

Weep not for Him at Calvary's station;
Weep only for thy sins.
View where He lay with exultation,—
'Tis there our hope begins:
Yet stay not there, thy sorrows feeding,
Amid the scenes He trod;
Look up, and see Him interceding
At the right hand of God.

Still in the shameful Cross I glory,
Where His dear blood was spilt;
For there the great Propitiatory
Abolished all my guilt.
Yet what, 'mid conflict and temptation,
Shall strength and succour give?
He lives, the Captain of Salvation;
Therefore His servants live.

By death, He death's dark king defeated,
And overcame the grave;
Rising, the triumph He completed;
He lives, He reigns to save.
Heaven's happy myriads bow before Him;
He comes, the Judge of men;
These eyes shall see Him, and adore Him:
Lord Jesus, own me then.

VII.—OH, GIVE THANKS TO HIM WHO MADE.

OH, give thanks to Him who made
Morning light and evening shade;
Source and Giver of all good,
Nightly sleep and daily food;
Quickener of our wearied powers,
Guard of our unconscious hours.

Oh, give thanks to Nature's King,
Who made every breathing thing:
His, our warm and sentient frame,
His, the mind's immortal flame:
Oh, how close the ties that bind
Spirits to the Eternal Mind!

Oh, give thanks with heart and lip,
For we are His workmanship;
And all creatures are His care:
Not a bird that cleaves the air
Falls unnoticed; but who can
Speak the Father's love to man!

Oh, give thanks to Him who came
In a mortal, suffering frame,—
Temple of the Deity,—
Came, for rebel man to die;
In the path Himself hath trod,
Leading back His saints to God.

SONNETS.

JOSIAH CONDER.

I.—SUMMER IS COME.

FROM "SUMMER IN FOUR SONNETS."

I.

SUMMER is come; he with the eye of flame
And lordly brow, whence, in his angry mood,
Flash the blue lightnings: he is come to claim
His bride, the gentle Spring, whom late he woo'd
With softest airs. See how his fervid breath
Has call'd the roses up on her chaste cheek!
And now to him the sceptre she with meek
And tender smile resigns. Her woodland wreath
Is faded, but the garden's gay parterre
Is rich with gorgeous hues; and glorious things
Haunt the cool stream, and flutter in the air,
Resplendent forms: the flowers have taken wings.
They do not die—there's nothing in creation
That dies; succession all and wondrous transmigration.

II.

Now day survives the sun. The pale grey skies
A sort of dull and dubious lustre keep,
As with their own light shining. Nature lies
Slumbering, and gazing on me in her sleep,
So still, so mute, with fixed and soul-less eyes.
The sun is set, yet not a star is seen:
Distinct the landscape, save where intervene
The creeping mists that from the dark stream rise;
Now spread into a sea with islets broken,
And woodland points, now poised on the thin air:
In the black west the clouds a storm betoken,
And all things seem a spectral gloom to wear.
The cautious bat resents the lingering light,
And the long-folded sheep wonder it is not night.

II.—AUTUMN.

FROM "AUTUMN IN FOUR SONNETS."

I.

A GLORIOUS day! The village is afield:
Her pillow'd lace no thrifty housewife weaves
Nor platters sit beneath the flow'ry eaves:
The golden fields an ample harvest yield;
And every hand, that can a sickle wield,
Is busy now. Some stoop to bind the sheaves,
While to the o'erburden'd waggon one upheaves
The load, among its streamers half conceal'd.
We heard the ticking of the lonely clock
Plain through each open door—all was so still.
For, busily dispersed near every shock
Their hands with trailing ears the urchins fill.
Where all is clear'd, small birds securely flock,
While full on lingering day the moon shines from the hill.

II.

Now that the flowers have faded, 'tis the turn
Of leaves to flaunt in all their gayest dyes.
'Tis Autumn's gala: every dryad vies
In decking out her bower. How richly burn
The gorgeous masses in the amber skies,
Where to the West, the valley, with its stream,
Is shut with woods that drink the setting beam!
There—by its crimson foliage one descries
The cherry, thrown out by the auburn shades
Of beech, with russet oak, and hoary sallow,
And greenest ash, bearing its golden keys,
With here and there wych-elm of paler yellow.
How gracefully the waning season fades!
So Nature's every dress and every look can please.

Henry Hart Milman.

1791—1868.

Henry Hart Milman, poet, scholar, historian, and divine, was born on the 10th of February, 1791. He was the youngest son of Sir Francis Milman, Bart., physician to George III., and was educated at Eton and Brasenose College, Oxford. He gained the Newdegate prize for his poem "The Belvidere Apollo," in 1812, and graduated B.A. 1814, and M.A. 1816. He was elected a fellow of his college in 1814, and was ordained in the following year. He became Vicar of St. Mary's, Reading (1818), Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1821), Bampton Lecturer (1827), Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster (1835), and Dean of St. Paul's (1849). His first published work was his "Apollo Belvidere" (1812), which was followed by "Fazio," a tragedy (1815), performed without his permission at several theatres, and at Covent Garden in 1818; a religious epic entitled "Samor, the Lord of the Bright City" (1818), and four dramas, "The Fall of Jerusalem" (1820), "The Martyr of Antioch" (1822), "Belshazzar" (1822), and "Anne Boleyn" (1826). He also published "Poems" (1821), "Nala and Damayanti," with other poems (1835), and a collected edition of his poems (1839). His prose works include "The History of the Jews" (1829), "The History of Christianity under the Empire" (1840), and "The History of Latin Christianity" (1854-5).

Milman's poetical works were received with enthusiasm, but they cannot be said to have retained a moiety of the interest they excited upon their appearance. Though he so frequently adopted the dramatic form he lacked dramatic instinct, and was wanting in passion and imagination. There are fine passages in all his works, passages in which elevated thought is clothed in ornate language, and adorned with picturesque imagery. But it is as an historian that he achieved his success in letters—as an historian that he will live in literature, and it was probably the operation of the very qualities which made him so sound an historian that limited his achievements as a poet. He has been instanced as "a noble example of ecclesiastical liberalism": and the characterisation is no more than just. He was a sound scholar, a broad thinker, and an untiring worker. Some of his hymns, "Ride on, ride on in Majesty," "When our heads are bowed with woe," and others are still in use, but his longer poems have ceased to attract attention or are only read in selections.

ALFRED H. MILES.

HYMNS.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

I.—RIDE ON, RIDE ON IN MAJESTY.

RIDE on, ride on in majesty;
Hark, all the tribes Hosanna cry;
Thine humble beast pursues his road,
With palms and scattered garments strewed.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquer'd sin.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
The wingèd squadrons of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire throne
Awaits His own anointed Son!

Ride on, ride on in majesty;
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign.

II.—BOUND UPON TH' ACCURSED TREE.

BOUND upon th' accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of twisted thorn,

By the side so deeply pierced,
By the baffled burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dew'd brow,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the sun at noon-day pale,
Shivering rocks, and rending veil,
By earth that trembles at His doom,
By yonder saints who burst their tomb,
By Eden promised ere He died
To the felon at His side,
Lord! our suppliant knees we bow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Sad and dying, who is He?
By the last and bitter cry;
The ghost giv'n up in agony;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chamber of the dead;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep;
Crucified! we know Thee now,
Son of Man! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou.

Bound upon th' accursèd tree,
Dread and awful, who is He?
By the prayer for them that slew,
"Lord! they know not what they do!"
By the spoil'd and empty grave,
By the souls He died to save,
By the conquest He hath won,
By the saints before His throne,
By the rainbow round His brow,
Son of God! 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou!

III.—WHEN OUR HEADS ARE BOW'D WITH WOE.

WHEN our heads are bow'd with woe.
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou, our throbbing flesh hast worn;
Thou, our mortal griefs hast borne;
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the sullen death-bell tolls
For our own departed souls;
When our final doom is near,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou hast bow'd the dying head;
Thou the blood of life hast shed;
Thou hast fill'd a mortal bier;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

When the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

Thou, the shame, the grief hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deign'd their load to bear;
Gracious Son of Mary, hear!

IV.—O HELP US, LORD, EACH HOUR OF NEED.

O HELP us, Lord, each hour of need,
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought and word and deed,
Each hour, on earth, we live.

O help us, when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us, through the prayer of faith,
More firmly to believe;
For still the more Thy servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Saviour, from on high,
We know no help but Thee;
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be.

V.—*LORD! THOU DIDST ARISE AND SAY.*

LORD! Thou didst arise and say
To the troubled waters "Peace,"
And the tempest died away;
Down they sank, the foaming seas;
And a calm and heaving sleep,
Spread o'er all the glassy deep;
All the azure lake serene
Like another heaven was seen.

Lord! Thy gracious word repeat
To the billows of the proud;
Quell the Tyrant's martial heat,
Quell the fierce and changing crowd;
Then the Earth shall find repose
From its restless strife and woes;
And an imaged Heaven appear
On our world of darkness here.

THE MARTYR OF ANTIOCH.

1821.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

FUNERAL HYMN.

BROTHER! thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown,
Where the tear is wiped away,
And the sigh of grief unknown;
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

Thou hast trod the toilsome way,
Thou hast borne the heavy load;
But the Christ has taught thy feet
How to reach His blest abode;
Now thou sleep'st like Lazarus
Carried to his Father's breast;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Doubt, no more thy faith assail;
Nor thy trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail:
There thou'rt sure to meet the good
Whom on earth thou loved'st the best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth and dust to dust,"
Now the solemn priest has said;
So we lay the turf above thee
And we seal thy narrow bed;
But thy spirit, brother, soareth,
Free among the faithful blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

When the Lord shall summon us
Here in sadness left behind,
O may we,—as pure from evil,—
As secure a welcome find;—
Each like thee depart in peace,
There to be a glorious guest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

BELSHAZZAR.

1822.

HENRY HART MILMAN.

HYMN OF THE CAPTIVE JEWS.

GOD of thunder! from whose cloudy seat
The fiery winds of desolation flow;
Father of vengeance! that with purple feet,
Like a full wine-press, tread'st the world below;
The embattled armies wait the sign to slay,
Nor springs the beast of havock on his prey,
Nor withering Famine walks his blasted way,
Till thou the guilty land hast sealed for wo.

God of the rainbow! at whose gracious sign
The billows of the proud their rage suppress;
Father of mercies! at one word of thine
An Eden blooms in the waste wilderness!
And fountains sparkle in the arid sands,
And timbrels ring in maidens' glancing hands,
And marble cities crown the laughing lands,
And pillared temples rise thy name to bless.

O'er Judah's land thy thunders broke, O Lord!
The chariots rattled o'er her sunken gate,
Her sons were wasted by the Assyrian sword,
Even her foes wept to see her fallen state;
And heaps her ivory palaces became,
Her princes wore the captive's garb of shame,
Her temple sank amid the smouldering flame,
For thou didst ride the tempest-cloud of fate.

O'er Judah's land thy rainbow, Lord, shall beam,
And the sad city lift her crownless head;
And songs shall wake, and dancing footsteps gleam,
Where broods o'er fallen streets the silence of the dead.
The sun shall shine on Salem's gilded towers,
On Carmel's side our maidens cull the flowers,
To deck, at blushing eve, their bridal bowers,
And angel-feet the glittering Sion tread.

Thy vengeance gave us to the stranger's hand,
And Abraham's children were led forth for slaves;
With fettered steps we left our pleasant land,
Envying our fathers in their peaceful graves.
The stranger's bread with bitter tears we steep,
And when our weary eyes should sink to sleep,
'Neath the mute midnight we steal forth to weep,
Where the pale willows shade Euphrates' waves.

The born in sorrow shall bring forth in joy;
Thy mercy, Lord, shall lead thy children home;
He that went forth a tender yearling boy,
Yet, ere he die, to Salem's streets shall come.
And Canaan's vines for us their fruits shall bear,
And Hermon's bees their honied stores prepare:
And we shall kneel again in thankful prayer,
Where o'er the cherub seated God, full blazed the
irradiate dome.

John Keble.

1792—1866.

JOHN KEBLE was born at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, on the 25th of April, 1792. He was educated by his father, John Keble, Vicar of Coln, St. Aldwin's, with so much success that he was elected to a scholarship at his father's college, Corpus Christi, Oxford, in 1806, and, after winning double first-class honours, to a fellowship at Oriel in 1811. In the following year he took the University prizes for the English and Latin essays, and, residing at Oxford, began to take private pupils. In 1813 he became public examiner in the classical school, and in 1815 he was ordained. He was appointed examiner for responsions in 1816, college tutor at Oriel in 1818, and public examiner again in 1821. In 1823, on the death of his mother, he accepted a curacy at Fairford in order to help his father, whose increasing years made help necessary. In 1825 his brother Thomas took his place at Fairford, and he accepted a curacy at Hursley, near Winchester, but on the death of his younger sister in the following year he returned to Fairford, and undertook his father's duties at Coln. Several offers of preferment were refused on account of his determination not to leave his father; but in 1830 he accepted the office of examiner for the India House examinations for the Civil Service, and in 1831 he became

professor of poetry at Oxford. Two years later he preached his famous Assize sermon on National Apostacy, a sermon which became the starting-point of the Oxford Tractarian Movement. In 1835 his father died, and he married Miss Charlotte Clarke, a lady whom he had known from childhood, and who was the younger sister of his brother's wife. In 1836 the living of Hursley, which he had refused for filial reasons in 1829, was again offered to him, and this time accepted. In 1845 he projected a plan for the foundation at Oxford of a "poor man's college," especially designed to provide education in strict conformity to the Church of England at a moderate cost, an idea realised a few years after his death by the institution of Keble College. He contributed several tracts to the Oxford series, published an edition of Hooker, and a life of Bishop Wilson, besides numerous sermons and several theological treatises. In 1864 he was attacked by paralysis, and the health of his wife necessitating change, they resorted successively to Torquay, Penzance, and finally to Bournemouth, where he died on the 29th of March, 1866. His sermons, in twelve volumes, were published in 1867, and "A Memoir" by his friend, Sir J. T. Coleridge, in 1869.

Keble's poems are contained in three volumes of verse: "The Christian Year" (1827); "Lyra Innocentium; Thoughts in Verse on Christian Children, their Ways and Privileges" (1846); and "Miscellaneous Poems," with a Preface by Canon Moberly, published posthumously in 1869. "The Christian Year" had its origin in the accumulation of a number of poems written at different times on Church festivals, and the idea, on the part of the poet,

that a complete series of such poems on the successive seasons of the Church year would help to religious edification and stimulate Church life. Published anonymously in two volumes, in 1827, the work became an immediate success. Ninety-five editions of several thousand copies each were called for during the poet's lifetime, and many editions have been issued since his death. It is upon this work that Keble's reputation as a poet will rest. "If there is one quality which, more than another, may be said to mark his writings," says Canon Moberly, in his Preface to the posthumous volume of Keble's poems, "it is their intense and absolute *veracity*. Never for a moment is the very truth sacrificed to effect. I will venture to say with confidence that there is not a sentiment to be found elevated or amplified beyond what he really felt; nor, I would add, even an epithet that goes beyond his actual and true thought. What he was in life and character, that he was, transparently, in every line he wrote,—entirely, always, reverently true." This characteristic will probably account for both the excellences and the defects of his work, as well as for its popularity. Absolute sincerity counts for much in an appeal to the public mind, and the man who has no doubts is, other characteristics being equal, always surest of a popular following. The poet's fidelity to the principle of truth made him faithful in his treatment of nature, which he none the less penetrated with a seer's insight, and transfigured with a poet's imagination. On the other hand, his determination to preserve literal accuracy in phrase and epithet while trammelled with the difficulties of rhyme and rhythm, may be re-

sponsible for the crudities and obscurities which mar his work. "Wordsworth," says Canon Moberly, "having read 'The Christian Year,' expressed his high sense of its beauty and also of the occasional imperfections of the verse, in the following characteristic terms: 'It is very good,' he said; 'so good, that, if it were mine, I would write it all over again.'" Dr. Pusey alleged that Wordsworth actually proposed to Keble that they should go over the work together with a view to removing the blemishes. Notwithstanding drawbacks, however, Keble stands admittedly among the foremost of the sacred poets of the century, and he does so by reason of his superior poetic equipment.

Many writers of sacred verse employ poetic forms for didactic purposes, because they find them effective for inculcating doctrine and disseminating truth: they are churchmen first and poets afterwards. But Keble was much more than a writer of hymns and poems upon sacred subjects. Nature made him a poet, and circumstances made him a churchman; and had circumstances predisposed him otherwise he would still have been a poet, and might still have won distinction by his verse. Dean Stanley, in Ward's "English Poets," says, "Keble was not a sacred, but in the best sense of the word, a secular poet. It is not David only, but the Sibyl, whose accents we catch in his inspirations. The 'sword in myrtle drest,' of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, 'The many twinkling smile of ocean,' from Æschylus, are images as familiar to him as 'Bethlehem's glade,' or 'Carmel's haunted strand.' Not George Herbert or Cowper,

but Wordsworth, Scott, and perhaps more than all Southey, are the English poets that kindled his flame and coloured his diction." But though it may be easily proved that Keble was more than a sacred poet, and that he is one of the few writers of sacred verse who are entitled to rank among the general poets, it is clear that his proper classification is with those who consecrate their powers to religious purposes and didactic ends. Dean Stanley pointed out how in his writings the poet is often broader than the churchman; but this is only another way of saying that the man was better than his creed, and this might well be where the man was so true and the creed so narrow.

In the "Lyra Innocentium" there is a short poem on "The Death of the New Baptized."

What purer brighter sight on earth, than when
The sun looks out upon a drop of dew,
Hid in some nook from all but angels' ken,
And with his radiance bathes it through and through
Then into realms too clear for our frail view
Exhales and draws it with absorbing love?
And what if Heaven therein give token true
Of grace that new-born dying infants prove,
Just touched with Jesu's light, then lost in joys above?

One saddens to think that were the rite of baptism but unperformed, according to Keble the doctrinaire, the simile of Keble the poet could not apply. But if this shows the narrowness of the churchman, the following verses from his poem, "The Waterfall," in the same work, will show the breadth of the poet:—

Go where the waters fall,
Sheer from the mountain's height—

Mark how a thousand streams in one,—
One in a thousand, on they fare;
Now flashing in the sun,
Now still as beast in lair.

Now round the rock, now mounting o'er,
In lawless dance they win their way;
Still seeming more and more
To swell as we survey,

They win their way, and find their rest
Together in their ocean home;
From East, and weary West,
From North and South they come.

They rush and roar, they whirl and leap,
Not wilder drives the wintry storm,
Yet a strong law they keep,
Strange powers their course inform.

Even so the mighty sky-born stream:—
Its living waters from above
All marred and broken seem,
No union and no love.

Yet in dim caves they haply blend,
In dreams of mortals unespied;
One is their awful end,
One their unfailing Guide.

Keble was a true poet and a true man; and when he consecrated himself to the service of the Church he gave himself wholly man and poet to the culture of religious life. As a man he was primarily instrumental in bringing about one of the most remarkable of the religious revivals of the century, and as a poet he produced a large body of Christian verse which quickened the religious life of his time and which will, doubtless, long survive him as an impulse and an inspiration to generations which know him not.

ALFRED H. MILES.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

1827.

JOHN KEBLE.

I.—MORNING.

"His compassions fail not. They are new every morning."
—LAMENTATIONS iii. 22, 23.

HUES of the rich unfolding morn,
That, ere the glorious sun be born,
By some soft touch invisible
Around his path are taught to swell;—

Thou rustling breeze so fresh and gay,
That dancest forth at opening day,
And brushing by with joyous wing,
Wakenest each little leaf to sing;—

Ye fragrant clouds of dewy steam,
By which deep grove and tangled stream
Pay, for soft rains in season given,
Their tribute to the genial heaven;—

Why waste your treasures of delight
Upon our thankless, joyless sight;
Who day by day to sin awake,
Seldom of Heaven and you partake?

Oh, timely happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise!
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new!

New every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of Heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes will lovelier be,
As more of Heaven in each we see:
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

As for some dear familiar strain
Untired we ask, and ask again,
Ever, in its melodious store,
Finding a spell unheard before;

Such is the bliss of souls serene,
When they have sworn, and stedfast mean,
Counting the cost, in all t' espy
Their God, in all themselves deny.

Oh, could we learn that sacrifice,
What lights would all around us rise!
How would our hearts with wisdom talk
Along Life's dullest, dreariest walk!

We need not bid, for cloistered cell,
Our neighbour and our work farewell,
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky:

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more; content with these,
Let present Rapture, Comfort, Ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go:—
The secret this of Rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect Rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

II.—EVENING.

"Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."—ST. LUKE xxiv. 29.

'TIS gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

In darkness and in weariness
The traveller on his way must press,
No gleam to watch on tree or tower,
Whiling away the lonesome hour.

Sun of my soul! Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

When round Thy wondrous works below
My searching rapturous glance I throw,
Tracing out Wisdom, Power, and Love,
In earth or sky, in stream or grove;—

Or by the light Thy words disclose
Watch Time's full river as it flows,
Scanning Thy gracious Providence,
Where not too deep for mortal sense:—

When with dear friends sweet talk I hold,
And all the flowers of life unfold;
Let not my heart within me burn,
Except in all I Thee discern.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live:
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

Thou Framer of the light and dark,
Steer through the tempest Thine own ark:
Amid the howling wintry sea
We are in port if we have Thee.

The Rulers of this Christian land,
'Twixt Thee and us ordained to stand,—
Guide Thou their course, O Lord, aright,
Let all do all as in Thy sight.

Oh! by Thine own sad burthen, borne
So meekly up the hill of scorn,
Teach Thou Thy Priests their daily cross
To bear as Thine, nor count it loss!

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infants' slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake
Ere through the world our way we take
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves, in Heaven above.

III.—WHAT WENT YE OUT TO SEE?

(THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.)

"What went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind? . . . But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet."—ST. MATTHEW xi. 7, 9.

WHAT went ye out to see
O'er the rude sandy lea,
Where stately Jordan flows by many a palm,
Or where Gennesaret's wave
Delights the flowers to lave,
That o'er her western slope breathe airs of balm.

All through the summer night,
Those blossoms red and bright
Spread their soft breasts, unheeding, to the breeze,
Like hermits watching still
Around the sacred hill,
Where erst our Saviour watched upon His knees.

A Paschal moon above
Seems like a saint to rove,
Left shining in the world with Christ alone;
Below, the lake's still face
Sleeps sweetly in th' embrace
Of mountains terrac'd high with mossy stone.

Here may we sit, and dream
Over the heavenly theme,
Till to our soul the former days return;
Till on the grassy bed,
Where thousands once He fed,
The world's incarnate Maker we discern.

O cross no more the main,
Wandering so wild and vain,
To count the reeds that tremble in the wind,
On listless dalliance bound,
Like children gazing round,
Who on God's works no seal of Godhead find.

Bask not in courtly bower,
Or sun-bright hall of power,
Pass Babel quick, and seek the holy land—
From robes of Tyrian dye
Turn with undazzled eye
To Bethlehem's glade, or Carmel's haunted strand.

Or choose thee out a cell
In Kedron's storied dell,
Beside the springs of Love, that never die;
Among the olives kneel
The chill night-blast to feel,
And watch the Moon that saw thy Master's agony.

Then rise at dawn of day,
And wind thy thoughtful way,
Where rested once the Temple's stately shade,
With due feet tracing round
The city's northern bound,
To th' other holy garden, where the Lord was laid.

Who thus alternate see
His death and victory,
Rising and falling as on angel wings,
They, while they seem to roam,
Draw daily nearer home,
Their heart untravell'd still adores the King of kings.

Or, if at home they stay,
Yet are they, day by day,
In spirit journeying through the glorious land,
Not for light Fancy's reed,
Nor Honour's purple meed,
Nor gifted Prophet's lore, nor Science' wondrous wand.

But more than Prophet, more
Than Angels can adore
With face unveiled, is He they go to seek;
Blessèd be God, Whose grace
Shows Him in every place
To homeliest hearts of pilgrims pure and meek.

IV.—SEE LUCIFER LIKE LIGHTNING FALL.

(THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT.)

"When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace; but when a stronger than he shall come upon him, and overcome him, he taketh from him all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth his spoils. —ST. LUKE xi. 21, 22.

SEE Lucifer like lightning fall,
Dashed from his throne of pride;
While, answering Thy victorious call,
The Saints his spoils divide;
This world of Thine, by him usurped too long,
Now opening all her stores to heal Thy servants' wrong.

So when the first-born of Thy foes
Dead in the darkness lay,
When Thy redeemed at midnight rose
And cast their bonds away,
The orphaned realm threw wide her gates, and told
Into freed Israel's lap her jewels and her gold.

And when their wondrous march was o'er,
And they had won their homes,
Where Abraham fed his flock of yore,
Among their fathers' tombs;—
A land that drinks the rain of Heaven at will,
Whose waters kiss the feet of many a vine-clad hill;—

Oft as they watched, at thoughtful eve,
A gale from bowers of balm
Sweep o'er the billowy corn, and heave
The tresses of the palm,
Just as the lingering Sun had touched with gold,
Far o'er the cedar shade, some tower of giants old;

It was a fearful joy, I ween,
To trace the Heathen's toil,
The limpid wells, the orchards green,
Left ready for the spoil,
The household stores untouched, the roses bright
Wreathed o'er the cottage walls in garlands of delight.

And now another Canaan yields
To Thine all-conquering ark:—
Fly from the "old poetic" fields,
Ye Paynim shadows dark!
Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious lays,
Lo! here the "unknown God" of thy unconscious praise.

The olive-wreath, the ivied wand,
"The sword in myrtles drest,"
Each legend of the shadowy strand
Now wakes a vision blest;
As little children lisp, and tell of Heaven,
So thoughts beyond their thought to those high
Bards were given.

And these are ours: Thy partial grace
The tempting treasure lends:
These relics of a guilty race
Are forfeit to Thy friends;
What seemed an idol hymn, now breathes of Thee,
Tuned by Faith's ear to some celestial melody.

There's not a strain to Memory dear,
Nor flower in classic grove,
There's not a sweet note warbled here,
But minds us of Thy Love.
O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
There is no light but Thine: with Thee all beauty glows.

V.—THERE IS A BOOK, WHO RUNS MAY READ.

(SEPTUAGESIMA SUNDAY.)

"The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."—ROMANS i. 20.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky embracing all
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The Moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run,
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its Sun.

The Saviour lends the light and heat
That crowns His holy hill;
The saints, like stars, around His seat
Perform their courses still.

The saints above are stars in heaven—
What are the saints on earth?
Like trees they stand whom God has given,
Our Eden's happy birth.

Faith is their fixed unswerving root,
Hope their unfading flower,
Fair deeds of charity their fruit,
The glory of their bower.

The dew of heaven is like Thy grace,
It steals in silence down;
But where it lights, the favoured place
By richest fruits is known.

One Name above all glorious names
With its ten thousand tongues
The everlasting sea proclaims,
Echoing angelic songs.

The raging Fire, the roaring Wind,
Thy boundless power display;
But in the gentle breeze we find
Thy Spirit's viewless way.

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only Sin
Forbids us to descry
The mystic heaven and earth within,
Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou, who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere.

VI.—O FOR A SCULPTOR'S HAND.

(SECOND SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.)

"He hath said, which heard the words of God, and knew the knowledge of the Most High, which saw the vision of the Almighty, falling into a trance, but having his eyes open: I shall see Him, but not now; I shall behold Him, but not nigh; there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth."—NUMBERS xxiv. 16, 17.

O FOR a sculptor's hand,
That thou might'st take thy stand,
Thy wild air floating on the eastern breeze,
Thy tranced yet open gaze
Fixed on the desert haze,
As one who deep in heaven some airy pageant sees.
In outline dim and vast
Their fearful shadows cast
The giant forms of empires on their way
To ruin: one by one
They tower and they are gone,
Yet in the Prophet's soul the dreams of avarice stay.
No sun or star so bright
In all the world of light
That they should draw to Heaven his downward eye:
He hears th' Almighty's word,
He sees the angel's sword,
Yet low upon the earth his heart and treasure lie
Lo! from yon argent field,
To him and us revealed,
One gentle Star glides down, on earth to dwell.
Chained as they are below
Our eyes may see it glow,
And as it mounts again, may track its brightness well.

To him it glared afar,
A token of wild war,
The banner of his Lord's victorious wrath:
But close to us it gleams,
Its soothing lustre streams
Around our home's green walls, and on our church-way path.

We in the tents abide
Which he at distance eyed
Like goodly cedars by the waters spread,
While seven red altar-fires
Rose up in wavy spires,
Where on the mount he watched his sorceries dark and dread.

He watched till morning's ray
On lake and meadow lay,
And willow-shaded streams that silent sweep
Around the bannered lines,
Where by their several signs
The desert-wearied tribes in sight of Canaan sleep.

He watched till knowledge came
Upon his soul like flame,
Not of those magic fires at random caught:
But true Prophetic light
Flashed o'er him, high and bright,
Flash'd once, and died away, and left his darken'd thought.

And can he choose but fear,
Who feels his God so near,
That when he fain would curse, his powerless tongue
In blessing only moves?—
Alas! the world he loves
Too close around his heart her tangling veil hath flung.

Sceptre and Star divine,
Who in Thine inmost shrine
Ha st made us worshippers, O claim Thine own
More than Thy seers we know—
O teach our love to grow
Up to Thy heavenly light, and reap what Thou hast sown

VII.—RED O'ER THE FOREST PEERS THE SETTING SUN.

(TWENTY-THIRD SUNDAY AFTER TRINITY.)

"Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself."—PHILIPPIANS iii. 21.

RED o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crowned the eastern copse: and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tired hunter winds a parting note,
And Echo bids good-night from every glade;
Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide!
And yet no second spring have they in store,
But where they fall, forgotten to abide
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,
The green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,
In all the world of busy life around
No thought of them; in all the bounteous sky,
No drop, for them, of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again—
Yet he complains, while these unmurmuring part
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain,
As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

And haply half unblamed his murmuring voice
Might sound in Heaven, were all his second life
Only the first renewed—the heathen's choice,
A round of listless joy and weary strife.

For dreary were this earth, if earth were all,
Tho' brightened oft by dear Affection's kiss;—
Who for the spangles wears the funeral pall?
But catch a gleam beyond it, and 'tis bliss.

Heavy and dull this frame of limbs and heart,
Whether slow creeping on cold earth, or borne
On lofty steed, or loftier prow, we dart
O'er wave or field: yet breezes laugh to scorn

Our puny speed, and birds, and clouds in heaven,
And fish, like living shafts that pierce the main,
And stars that shoot through freezing air at even—
Who but would follow, might he break his chain?

And thou shalt break it soon; the grovelling worm
Shall find his wings, and soar as fast and free
As his transfigured Lord with lightning form
And snowy vest—such grace He won for thee.

When from the grave He sprang at dawn of morn,
And led through boundless air thy conquering road,
Leaving a glorious track, where saints, new-born,
Might fearless follow to their blest abode.

But first, by many a stern and fiery blast
The world's rude furnace must thy blood refine,
And many a gale of keenest woe be passed,
Till every pulse beat true to airs divine.

Till every limb obey the mounting soul,
The mounting soul, the call by Jesus given.
He who the stormy heart can so control,
The laggard body soon will waft to Heaven.

VIII.—THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

"And he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? And he said, Who art Thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."—ACTS ix. 4, 5.

THE mid-day sun, with fiercest glare,
Broods o'er the hazy twinkling air:
Along the level sand
The palm-tree's shade unwavering lies,
Just as thy towers, Damascus, rise
To greet yon wearied band.

The leader of that martial crew
Seems bent some mighty deed to do,
So steadily he speeds,
With lips firm closed and fixèd eye,
Like warrior when the fight is nigh,
Nor talk nor landscape heeds.

What sudden blaze is round him poured,
As though all Heaven's refulgent hoard
In one rich glory shone?
One moment—and to earth he falls:
What voice his inmost heart appalls?—
Voice heard by him alone.

For to the rest both words and form
Seem lost in lightning and in storm,
While Saul, in wakeful trance,
Sees deep within that dazzling field
His persecuted Lord revealed,
With keen yet pitying glance :

And hears the meek upbraiding call
As gently on his spirit fall,
As if th' Almighty Son
Were prisoner yet in this dark earth,
Nor had proclaimed His royal birth,
Nor His great power begun.

"Ah! wherefore persecut'st thou Me?"
He heard and saw, and sought to free
His strained eyes from the sight :
But Heaven's high magic bound it there,
Still gazing, though untaught to bear
Th' insufferable light.

"Who art Thou, Lord?" he falters forth :—
So shall Sin ask of heaven and earth
At the last awful day.
"When did we see Thee suffering nigh,
And passed Thee with unheeding eye?
Great God of judgment, say!"

Ah! little dream our listless eyes
What glorious presence they despise,
While, in our noon of life,
To power or fame we rudely press.—
Christ is at hand, to scorn or bless,
Christ suffers in our strife.

And though heaven's gates long since have closed,
And our dear Lord in bliss reposed,
High above mortal ken,
To every ear in every land
(Though meek ears only understand)
He speaks as He did then.

"Ah! wherefore persecute ye Me?
'Tis hard, ye so in love should be
With your own endless woe.
Know, though at God's right hand I live,
I feel each wound ye reckless give
To the least saint below.

"I in your care My brethren left,
Not willing ye should be bereft
Of waiting on your Lord.
The meanest offering ye can make—
A drop of water—for love's sake,
In Heaven, be sure, is stored."

O by those gentle tones and dear,
When Thou hast stayed our wild career
Thou only hope of souls,
Ne'er let us cast one look behind,
But in the thought of Jesus find
What every thought controls.

As to Thy last Apostle's heart
Thy lightning glance did then impart
Zeal's never-dying fire,
So teach us on Thy shrine to lay
Our hearts, and let them day by day
Intenser blaze and higher.

And as each mild and winning note
(Like pulses that round harp-strings float
When the full strain is o'er)
Left lingering on his inward ear
Music, that taught, as death drew near,
Love's lesson more and more:

So, as we walk our earthly round,
Still may the echo of that sound
Be in our memory stored:
"Christians! behold your happy state:
Christ is in these, who round you wait,
Make much of your dear Lord!"

IX.—BLESS'D ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

(THE PURIFICATION.)

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."—
ST. MATTHEW v. 8.

BLESS'D are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God,
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is Christ's abode.

Might mortal thought presume
To guess an angel's lay,
Such are the notes that echo through
The courts of Heaven to-day.

Such the triumphal hymns
On Sion's Prince that wait,
In high procession passing on
Towards His temple-gate.

Give ear, ye kings—bow down,
Ye rulers of the earth—
This, this is He: your Priest by grace,
Your God and King by birth.

No pomp of earthly guards
Attends with sword and spear,
And all-defying, dauntless look,
Their monarch's way to clear;

Yet are there more with Him
Than all that are with you—
The armies of the highest Heaven,
All righteous, good, and true.

Spotless their robes and pure,
Dipped in the sea of light,
That hides the unapproachèd shrine
From men's and angels' sight.

His throne, thy bosom blest,
O mother undefiled—
That throne, if aught beneath the skies,
Beseems the sinless child.

Lost in high thoughts, "whose son
The wondrous Babe might prove,"
Her guileless husband walks beside,
Bearing the hallowed dove;

Meet emblem of His vow,
Who, on this happy day,
His dove-like soul—best sacrifice—
Did on God's altar lay.

But who is he, by years
Bowed, but erect in heart,
Whose prayers are struggling with his tears?
"Lord, let me now depart.

"Now hath Thy servant seen
Thy saving health, O Lord;
Tis time that I depart in peace,
According to Thy word."

Yet swells the pomp: one more
Comes forth to bless her God;
Full fourscore years, meek widow, she
Her heaven-ward way hath trod.

She who to earthly joys
So long had given farewell,
Now sees, unlooked for, Heaven on earth,
Christ in His Israel.

Wide open from that hour
The temple-gates are set,
And still the saints rejoicing there
The holy Child have met.

Now count His train to-day,
And who may meet Him, learn;
Him child-like sires, meek maidens find,
Where pride can nought discern.

Still to the lowly soul
He doth Himself impart,
And for His cradle and His throne
Chooseth the pure in heart.

X.—WHERE IS IT MOTHERS LEARN THEIR LOVE?

(HOLY BAPTISM.)

WHERE is it mothers learn their love?—
In every Church a fountain springs
O'er which th' Eternal Dove
Hovers on softest wings.

What sparkles in that lucid flood
Is water, by gross mortals eyed:
But seen by Faith, 'tis blood
Out of a dear Friend's side.

A few calm words of faith and prayer,
A few bright drops of holy dew,
Shall work a wonder there
Earth's charmers never knew.

O happy arms, where cradled lies,
And ready for the Lord's embrace,
That precious sacrifice,
The darling of His grace!

Blest eyes, that see the smiling gleam
Upon the slumbering features glow,
When the life-giving stream
Touches the tender brow!

Or when the holy cross is signed,
And the young soldier duly sworn
With true and fearless mind
To serve the Virgin born.

But happiest ye, who sealed and blest
Back to your arms your treasure take,
With Jesus' mark impressed
To nurse for Jesus' sake:

To whom—as if in hallowed air
Ye knelt before some awful shrine—
His innocent gestures wear
A meaning half divine:

By whom Love's daily touch is seen
In strengthening form and freshening hue,
In the fixed brow serene,
The deep yet eager view.—

Who taught thy pure and even breath
To come and go with such sweet grace?
Whence thy reposing Faith,
Though in our frail embrace?

O tender gem, and full of Heaven!
Not in the twilight stars on high,
Not in moist flowers at even
See we our God so nigh.

Sweet one, make haste and know Him too,
Thine own adopting Father love,
That like thine earliest dew
Thy dying sweets may prove.

Sir John Bowring.

1792—1872.

Sir John Bowring was born at Exeter on the 17th of October, 1792. He was privately educated, and entered a commercial house immediately on leaving school. He had a special taste and talent for the acquisition of languages, and at one time or another became more or less familiar with French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, German, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, Russian, Servian, Polish, Bohemian, Arabic, and Chinese. In 1811 he entered the service of a firm of Lisbon merchants, who sent him to the Peninsular. Starting in business on his own account, in 1819-20, he visited Spain, France, Belgium, Holland, Russia, and Sweden, and on his return published his "Specimens of the Russian Poets" (1820). From thenceforward his life was one of unceasing activity. His literary, political, and diplomatic careers would, either of them, have satisfied the energy of an ordinary man. In 1823, he published his "Matins and Vespers," which became immediately popular. In 1824 he became the editor of the *Westminster Review*, in which year he also issued his "Batavian Anthology." In 1824 he published his "Ancient Poetry and Romances of Spain"; in 1825 his "Hymns"; in 1827 his "Specimens of the Polish Poets," and "Servian Popular Poetry"; in 1829 his "Sketch of the Language and Literature

of Holland"; in 1830, his "Poetry of the Magyars"; and in 1832 his "Cheskian Anthology"; in 1843 his "Manuscripts of the Queen's Court: a collection of old Bohemian Lyrico-Epic songs, with other ancient Bohemian poems"; in 1861 the "Ode to the Deity." translated from the Russian; and in 1866 his "Translations from Petöfi." A mere list of his miscellaneous works would occupy considerable space.

In 1822 he was arrested at Calais, and thrown into prison, for bearing despatches to the Portuguese ministers, informing them of the intended invasion of the Peninsular by the Bourbon Government of France. After a fortnight's solitary confinement he was liberated at the instance of Canning, who was then Foreign Minister; but he was condemned to perpetual exile from France. Eight years later he was the writer and bearer of an address from the citizens of London, congratulating the French people on the Revolution (July 1830); and was the first Englishman received by Louis Philippe after his recognition by the British Government. From 1831 Bowring was employed on several missions of inquiry into the financial methods of Foreign Governments, and was appointed Secretary to the Commission for inspecting the accounts of the United Kingdom. In 1832 he contested Blackburn for a seat in Parliament, but was rejected by twelve votes. He was, however, elected for the Clyde Burghs in 1835, though he lost his seat in 1837. In 1838 he met Cobden and others at the York Hotel, Manchester, and the Anti-Corn Law League was established. In support of the League he again sought parliamentary honours and opportunities. He was rejected by Kirkcaldy, but elected by Bolton

in 1841. He became a frequent speaker upon the progressive movements of his time, and received many public testimonials of the appreciation of his services. In 1847 he became Consul at Canton, in 1854 Plenipotentiary to China, and afterwards Governor of Hong Kong. It was at this time that he received the honour of Knighthood. In 1859 he resigned his office and left China, suffering shipwreck in the Red Sea, and spending three days with his fellow-passengers upon a coral reef. In the following year he was sent by the British Government to inquire into the state of the commercial relationships of England and Italy, and while in Rome suffered illness, aggravated by the effects of an attempt made to poison him and the other English residents at Hong Kong in 1857. Sir John Bowring won many foreign decorations, was an active member of many learned bodies, a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a constant lecturer, and writer for the reviews and magazines. He lived to a good old age, and having completed his eightieth year, died at Exeter, within a short distance of the place of his birth, on the 23rd of November, 1872. In early life he projected a scheme for an Anthology of translated specimens of the poetry of Europe and Asia, and from time to time he collected materials for its execution. This vast and interesting undertaking, however, he did not live to complete.

Sir John Bowring was a man of broad and open mind. He had a firm grip for fundamental principles, a clear eye for the intricacies of conflicting evidence, and a sound judgment for estimating subtle issues. His religious belief was an intelligent faith based

upon reason and inquiry, of which the sonnet "Confidence" (p. 156) may be taken as a proof. Two of his hymns, "In the Cross of Christ I glory," and "God is Love! His Mercy brightens," have found world-wide acceptance among all classes of Christians. Such poems as "Matter and Mind" help to establish the reasonableness of faith.

ALFRED H. MILES.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

I.—IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST I GLORY.

IN the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the Cross forsake me—
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the Cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the Cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys, that through all time abide.

In the Cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time,
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

II.—GOD IS LOVE.

GOD is love! His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom! God is Love!

Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays and ages move:
But His mercy waneth never:
God is wisdom! God is Love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth,
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the mist His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom! God is Love!

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Everywhere His glory shineth:
God is wisdom! God is Love!

God is love! His mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss He wakes, and woe He lightens:
God is wisdom! God is Love!

III.—WHERE? WHEN? HOW?

WHERE? Tell me what shall be the spot
Where I shall rest from earthly care?
You need not tell—it matters not,
To senseless dust and ashes—where!

When? Shall it be my mortal fate
Longer or shorter to remain
Waiting for death or soon or late?
How little does it matter when!

How? That is wrapt in mystery;
I ask not its solution now:
He who directs all issues,—He
And He alone can order—how!

But this my trust, my joy shall be,
The where, the when, the how, are His
Whose infinite benignity
Is love and light, and peace and bliss!

IV.—MATTER AND MIND.

IF in the vast material world
No atom ever perished,—though
In multitudinous changes hurl'd
Upwards and downwards, to and fro,
And all that in the present orb'd
From silent growth and sudden storms,
Is but a former past absorb'd
In ever-shifting frames and forms,—
If He who made the worlds that were
And makes the worlds that are to be,
Has with all-wise, all-potent care
Preserved the smallest entity
Imperishable—though it pass
From shape to shape, by heat or cold
Dispersed, attracted, monad mass—
A wind-blown sand, a solid mould,—

Shall He not save those noble things,
Those elements of mind and thought,
Whose marvellous imaginings
Have the great deeds of progress wrought?
Those instincts, be they what they may,
Of which the soul of man is made,
By which he works his wondrous way
Up to light's very fountain head?
From earth's untold materials, man
Can build, unbuild, can break or bind;
But from mind's elements who can
Transform, create another mind?
Who rear new piles of thought from aught
Of thought surviving its decay—
Who ever from the grave has brought
A spirit that had passed away?

If God have left no blank,—no void
Unfilled,—if in Creation's reign
Nothing is born to be destroyed
Or perish—but to live again;—
If in the cycles of the earth
No atom of that earth can die—
The soul, which is of nobler birth,
Must live,—and live eternally.

V.—THE REIGN OF LAW.

LITTLE by little groping through
All nature's arteries and veins,
Our varied musings lead us to
Some general law, that all contains.
Through fictions and through fancies rude
Some safe conclusions we may draw,
That all, when rightly understood,
All,—all is order—all is law.

And if by contradictions vexed,
And pulled by various strings astray,
In darkness lost, by doubt perplexed,
We cannot see nor feel our way,
Still let us know the Hand that guides,
Will guide us through the clouds of night,
That over all things law presides,—
The law of love, the law of light.

VI.—UNCHANGING CHANGES.

OUR lives are into cycles cast,
They seem to linger while they last,
But are dim dreamings when they're past.

The summers of the past have left
No traces,—rolling years have cleft
All memories,—of all signs bereft.

All melted are the winter snows,
And where they perished, whence they rose,
No now existing record shows.

And yet there reigns eternal Law,
And seasons after seasons draw
Their lines without a fault or flaw.

So man, the noblest work of God,
Treads where his vanished fathers trod,
And views the skies and turns the sod.

Where'er he looks, above, around,
Scattered o'er earth's prolific ground
The seeds of coming man are found.

It was so—is so—so shall be
While rolls the ever-flowing sea
Into thy gulf, Eternity!

VII.—RESURRECTION.

SPRING is but another birth,
From the grave of earlier springs.
Which to renovated earth
Other resurrection brings.

God hath moulded all that God's
Power could mould, from mortal dust;
Flowers and fruits, from clouds and clods,
Life from ruin and from rust.

'Twas a wondrous hand that laid
In the seed the unborn tree;
Bud and blossom in the blade,
Future ripened fruit to be.

Still more wondrous was the might
That, from night's obscurest shrine,
Brought forth intellectual light,
Souls with thoughts and hopes divine.

Yes! 'twas a transcendent power
Which, for earth's contracted whole,
Gave to heaven a worthy dower,
Gave an ever-living soul.

Less than earth to heaven, and less
Than to ages moments seem,
Is the world we now possess,
To the world of which we dream.

Earthly love is faint and small,
When compared with the embrace
Of a love encircling all,
Through all time and o'er all space.

VIII.—CONFIDENCE.

IS it not strange that men who loudest boast
Of the unshaken basis of their faith,
Are those who tremble most and threaten most,
If any thought or word of doubt gainsayeth
Their bold asseverations? They are lost
In their perplexities, if e'er the torch
Of light intrude into their dark recess;
They fly like midnight spectres from the porch
Of Truth's resplendent temples, where the sun
Shines with mist-scattering majesty upon
Their fears, their follies, and their feebleness.
Sad contrast to that greatly gifted one
Whose counsel was, "Prove all things and hold fast
By what is good!—for what is good will last."

Henry Francis Lyte.

1793—1847.

Henry Francis Lyte was born at Ednam, a village situated on the Eden, a tributary of the Tweed near Kelso, Roxburghshire, on the 1st of June, 1793. He was educated at Portora, Inniskillen, and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he distinguished himself in three successive years by taking the English poem prize. Though at first intending to follow the medical profession he entered the Church (1815), and accepted a curacy at Taghmon, near Wexford, afterwards removing to Marazion, Cornwall (1817), where he married. Subsequently he held curacies at Lymington, Hampshire (1819), and Charlton, Devon, and finally took charge of the new parish of Lower Brixham, Devonshire, where he ministered for five-and-twenty years. His "Tales on the Lord's Prayer in Verse," written at Lymington, were published in 1826, his "Poems Chiefly Religious" in 1833, and his "Spirit of the Psalms," a metrical version of the Psalter, in 1834. His "Remains," containing poems, sermons, letters, etc., and a memoir by his daughter, was published in 1850, and a volume of his Miscellaneous Poems in 1868. He also published an edition of the poems of Henry Vaughan, with a memoir, in 1847.

Lyte had a tender feeling for nature and a sense of the sublime, but he lacked originality and the

creative power of imagination. His general poems have no permanent interest. His lines "On a Naval Officer buried in the Atlantic" have been praised, and have received musical setting at the hands of Sir Arthur Sullivan, but they remind one of Campbell, and suffer by the comparison, while the last verse approaches perilously near to bathos. "The Poet's Plea" is one of the best of his longer poems, but it is too long for quotation. The best of his hymns are wholly admirable, and have become indispensable to the psalmody of the Church. "Pleasant are Thy Courts Above," "Jesus, I my Cross have taken," and "Far from my Heavenly Home," are to be found in most collections of hymns; but the most popular of all, and one of the most popular of modern hymns, is "Abide with Me, fast falls the Eventide," written in September 1847, but two months before the poet's death, which occurred at Nice on the 20th of November of that year.

ALFRED H. MILES.

PSALMS AND HYMNS.

HENRY F. LYTE.

I.—SING TO THE LORD OUR MIGHT.

(Psalm lxxxi.)

SING to the Lord our might;
With holy fervour sing!
Let hearts and instruments unite
To praise our heavenly King.

This is His holy house,
And this, His festal day,
When He accepts the humblest vows
That we sincerely pay.

The Sabbath to our sires,
In mercy, first was given;
The church her Sabbaths still requires
To speed her on to heaven.

We still, like them of old,
Are in the wilderness;
And God is still as near His fold
To pity and to bless.

Then let us open wide
Our hearts for Him to fill:
And He that Israel then supplied,
Will help His Israel still.

II.—MY SPIRIT ON THY CARE

(Psalm xxxi.)

MY spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love divine.

In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all
Of having all in Thee.

III.—GOD OF MERCY, GOD OF GRACE.

(Psalm lxvii.)

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Show the brightness of Thy face:
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine;
Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend,
Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Be by all that live adored;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tributes pay,
And Thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord,
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give;
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy and light and love.

IV.—PLEASANT ARE THY COURTS ABOVE.

(Psalm lxxxiv.)

PLEASANT are Thy courts above.
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below,
In this land of sin and woe:
O, my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
For Thy fulness, God of grace.

Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls that find a rest
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their Ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls! their praises flow
Even in this vale of woe!
Waters in the deserts rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies:
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length,
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win!
Guide me through a world of sin;
Keep me by Thy saving grace;
Give me at Thy side a place:
Sun and Shield alike Thou art,
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee:
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me

V.—PRAISE, MY SOUL, THE KING OF HEAVEN.

(Psalm ciii.)

PRAISE, my soul, the King of heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring:
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Who like me His praise should sing?
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise the everlasting King!

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless;
Praise Him! praise Him!
Glorious in His faithfulness!

Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows:
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Widely as His mercy flows.

Angels, help us to adore Him;
Ye behold Him face to face;
Sun and moon, bow down before Him,
Dwellers all in time and space:
Praise Him! praise Him!
Praise with us the God of grace.

Frail as summer's flower we flourish;
Blows the wind, and it is gone:
But while mortals rise and perish,
God endures unchanging on:
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the high eternal One!

VI.—LONG DID I TOIL.

LONG did I toil, and knew no earthly rest,
Far did I rove, and find no certain home;
At last I sought them in His sheltering breast,
Who opes His arms and bids the weary come:
With Him I found a home, a rest Divine,
And I since them am His, and He is mine.

Yes, He is mine—and nought of earthly things
Nor all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forget His love one hour.
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that's thine:
Go, I my Saviour's am, and He is mine.

The good I have is from His stores supplied,
The ill is only what He deems the best;
He for my friend I'm rich, with nought beside;
And poor without Him, though of all possest:
Changes may come; I take, or I resign;
Content while I am His and He is mine.

Whate'er may change, in Him no change is seen;
A glorious sun that wanes not nor declines;
Above the clouds and storms He walks serene,
And sweetly on His people's darkness shines:
All may depart, I fret not nor repine
While I my Saviour's am, while He is mine.

He stays me falling, lifts me up when down,
Reclaims me wandering, guards from every foe;
Plants on my worthless brow the victor's crown;
Which in return before His feet I throw,
Grieved that I cannot better grace His shrine
Who deigns to own me His, as He is mine.

While here, alas! I know but half His love,
But half discern Him, and but half adore;
But when I meet Him in the realms above,
I hope to love Him better, praise Him more,
And feel still, amid the choir divine,
How fully I am His and He is mine.

VII.—JESUS, I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.

JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow Thee;
Destitute, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known:
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and Heaven are still mine own.

Let the world despise and leave me:
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me:—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me:
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

Go then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come disaster, scorn, and pain!
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favour, loss is gain!
I have called Thee, Abba Father!
I have stayed my heart on Thee,
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to Thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me.
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest!
O! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me!
O! 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.

Take, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear.
Think what Spirit dwells within thee:
What a Father's smile is thine:
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Haste then on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer:
Heaven's eternal day's before thee:
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thine earthly mission:
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days:
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

VIII.—ABIDE WITH ME.

1847.

ABIDE with me! fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens: Lord, with me abide
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day:
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou, who changest not, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as Thou dwell'st with Thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me!

Come not in terrors, as the King of kings,
But kind and good, with healing in Thy wings;
Tears for all woes, a heart for every plea:
Come, Friend of sinners, thus abide with me!

Thou on my head in early youth didst smile;
And, though rebellious and perverse meanwhile,
Thou hast not left me, oft as I left Thee:
On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the Tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, O abide with me!

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless:
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness.
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies:
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee.
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Robert Pollok.

1798—1827

Robert Pollok, the author of "The Course of Time," was born at North Muirhouse, Eaglesham, Renfrewshire, on the 19th of October, 1798. He entered Glasgow University, and also studied for five years in the Divinity Hall of the United Secession Church at Glasgow with a view to the Presbyterian Ministry. While still a student, he wrote and published anonymously a series of "Tales of the Covenanters," which became popular and reached a second edition, in issuing which he acknowledged the authorship. He commenced the poem with which his name is indissolubly associated in the month of December 1824, and completed it in July 1826. It was published in March 1827, and became immediately popular. Two months after the issue of his poem, Pollok was licensed for the Ministry. He preached, however, but four times. Symptoms of a pulmonary disease, which rapidly developed, compelled rest during the following summer, and before its close he visited London, *en route* for Italy, but was too ill to pursue his intentions. Acting on advice he went to Shirley Common, near Southampton, to winter, but died there on the 18th of September, 1827.

"'The Course of Time,'" said Professor Spalding, "much overlauded on its first appearance, is the

immature work of a man of genius, who possessed very imperfect cultivation. It is clumsy in plan, tediously dissertative, and tastelessly magniloquent, but it has passages of good and genuine poetry." This doubtless is true. Whether the poet would have produced more perfect work had time been given him it is vain to speculate. Professor Wilson said of him: "Pollok had much to learn in composition, and had he lived, he would have looked almost with humiliation on much that is at present eulogised by his devoted admirers. But," he added, "the soul of poetry is there, and many passages there are, and long ones too, that heave, and hurry, and glow along in a divine enthusiasm." To adequately represent such a work within possible limits is difficult, but the selected passages given in the following pages are sufficient to show the style and power of the poet, and to justify the criticisms already quoted. That the poem owed its popularity largely to its subject, and to its consistence with the theology of the time and place of its publication there can be little doubt, but that it has merits which entitle it to more respectful recognition than it has sometimes received is also beyond dispute. No one can deny its author the possession of a powerful imagination and a fluent pen; and if the work as a whole cannot be regarded as a complete success, it may fairly be contended that very few poets can be named who would have been equal to so vast a theme.

ALFRED H. MILES.

THE COURSE OF TIME.

1827.

ROBERT POLLOK.

I.

THE POET'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

(FROM BOOK THIRD.)

ONE of this mood I do remember well:
We name him not—what now are earthly names?
In humble dwelling born, retired, remote;
In rural quietude, 'mong hills, and streams,
And melancholy deserts, where the Sun
Saw, as he passed, a shepherd only, here
And there, watching his little flock, or heard
The ploughman talking to his steers. His hopes,
His morning hopes, awoke before him, smiling,
Among the dews and holy mountain airs:
And fancy coloured them with every hue
Of heavenly loveliness. But soon his dreams
Of childhood fled away—those rainbow dreams
So innocent and fair, that withered Age,
Even at the grave, cleared up his dusty eye,
And passing all between, looked fondly back
To see them once again ere he departed:
These fled away, and anxious thought, that wished
To go, yet whither knew not well to go,
Possessed his soul, and held it still awhile.
He listened, and heard from far the voice of Fame,
Heard, and was charmed: and deep and sudden vow
Of resolution made to be renowned:
And deeper vowed again to keep his vow.
His parents saw—his parents whom God made
Of kindest heart, saw, and indulged his hope.
The ancient page he turned, read much, thought much,
And with old bards of honourable name

Measured his soul severely; and looked up
To fame, ambitious of no second place.
Hope grew from inward faith, and promised fair.
And out before him opened many a path
Ascending, where the laurel highest waved
Her branch of endless green. He stood admiring;
But stood, admired, not long. The harp he seized,
The harp he loved, loved better than his life,
The harp which uttered deepest notes, and held
The ear of thought a captive to its song.
He searched, and meditated much, and whiles,
With rapturous hand, in secret touched the lyre,
Aiming at glorious strains; and searched again
For theme deserving of immortal verse;
Chose now, and now refused, unsatisfied;
Pleased, then displeased, and hesitating still.

Thus stood his mind, when him round came a cloud.
Slowly and heavily it came, a cloud
Of ills we mention not: enough to say,
'Twas cold, and dead, impenetrable gloom.
He saw its dark approach, and saw his hopes,
One after one, put out, as nearer still
It drew his soul; but fainted not at first,
Fainted not soon. He knew the lot of man
Was trouble, and prepared to bear the worst
Endure whate'er should come, without a sigh
Endure, and drink, even to the very dregs,
The bitterest cup that Time could measure out;
And, having done, look up, and ask for more.

He called Philosophy, and with his heart
Reasoned. He called Religion, too, but called
Reluctantly, and therefore was not heard.
Ashamed to be o'ermatched by earthly woes,

He sought, and sought with eye that dimmed apace,
To find some avenue to light, some place
On which to rest a hope; but sought in vain.
Darker and darker still the darkness grew.
At length he sank; and Disappointment stood
His only comforter, and mournfully
Told all was past. His interest in life,
In being, ceased; and now he seemed to feel,
And shuddered as he felt, his powers of mind
Decaying in the spring-time of his day.
The vigorous, weak became; the clear, obscure;
Memory gave up her charge; Decision reeled;
And from her flight Fancy returned, returned
Because she found no nourishment abroad.
The blue heavens withered; and the moon and sun,
And all the stars, and the green earth, and morn
And evening withered; and the eyes, and smiles,
And faces of all men and women, withered,
Withered to him; and all the universe,
Like something which had been, appeared, but now
Was dead and mouldering fast away. He tried
No more to hope, wished to forget his vow,
Wished to forget his harp; then ceased to wish.
That was his last; enjoyment now was done.
He had no hope, no wish, and scarce a fear.
Of being sensible, and sensible
Of loss, he as some atom seemed, which God
Had made superfluously, and needed not
To build creation with; but back again
To nothing threw, and left it in the void,
With everlasting sense that once it was.

Oh! who can tell what days, what nights he spent
Of tideless, waveless, sailless, shoreless woe!

And who can tell how many, glorious once,
To others and themselves of promise full,
Conducted to this pass of human thought,
This wilderness of intellectual death,
Wasted and pined, and vanished from the earth,
Leaving no vestige of memorial there!
It was not so with him. When thus he lay,
Forlorn of heart, withered and desolate,
As leaf of autumn, which the wolfish winds,
Selecting from its fallen sisters, chase,
Far from its native grove, to lifeless wastes,
And leave it there alone, to be forgotten
Eternally, God passed in mercy by—
His praise be ever new!—and on him breathed,
And bade him live, and put into his hands
A holy harp, into his lips a song,
That rolled its numbers down the tide of Time.
Ambitious now but little to be praised
Of men alone; ambitious most to be
Approved of God, the Judge of all; and have
His name recorded in the Book of Life.

II.

LORD BYRON.

(FROM BOOK FOURTH.)

Take one example, to our purpose quite.
A man of rank, and of capacious soul,
Who riches had, and fame, beyond desire;
An heir of flattery, to titles born,
And reputation, and luxurious life.
Yet, not content with ancestorial name,
Or to be known because his fathers were,
He on this height hereditary stood,
And, gazing higher, purposed in his heart
To take another step. Above him seemed
Alone the mount of song, the lofty seat

Of canonisèd bards; and thitherward,
By nature taught, and inward melody,
In prime of youth he bent his eagle eye.
No cost was spared. What books he wished, he read;
What sage to hear, he heard; what scenes to see,
He saw. And first in rambling schoolboy days
Britannia's mountain-walks, and heath-girt lakes,
And story-telling glens, and founts, and brooks,
And maids, as dewdrops pure and fair, his soul
With grandeur filled, and melody and love.
Then travel came, and took him where he wished.
He cities saw, and courts, and princely pomp;
And mused alone on ancient mountain-brows;
And mused on battle-fields, where valour fought
In other days; and mused on ruins grey
With years; and drank from old and fabulous wells;
And plucked the vine that first-born prophets plucked;
And mused on famous tombs, and on the wave
Of ocean mused, and on the desert waste.
The heavens and earth of every country saw.
Where'er the old inspiring Genii dwelt,
Aught that could rouse, expand, refine the soul,
Thither he went, and meditated there.
He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.
As some vast river of unfailing source,
Rapid, exhaustless, deep, his numbers flowed,
And opened new fountains in the human heart.
Where fancy halted, weary in her flight,
In other men, his, fresh as morning, rose,
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home
Where angels bashful looked. Others, though great,
Beneath their argument seemed struggling whiles;
He, from above descending, stooped to touch
The loftiest thought; and proudly stooped, as though

It scarce deserved his verse. With Nature's self
He seemed an old acquaintance, free to jest
At will with all her glorious majesty.
He laid his hand upon "the Ocean's mane,"
And played familiar with his hoary locks;
Stood on the Alps, stood on the Apennines,
And with the thunder talked, as friend to friend;
And wove his garland of the lightning's wing,
In sportive twist, the lightning's fiery wing,
Which, as the footsteps of the dreadful God,
Marching upon the storm in vengeance, seemed;
Then turned, and with the grasshopper, who sang
His evening song beneath his feet, conversed.
Suns, moons, and stars, and clouds, his sisters were;
Rocks, mountains, meteors, seas, and winds, and storms,
His brothers, younger brothers, whom he scarce
As equals deemed. All passions of all men,
The wild and tame, the gentle and severe;
All thoughts, all maxims, sacred and profane;
All creeds, all seasons, Time, Eternity;
All that was hated, and all that was dear;
All that was hoped, all that was feared, by man,
He tossed about, as tempest, withered leaves;
Then, smiling, looked upon the wreck he made.
With terror now he froze the cowering blood,
And now dissolved the heart in tenderness:
Yet would not tremble, would not weep himself;
But back into his soul retired, alone,
Dark, sullen, proud, gazing contemptuously
On hearts and passions prostrate at his feet.
So Ocean from the plains his waves had late
To desolation swept, retired in pride,
Exulting in the glory of his might,
And seemed to mock the ruin he had wrought.

As some fierce comet of tremendous size,
To which the stars did reverence as it passed,
So he, through learning and through fancy, took
His flights sublime, and on the loftiest top
Of Fame's dread mountain sat; not soiled and worn,
As if he from the earth had laboured up;
But as some bird of heavenly plumage fair
He looked, which down from higher regions came,
And perched it there to see what lay beneath. . . .
Great man! the nations gazed, and wondered much,
And praised; and many called his evil good.
Wits wrote in favour of his wickedness;
And kings to do him honour took delight.
Thus, full of titles, flattery, honour, fame,
Beyond desire, beyond ambition, full,
He died—he died of what?—of wretchedness;
Drank every cup of joy, heard every trump
Of fame, drank early, deeply drank, drank draughts
That common millions might have quenched; then died
Of thirst, because there was no more to drink.
His goddess, Nature, wooed, embraced, enjoyed,
Fell from his arms abhorred; his passions died;
Died all but dreary, solitary pride;
And all his sympathies in being died.
As some ill-guided bark, well built and tall,
Which angry tides cast out on a desert shore,
And then retiring, left it there to rot
And moulder in the winds and rains of heaven;
So he, cut from the sympathies of life,
And cast ashore from pleasure's boisterous surge,
A wandering, weary, worn, and wretched thing,
A scorched, and desolate, and blasted soul,
A gloomy wilderness of dying thought—
Repined, and groaned, and withered from the earth.

III.

THE LOVERS.

(FROM BOOK FIFTH.)

It was an eve of Autumn's holiest mood;
The corn-fields, bathed in Cynthia's silver light,
Stood ready for the reaper's gathering hand,
And all the winds slept soundly. Nature seemed,
In silent contemplation, to adore
Its Maker. Now and then, the agèd leaf
Fell from its fellows, rustling to the ground;
And, as it fell, bade man think on his end.
On vale and lake, on wood and mountain high,
With pensive wing outspread, sat heavenly Thought.
Conversing with itself. Vesper looked forth,
From out her western hermitage, and smiled;
And up the east, unclouded, rode the Moon
With all her stars, gazing on earth intense,
As if she saw some wonder walking there.

Such was the night, so lovely, still, serene,
When, by a hermit thorn that on the hill
Had seen a hundred flowery ages pass,
A damsel kneeled to offer up her prayer,
Her prayer nightly offered, nightly heard.
This ancient thorn had been the meeting-place
Of love, before his country's voice had called
The ardent youth to fields of honour, far
Beyond the wave: and hither now repaired,
Nightly, the maid, by God's all-seeing eye
Seen only, while she sought this boon alone—
Her lover's safety and his quick return.
In holy humble attitude she kneeled,
And to her bosom, fair as moonbeam, pressed
One hand, the other lifted up to heaven.
Her eye, upturned, bright as the star of morn,
As violet meek, excessive ardour streamed,

Wafting away her earnest heart to God.
Her voice, scarce uttered, soft as Zephyr sighs
On morning lily's cheek, though soft and low,
Yet heard in heaven, heard at the mercy-seat.
A tear-drop wandered on her lovely face;
It was a tear of faith and holy fear,
Pure as the drops that hang at dawning-time,
On yonder willows by the stream of life.
On her the Moon looked steadfastly; the Stars,
That circle nightly round the eternal Throne,
Glanced down, well-pleased; and Everlasting Love
Gave gracious audience to her prayer sincere.

O had her lover seen her thus alone,
Thus holy, wrestling thus, and all for him!
Nor did he not; for ofttimes Providence!
With unexpected joy the fervent prayer
Of faith surprised. Returned from long delay,
With glory crowned of righteous actions won,
The sacred thorn, to memory dear, first sought
The youth, and found it at the happy hour,
Just when the damsel kneeled herself to pray.
Wrapt in devotion, pleading with her God,
She saw him not, heard not his foot approach.
All holy images seemed too impure
To emblem her he saw. A seraph kneeled,
Beseeching for his ward, before the Throne,
Seemed fittest, pleased him best. Sweet was the thought!
But sweeter still the kind remembrance came,
That she was flesh and blood, formed for himself,
The plighted partner of his future life.
And as they met, embraced, and sat, embowered
In woody chambers of the starry night,
Spirits of love about them ministered,
And God, approving, blessed the holy joy!

IV.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY.

(FROM BOOK SEVENTH.)

I.

Now starting up among the living changed,
Appeared innumerous the risen dead.
Each particle of dust was claimed: the turf,
For ages trod beneath the careless foot
Of men, rose, organised in human form;
The monumental stones were rolled away;
The doors of death were opened; and in the dark
And loathsome vault, and silent charnel-house,
Moving, we heard the mouldered bones that sought
Their proper place. Instinctive, every soul
Flew to its clayey part: from grass-grown mould
The nameless spirit took its ashes up,
Reanimate; and, merging from beneath
The flattering marble, undistinguished rose
The great, nor heeded once the lavish rhyme,
And costly pomp of sculptured garnish vain.
The Memphian mummy, that from age to age
Descending, bought and sold a thousand times,
In hall of curious antiquary stowed,
Wrapped in mysterious weeds, the wondrous theme
Of many an erring tale, shook off its rags;
And the brown son of Egypt stood beside
The European, his last purchaser.
In vale remote, the hermit rose, surprised
At crowds that rose around him, where he thought
His slumbers had been single; and the bard,
Who fondly covenanted with his friend,
To lay his bones beneath the sighing bough
Of some old lonely tree, rising, was pressed
By multitudes that claimed their proper dust

From the same spot, and he that, richly hearsed,
With gloomy garniture of purchased woe,
Embalmed, in princely sepulchre was laid,
Apart from vulgar men, built nicely round
And round by the proud heir, who blushed to think
His father's lordly clay should ever mix
With peasant dust,—saw by his side awake
The clown that long had slumbered in his arms.

II.

Self-purifying, unpolluted Sea!
Lover unchangeable, thy faithful breast
For ever heaving to the lovely moon,
That like a shy and holy virgin, robed
In saintly white, walked nightly in the heavens,
And to thy everlasting serenade
Gave gracious audience; nor was wooed in vain.
That morning, thou, that slumbered not before,
Nor slept, great Ocean! laid thy waves to rest,
And hushed thy mighty minstrelsy; no breath
Thy deep composure stirred, no fin, no oar;
Like beauty newly dead, so calm, so still,
So lovely, thou, beneath the light that fell
From angel-chariots sentinelled on high,
Reposed, and listened, and saw thy living change,
Thy dead arise. Charybdis listened, and Scylla;
And savage Euxine on the Thracian beach
Lay motionless; and every battle-ship
Stood still, and every ship of merchandise,
And all that sailed, of every name, stood still.
Even as the ship of war, full-fledged, and swift,
Like some fierce bird of prey, bore on her foe,
Opposing with as fell intent, the wind
Fell withered from her wings that idly hung;
The stormy bullet, by the cannon thrown

Uncivilly against the heavenly face
Of men, half sped, sank harmlessly, and all
Her loud, uncircumcised, tempestuous crew—
How ill prepared to meet their God!—were changed,
Unchangeable; the pilot at the helm
Was changed, and the rough captain, while he mouthed
The huge enormous oath. The fisherman,
That in his boat expectant watched his lines,
Or mended on the shore his net, and sang,
Happy in thoughtlessness, some careless air,
Heard Time depart, and felt the sudden change.
In solitary deep, far out from land,
Or steering from the port with many a cheer;
Or, while returning from long voyage, fraught
With lusty wealth, rejoicing to have escaped
The dangerous main, and plagues of foreign climes,
The merchant quaffed his native air, refreshed;
And saw his native hills in the sun's light
Serenely rise; and thought of meetings glad,
And many days of ease and honour spent
Among his friends—unwarnèd man! even then
The knell of Time broke on his reverie,
And in the twinkling of an eye his hopes,
All earthly, perished all. As sudden rose,
From out their watery beds, the Ocean's dead,
Renewed, and on the unstirring billows stood,
From pole to pole, thick covering all the sea—
Of every nation blent, and every age.

III.

(FROM BOOK EIGHTH.)

RESTORED to reason, on that morn, appeared
The lunatic, who raved in chains, and asked
No mercy when he died. Of lunacy,

Innumerous were the causes: humbled pride
Ambition disappointed, riches los,
And bodily disease, and sorrow, oft
By man inflicted on his brother man; . . .
Take one example, one of female woe.
Loved by a father's and a mother's love,
In rural peace she lived, so fair, so light
Of heart, so good, and young, that reason scarce
The eye could credit, but would doubt, as she
Did stoop to pull the lily or the rose
From morning's dew, if it reality
Of flesh and blood, or holy vision, saw,
In imagery of perfect womanhood.
But short her bloom, her happiness was short.
One saw her loveliness, and, with desire
Unhallowed burning, to her ear addressed
Dishonest words: "Her favour was his life,
His heaven; her frown, his woe, his night, his death."
With turgid phrase, thus wove in flattery's loom,
He on her womanish nature won, and age
Suspicionless; and ruined, and forsook:
For he a chosen villain was at heart,
And capable of deeds that durst not seek
Repentance. Soon her father saw her shame;
His heart grew stone, he drove her forth to want
And wintry winds, and with a horrid curse
Pursued her ear, forbidding all return.
Upon a hoary cliff that watched the sea,
Her babe was found—dead. On its little cheek,
The tear that nature bade it weep, had turned
An ice-drop, sparkling in the morning beam;
And to the turf its helpless hands were frozen.
For she, the woeful mother, had gone mad,
And laid it down, regardless of its fate,

And of her own. Yet had she many days
Of sorrow in the world, but never wept.
She lived on alms, and carried in her hand
Some withered stalks she gathered in the spring.
When any asked the cause, she smiled, and said
They were her sisters, and would come and watch
Her grave when she was dead. She never spoke
Of her deceiver, father, mother, home,
Or child, or heaven, or hell, or God; but still
In lonely places walked, and ever gazed
Upon the withered stalks, and talked to them;
Till wasted to the shadow of her youth,
With woe too wide to see beyond, she died—
Not unatoned for by imputed blood,
Nor by the Spirit, that mysterions works,
Unsanctified.

V.

DEATH.

(From Book Seventh.)

O Death! with what an eye of desperate lust,
From out thy emptied vaults, thou then didst look
After the risen multitudes of all
Mankind! Ah! thou hadst been the terror long,
And murderer, of all of woman born.
None could escape thee! In thy dungeon-house,
Where darkness dwelt, and putrid loathsomeness,
And fearful silence, villanously still,
And all of horrible and deadly name—
Thou satst, from age to age, insatiate,
And drank the blood of men, and gorged their flesh,
And with thy iron teeth didst grind their bones
To powder, treading out beneath thy feet
Their very names and memories! The blood
Of nations could not slake thy parchèd throat;

No bribe could buy thy favour for an hour,
Or mitigate thy ever-cruel rage
For human prey; gold, beauty, virtue, youth,
Even helpless, swaddled innocency, failed
To soften thy heart of stone: the infant's blood
Pleased well thy taste, and, while the mother wept,
Bereaved by thee, lonely and waste in woe,
Thy ever-grinding jaws devoured her too!
Each son of Adam's family beheld,
Where'er he turned, whatever path of life
He trode, thy goblin form before him stand,
Like trusty old assassin, in his aim
Steady and sure as eye of destiny,
With scythe, and dart, and strength invincible
Equipped, and ever menacing his life.
He turned aside, he drowned himself in sleep,
In wine, in pleasure; travelled, voyaged, sought
Receipts for health from all he met; betook
To business, speculate, retired; returned
Again to active life, again retired:
Returned, retired again: prepared to die,
Talked of thy nothingness, conversed of life
To come, laughed at his fears, filled up the cup,
Drank deep, refrained; filled up, refrained again;
Planned, built him round with splendour, won applause
Made large alliances with men and things;
Read deep in science and philosophy,
To fortify his soul; heard lectures prove
The present ill, and future good; observed
His pulse beat regular; extended hope;
Thought, dissipated thought, and thought again,
Indulged, abstained, and tried a thousand schemes,
To ward thy blow, or hide thee from his eye;
But still thy gloomy terrors, dipped in sin,

Before him frowned, and withered all his joy.
Still, feared and hated thing! thy ghostly shape
Stood in his avenues of fairest hope;
Unmannerly and uninvited, crept
Into his haunts of most select delight.
Still, on his halls of mirth, and banqueting,
And revelry, thy shadowy hand was seen
Writing thy name of—Death! Vile worm! that gnawed
The root of all his happiness terrene, the gall
Of all his sweet, the thorn of every rose
Of earthly bloom, cloud of his noonday sky,
Frost of his spring, sigh of his loudest laugh,
Dark spot on every form of loveliness,
Rank smell among his rarest spiceries,
Harsh dissonance of all his harmony,
Reserve of every promise, and the If
Of all to-morrows!—now, beyond thy vale,
Stood all the ransomed multitude of men,
Immortal all; and in their vision saw
Thy visage grim no more. Great payment day!
Of all thou ever conquered, none was left
In thy unpeopled realms, so populous once.

* * * * * *

Vain was resistance, and to follow vain.
In thy unveilèd caves and solitudes
Of dark and dismal emptiness, thou satst,
Rolling thy hollow eyes, disabled thing!
Helpless, despised, unpitied, and unfeared,
Like some fallen tyrant, chained in sight of all
Thy people; from thee dropped thy pointless dart;
Thy terrors withered all; thy ministers,
Annihilated, fell before thy face!
And on thy maw eternal hunger seized.

John Henry Newman.

1801—1890.

John Henry Newman was born in London on the 21st of February, 1801. He was the eldest of a family of six children, of whom Francis William, afterwards Professor of Latin at University College, London, was the youngest son. John was educated at a private school, conducted by Dr. Nicholas, at Ealing, and was entered at Trinity College, Oxford, on the 14th of December, 1816. In 1818 he gained a Trinity scholarship, and in 1820 graduated B.A. He was elected fellow of Oriel in 1822, and ordained deacon in 1824, after which he became curate of St. Clement's Church, Oxford. In 1825 he was appointed by Dr. Whately vice-principal of Alban Hall, an appointment which he resigned on becoming tutor of Oriel in 1826. In 1827 he was appointed one of the preachers at Whitehall, and public examiner in the final examination for honours. In 1828 he became vicar of St. Mary's, the University church; in 1830 he served as pro-proctor, and in 1831-2 as one of the select preachers of the University. In 1832 he visited the south of Europe with Archdeacon and Hurrell Froude, making the acquaintance of Dr., afterwards Cardinal, Wiseman, at Rome, where, in conjunction with Hurrell Froude, Newman began the "Lyra Apostolica." In 1833 the party broke

up, the Froudes visiting France, and Newman returning to Sicily, where he suffered a dangerous illness at Leonforte. *En route* from Palermo to Marseilles, the vessel in which he travelled became becalmed for six or seven days, during which Newman wrote the most popular of all his poems, "Lead, kindly Light," at a time, it has been said, when the ship lay motionless "amid the encircling gloom" of sea mist. In July 1833 he arrived in England, a few days before his friend Keble preached his famous Assize sermon on National Apostacy. Then followed the Oxford tractarian movement, Keble, Newman, and Pusey taking the lead. Theological study and polemical discussion now occupied his mind, which underwent great changes during the following years. In September 1843 he resigned the vicarage of St. Mary's, and on the 9th of October, 1845, he was received into the Roman Catholic Church. After visiting Rome, he resided successively at Maryvale, Old Oscott; St. Wilfred's College, Cheadle; and Alcester Street, Birmingham, where he established the Oratory, afterwards removed to Edgbaston. In 1850 he founded the London Oratory, of which Faber afterwards became the head. In 1854 Newman became Rector of the new Catholic college, which had been recently founded at Dublin, where he resided for four years. In 1877 he was elected an honorary fellow of Trinity College, Oxford, and on the 12th of May, 1879, he was created Cardinal by Pope Leo XIII. He died at Edgbaston on the 11th of August, 1890.

Newman's poetry is chiefly preserved in his "Verses on Various Occasions," first published in

1834, and frequently reprinted with additional poems from time to time. The "Lyra Apostolica" consisted of poems contributed to the *British Magazine* (1832-4) by Newman, Keble, and others, and afterwards published separately under the same title. Beyond this Newman translated a number of Latin hymns, of which his "Nunc Sancte nobis Spiritus" ("Come, Holy Ghost, Who ever One), has been, perhaps, the most often used. "The Dream of Gerontius," his longest poem, is chiefly known by the fine hymn "Praise to the Holiest in the Height," which is taken from it, and which with "Lead, Kindly Light," represents the poet in most modern hymn books. "The Dream of Gerontius" describes the vision of a dying Christian, and is the most powerful and imaginative of his poems, though, curiously enough, it was not composed until late in life. The selected passages given in the following pages are sufficient to show its beauty and power, and the poem, as a whole, is enough to make one wish that Newman had taken himself more seriously as a poet. He had an easy command of verse forms, and a true sense of the sublime; and the lover of poetry may well regret that so much of his time and thought were absorbed by polemical discussions. As it is, his poetic work is correctly described by the title of his volume "Verses on Various Occasions," to which might have been added "and in various moods," of the outcome of the lighter of which, we may quote here the trifle "Opusculum" written at Brighton in April 1829 "for a very small album"—

Fair Cousin, thy page
is small to encage

the thoughts which engage
the mind of a sage,
such as I am;

'Twere in teaspoon to take
the whole Genevese lake,
or a lap-dog to make
the white Elephant sac-
-red in Siam.

Yet inadequate though
to the terms strange and so-
-lemn that figure in po-
-lysyllabical row
in a treatise;

Still, true words and plain,
of the heart, not the brain,
in affectionate strain,
this book to contain
very meet is.

So I promise to be
a good Cousin to thee,
and to keep safe the se-
-cret I heard, although e-
-v'ry one know it;

With a lyrical air
my kind thoughts I would dare,
and offer whate'er
beseems the news, were
I a poet.

ALFRED H. MILES.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

I. NATURE AND ART.

ULCOMBE, SEPTEMBER 1826.

(FOR AN ALBUM.)

"MAN goeth forth" with reckless trust
Upon his wealth of mind,
As if in self a thing of dust
Creative skill might find;
He schemes and toils; stone, wood, and ore
Subject or weapon of his power.

By arch and spire, by tower-girt heights,
He would his boast fulfil;
By marble births, and mimic lights,—
Yet lacks one secret still;
Where is the master-hand shall give
To breathe, to move, to speak, to live?

O take away this shade of might,
The puny toil of man,
And let great Nature in my sight
Unroll her gorgeous plan;
I cannot bear those sullen walls,
Those eyeless towers, those tongueless halls

Art's labour'd toys of highest name
Are nerveless, cold, and dumb;
And man is fitted but to frame
A coffin or a tomb;
Well suit when sense is pass'd away,
Such lifeless works the lifeless clay.

Here let me sit where wooded hills
Skirt yon far-reaching plain;
While cattle bank its winding rills,
And suns embrown its grain;
Such prospect is to me right dear,
For freedom, health, and joy are here.

There is a spirit ranging through
The earth, the stream, the air;
Ten thousand shapes, garbs ever new,
That restless One doth wear;
In colour, scent, and taste, and sound
The energy of life is found.

The leaves are rustling in the breeze,
The bird renews her song;
From field to brook, o'er heath, o'er trees,
The sunbeam glides along;
The insect, happy in its hour,
Floats softly by, or sips the flower.

Now dewy rain descends, and now
Brisk showers the welkin shroud;
I care not, though with angry brow
Frowns the red thunder cloud;
Let hail storm pelt, and lightning harm,
'Tis Nature's work, and has its charm.

Ah! Lovely Nature! others dwell
Full favour'd in thy court;
I of thy smiles but hear them tell,
And feed on their report,
Catching what glimpse an Ulcombe yields
To strangers loitering in her fields.

I go where form has ne'er unbent
The sameness of its sway;
Where iron rule, stern precedent,
Mistreat the graceful day;
To pine as prisoner in his cell,
And yet be thought to love it well.

Yet so His high dispose has set,
Who binds on each his part;
Though absent, I may cherish yet
An Ulcombe of the heart;
Calm verdant hope divinely given,
And suns of peace, and scenes of heaven;—

A soul prepared His will to meet,
Full fix'd His work to do;
Not labour'd into sudden heat,
But inly born anew.—
So living Nature, not dull Art,
Shall plan my ways and rule my heart.

II.—A THANKSGIVING.

OXFORD, OCTOBER 20, 1829.

"Thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me."

LORD, in this dust Thy sovereign voice
First quicken'd love divine;
I am all Thine,—Thy care and choice,
My very praise is Thine.

I praise Thee, while Thy providence
In childhood frail I trace,
For blessings given, ere dawning sense
Could seek or scan Thy grace;

Blessings in boyhood's marvelling hour,
Bright dreams, and fancyings strange
Blessings, when reason's awful power
Gave thought a bolder range;

Blessings of friends, which to my door
Unask'd, unhoped, have come
And, choicer still, a countless store
Of eager smiles at home.

Yet, Lord, in memory's fondest place
I shrine those seasons sad,
When, looking up, I saw Thy face
In kind austereness clad.

I would not miss one sigh or tear,
Heart-pang, or throbbing brow;
Sweet was the chastisement severe,
And sweet its memory now.

Yes! let the fragrant scars abide,
Love-tokens in Thy stead,
Faint shadows of the spear-pierced side
And thorn-encompass'd head.

And such Thy tender force be still,
When self would swerve or stray,
Shaping to truth the froward will
Along Thy narrow way.

Deny me wealth; far, far remove
The lure of power or name;
Hope thrives in straits, in weakness love,
And faith in this world's shame.

III.—MOSES.

AT SEA, DECEMBER 19, 1832.

MOSES, the patriot fierce, became
The meekest man on earth,
To show us how love's quick'ning flame
Can give our souls new birth.

Moses, the man of meekest heart,
Lost Canaan by self-will,
To show, where Grace has done its part,
How sin defiles us still.

Thou, who hast taught me in Thy fear,
  Yet seest me frail at best,
O grant me loss with Moses here,
  To gain his future rest!

IV.—HUMILIATION.

LAZARET, MALTA, JANUARY 16, 1833.

I HAVE been honour'd and obey'd,
  I have met scorn and slight;
And my heart loves earth's sober shade,
  More than her laughing light.

For what is rule but a sad weight
  Of duty and a snare?
What meanness, but with happier fate
  The Saviour's Cross to share?

This my hid choice, if not from heaven,
  Moves on the heavenward line;
Cleanse it, good Lord, from earthly leaven,
  And make it simply Thine.

V.—DAVID AND JONATHAN.

LAZARET, MALTA, JANUARY 16, 1833.

"Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

O HEART of fire! misjudged by wilful man,
  Thou flower of Jesse's race!
What woe was thine, when thou and Jonathan
  Last greeted face to face!
He doomed to die, thou on us to impress
The portent of a blood-stain'd holiness.

Yet it was well:—for so, 'mid cares of rule
And crime's encircling tide,
A spell was o'er thee, zealous one, to cool
Earth-joy and kingly pride;
With battle scene and pageant, prompt to blend
The pale calm spectre of a blameless friend.

Ah! had he lived, before thy throne to stand,
Thy spirit keen and high
Sure it had snapp'd in twain love's slender band,
So dear in memory;
Paul of his comrade reft, the warning gives.—
He lives to us who dies, he is but lost who lives.

VI.—THE PILLAR OF THE CLOUD.

A Sea, on the 16th of June, 1833.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path, but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on.
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone:
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

THE DREAM OF GERONTIUS.

1865.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

SELECTED PASSAGES.

I.

SOUL OF GERONTIUS.

I WENT to sleep; and now I am refresh'd,
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.
I had a dream; yes:—some one softly said
"He's gone;" and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry "Subvenite;" and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still; but thin and low,
And fainter and more faint the accents come,
As at an ever-widening interval.
Ah! whence is this? What is this severance?
This silence pours a solitariness
Into the very essence of my soul;
And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
Hath something too of sternness and of pain.
For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
By a strange introversion, and perforce
I now begin to feed upon myself,
Because I have nought else to feed upon.

Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
But in the body still; for I possess
A sort of confidence which clings to me,
That each particular organ holds its place
As heretofore, combining with the rest
Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,
And makes me man; and surely I could move,
Did I but will it, every part of me.
And yet I cannot to my sense bring home
By very trial, that I have the power.
'Tis strange; I cannot stir a hand or foot,
I cannot make my fingers or my lips
By mutual pressure witness each to each,
Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
Assure myself I have a body still.
Nor do I know my very attitude,
Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.

So much I know, not knowing how I know,
That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
Or I or it is rushing on the wings
Of light or lightning on an onward course,
And we e'en now are million miles apart.
Yet . . . is this peremptory severance
Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
Which grow and multiply by speed and time?
Or am I traversing infinity
By endless subdivision, hurrying back
From finite towards infinitesimal,
Thus dying out of the expansive world?

Another marvel: some one has me fast
Within his ample palm; 'tis not a grasp

Such as they use on earth, but all around
Over the surfaces of my subtle being,
As though I were a sphere, and capable
To be accosted thus, a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne forward on my way.
And hark! I hear a singing; yet in sooth
I cannot of that music rightly say
Whether I hear, or touch, or taste the tones.
Oh, what a heart-subduing melody!

ANGEL.

My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home,
For the crown is won,
Alleluia,
For evermore.

My Father gave
In charge to me
This child of earth
E'en from its birth,
To serve and save,
Alleluia,
And saved is he.

This child of clay
To me was given,
To rear and train
By sorrow and pain
In the narrow way,
Alleluia,
From earth to heaven.

SOUL.

It is a member of that family
Of wondrous beings, who, ere the worlds were made,
Millions of ages back, have stood around
The throne of God:—he never has known sin;
But through those cycles all but infinite,
Has had a strong and pure celestial life,
And bore to gaze on the unveil'd face of God,
And drank from the everlasting Fount of truth,
And served Him with a keen ecstatic love
Hark! he begins again.

ANGEL.

O Lord, how wonderful in depth and height,
But most in man, how wonderful Thou art!
With what a love, what soft persuasive might
Victorious o'er the stubborn fleshly heart,
Thy tale complete of saints Thou dost provide,
To fill the throne which angels lost through pride!

He lay a grovelling babe upon the ground,
Polluted in the blood of his first sire,
With his whole essence shatter'd and unsound,
And coil'd around his heart a demon dire,
Which was not of his nature, but had skill
To bind and form his op'ning mind to ill.

Then was I sent from heaven to set right
The balance in his soul of truth and sin,
And I have waged a long relentless fight,
Resolved that death-environ'd spirit to win,
Which from its fallen state, when all was lost,
Had been repurchased at so dread a cost.

Oh, what a shifting parti-colour'd scene
Of hope and fear, of triumph and dismay,
Of recklessness and penitence, has been
The history of that dreary, life-long fray!
And oh, the grace to nerve him and to lead
How patient, prompt, and lavish at his need!

O man, strange composite of heaven and earth!
Majesty dwarf'd to baseness! fragrant flower
Running to poisonous seed! and seeming worth
Cloking corruption! weakness mastering power!
Who never art so near to crime and shame,
As when thou hast achieved some deed of name;—

How should ethereal natures comprehend
A thing made up of spirit and of clay,
Were we not task'd to nurse it and to tend,
Link'd one to one throughout its mortal day?
More than the Seraph in his height of place,
The Angel-guardian knows and loves the ransom'd race.

SOUL.

Now know I surely that I am at length
Out of the body; had I part with earth,
I never could have drunk those accents in,
And not have worshipp'd as a god the voice
That was so musical; but now I am
So whole of heart, so calm, so self-possess'd,
With such a full content, and with a sense
So apprehensive and discriminant,
As no temptation can intoxicate.
Nor have I even terror at the thought
That I am clasp'd by such a saintliness.

II.

FIFTH CHOIR OF ANGELICALS.

PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,
And in the depth be praise:
In all His words most wonderful;
Most sure in all His ways!

O loving wisdom of our God!
When all was sin and shame,
A second Adam to the fight
And to the rescue came.

O wisest love! that flesh and blood
Which did in Adam fail,
Should strive afresh against their foe,
Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace
Should flesh and blood refine,
God's Presence and His very Self,
And Essence all-divine.

O generous love! that He who smote
In man for man the foe,
The double agony in man
For man should undergo;

And in the garden secretly,
And on the cross on high,
Should teach His brethren and inspire
To suffer and to die.

Caroline Clive.

1801—1873.

Caroline Clive, known to a small circle of admirers as V., and chiefly as the author of "IX Poems" that on appearance took their place in the forefront of contemporary feminine verse, was the daughter and co-heiress of Edmund Meysey-Wigley, Esq., of Shakenhurst, Worcestershire—M.P. for Worcester—and his wife, Anna Maria, only surviving daughter of Charles Watkins Meysey. She was born at Brompton Grove, London, on the 24th of June, 1801. In her third year she had a severe illness, one issue of which was life-long lameness and consequent hindrance in many ways. We have reclaimed from "Paul Ferroll" a hitherto inedited poem that bears pathetic evidence of the unlifted shadow her lameness cast over her entire after life. All the more, however, her natively powerful intellect was strengthened by her being thrown upon her inward resources. By surely an unhappy misjudgment and reticence the family has given no memoir of her beyond the meagre Note prefixed to her collected poems by her daughter (Mrs. Alice Greathed) of 1890 (Longmans). This is the more to be regretted, because she wrote all her life, was a brilliant conversationalist, was held in highest regard within an exceptionally notable intellectual circle, and carried on a large correspondence. In 1840 her "IX Poems" appeared

in a humble little duodecimo, which fortunately fell into the hands of Hartley Coleridge, and was thus greeted in the *Quarterly Review* (September 1840): "We suppose V stands for Victoria, and really she queens it among our fair friends. Perhaps V will think it a questionable compliment, if we say, like the late Baron Graham to Lady ———, in the Assize Court at Exeter, 'We beg your ladyship's pardon, but we took you for a man.' Indeed, these few pages are distinguished by a sad Lucretian tone, such as very seldom comes from a woman's lyre. But V is a woman, and no ordinary woman certainly; though, whether spinster, wife, or widow, we have not been informed." More weighty—"Of 'IX Poems' by V we emphatically say, in old Greek, Βαιὰ μὲν ἀλλὰ ΡΟΔΑ. It is an Ennead to which every Muse may have contributed her Ninth. The stanzas printed by us in italics, are, in our judgment, worthy of any one of our greatest poets in his happiest moments." The stanzas designated are 4, 9, 11, 14 of "The Grave"—one of our selected examples. Later came Dr. John Brown, in his *Horæ Subsecivæ*, echoing Hartley Coleridge's Greek of the roses, and adding: "They contain rare excellency; the concentration, the finish, the gravity of a man's thought, with the tenderness, the insight, the constitutional sorrowfulness of a woman's—her purity, her passionateness, her delicate and keen sense and experience."

In the same year (November 10th, 1840) she was married to the Rev. Archer Clive, then rector of Solihull, Warwickshire, and son of Edmund Bolton Clive, Esq., M.P. for Hereford. By him she had one son and one daughter.

A second edition of "IX Poems" was published

in 1841, with nine other poems. There followed at intervals—"I watched the Heavens" (1842); "The Queen's Ball" (1847); "Valley of the Rea" (1851); "The Morlas" (1853). The whole of these are included, with short additions, in the volume of 1890 already named; but a considerable number bearing the same mint-mark of genius remain to be collected some day.

"Paul Ferroll" (1853)—a sensational novel, and others, kept her before the public, still as V. But neither the longer poems (*ut supra*) nor the lesser additions, approached the high level of the inspired "IX," albeit there are "brave translunary things" in all, touches that betoken the cunning hand and the visionary eyes—those "larger other eyes" that see into the mystery and sadness of nature and human nature.

In after-editions Mrs. Clive capriciously withdrew the last of the nine poems and went on adding. Even the slightest additions show inestimable *technique* if in common with her longer poems of "The Queen's Ball," "Valley of the Rea," and "The Morlas," they are somewhat thin of substance. None the less there is none that will not reward study or fail to yield "immortal phrases five words long." Certain recall Shakespeare's splendid metaphor of the dolphin showing its shining back above the element it moves in; for the most commonplace flash out in unforgettable things.

Our poetess died by a lamentable fire accident while seated in her boudoir and among her papers on the 13th of July, 1873.

We have selected, as fairly representative, four out of the I X. Poems"—viz., "At Llyncwmstraethy,"

"The Grave," "Former Home," and "Heart's Ease," and the autobiographic poem mentioned. It needs no italics to accentuate the weight of thought, the iridescence of fancy, the felicity of metaphor, or the choiceness of epithet of these poems.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

IX POEMS.

1840.

CAROLINE CLIVE.

I.—AT LLYNCWMSTRAETHY.

AS one, whose country is distraught with war,
Where each must guard his own with watchful hand,
Roams at the evening hour along the shore,
And fain would seek beyond a calmer land;

So I, perplexed on life's tumultuous way,
Where evil pow'rs too oft my soul enslave,
Along thy ocean, Death, all pensive stray,
And think of shores thy further billows lave.

And glad were I to hear the boatman's cry,
Which to his shadowy bark my steps should call,
To woe and weakness heave my latest sigh,
And cease to combat where so oft I fall.

Or happier, where some victory cheer'd my breast,
That hour to quit the anxious field would choose
And seek th' eternal seal on virtue's rest,
Oft won, oft lost, and oh, too dear to lose!

II. THE GRAVE.

I STOOD within the Grave's o'ershadowing vault;
Gloomy and damp it stretched its vast domain;
Shades were its boundary, for my strained eye sought
For other limit to its width in vain.

Faint from the entrance came a daylight ray,
And distant sound of living men and things;
This, in th' encount'ring darkness pass'd away,
That, took the tone in which a mourner sings.

I lit a torch at a sepulchral lamp,
Which shot a thread of light amid the gloom
And feebly burning 'gainst the rolling damp,
I bore it through the regions of the tomb.

Around me stretch'd the slumbers of the dead,
Whereof the silence ach'd upon mine ear;
More and more noiseless did I make my tread,
And yet its echoes chill'd my heart with fear.

The former men of every age and place,
From all their wanderings gather'd round me lay;
The dust of wither'd Empires did I trace,
And stood 'mid generations pass'd away.

I saw whole cities, that in flood or fire
Or famine or the plague, gave up their breath;
Whole armies whom a day beheld expire,
By thousands swept into the arms of Death.

I saw the old world's white and wave-swept bones,
A gaunt heap of creatures that had been;
Far and confus'd the broken skeletons
Lay strewn beyond mine eye's remotest ken.

Death's various shrines—the urn, the stone, the lamp—
Were scatter'd round, confus'd, amid the dead;
Symbols and types were mould'ring in the damp,
Their shapes were waning, and their meaning fled.

Unspoken tongues, perchance in praise or woe,
Were character'd on tablets Time had swept;
And deep were half their letters hid below
The thick small dust of those they once had wep

No hand was there to wipe the dust away;
No reader of the writing trac'd beneath;
No spirit sitting by its form of clay;
No sigh nor sound from all the heaps of death.

One place alone had ceased to hold its prey;
A form had press'd it and was there no more;
The garments of the grave beside it lay,
Where once they wrapp'd him on the rocky floor.

He only with returning footsteps broke
Th' eternal calm wherewith the tomb was bound;
Among the sleeping dead alone He woke,
And bless'd with outstretch'd hands the host around.

Well is it that such blessing hovers here,
To soothe each sad survivor of the throng
Who haunt the portals of the solemn sphere,
And pour their woe the loaded air along.

They to the verge have follow'd what they love,
And on th' insuperable threshold stand;
With cherish'd names its speechless calm reprove.
And stretch in the abyss their ungrasp'd hand.

But vainly there the mourners seek relief
From silenc'd voice and shapes Decay has swept,
Till Death himself shall medicine their grief,
Closing their eyes by those o'er whom they wept.

All that have died, the earth's whole race, repose
Where Death collects his treasures, heap on heap;
O'er each one's busy day the night shades close,
Its actors, sufferers, schools, kings, armies—sleep.

III.—FORMER HOME.

IN scenes untrod for many a year,
I stand again, the long estranged;
And gazing round me, ponder here
On all that has, and has not changed.

The casual visitor would see
Naught altered in the aspects round;
But long familiar shapes to me
Are missing, which I fain had found.

Still stands the rock, still runs the flood,
Which not an eye could pass unmov'd;
The flow'ry bank, the fringing wood,
Which e'en the passer mark'd and lov'd.

But when mine eye's delighted pride,
Had dwelt the rocks high front upon,
I sought upon its warmer side
A vine we train'd—and that was gone.

And though awhile content I gazed
Upon the river quick and fair,
I sought, ere long, a seat we raised
In childhood—but it was not there.

Stones lay around, I knew not whether
Its relics, or the winter's snow—
And sitting where we sate together,
Again I watch'd the torrent flow.

So whirl'd the waves that form'd it then,
In foam around yon jutting stone;
So arrowy shot they down the glen,
When here we pass'd the hours long flown.

There in the waters dipp'd the tree
From which, the day I parted hence,
I took a few green leaves, to be
My solace still through time and chance.

Full many a spring the tree has shone
In sunlight, air, and beauty here;
While I in cities gazed upon
The wither'd leaves of that one year.

That year was fraught with heavy things,
With deaths and partings, loss and pain;
And every object round me rings
Its mournful epitaph again.

But most, those small familiar traits,
Which only we have lov'd or known;
They flourish'd with our happier days—
They wither'd because we were gone.

Their absence seems to speak of those
Who're scatter'd far upon the earth,
At whose young hands they once arose
Whose eyes gazed gleeful on their birth.

Those hands since then have grasp'd the brand,
Those eyes in grief grown dim and hot,
And wand'ring through a stranger's land,
Oft yearn'd to this remember'd spot.

How changed are they!—how changed am I!
The early spring of life is gone,
Gone is each youthful vanity,—
But what with years, oh what is won?

I know not—but while standing now
Where open'd first the heart of youth,
I recollect how high would glow
Its thoughts of Glory, Faith, and Truth—

How full it was of good and great,
How true to heav'n how warm to men.
Alas! I scarce forbear to hate
The colder breast I bring again.

Hopes disappointed, sin, and time,
Have moulded me since here I stood;
Ah! paint old feelings, rock sublime,
Speak life's fresh accents, mountain flood!

IV.—HEARTS-EASE.

OH HEART-EASE, dost thou lie within that flower?
How shall I draw thee thence?—so much I need
The healing aid of thine enshrined power
To veil the past, and bid the time good speed!

I gather it—It withers on my breast;
The heart's-ease dies when it is laid to mine;
Methinks there is no shape by joy possess'd
Would better fare than thou upon that shrine

Take from me things gone by—oh! change the past—
  Renew the lost—restore me the decay'd;—
Bring back the days whose tide has ebb'd so fast—
  Give form again to the fantastic shade!

My hope, that never grew to certainty,—
  My youth, that perish'd in its vain desire,—
My fond ambition, crush'd ere it could be
  Aught save a self-consuming, wasted fire;

Bring these anew, and set me once again
  In the delusion of life's infancy—
I was not happy, but I knew not then
  That happy I was never doom'd to be.

Till these things are, and pow'rs divine descend,—
  Love, kindness, joy, and hope to gild my day,—
In vain the emblem leaves towards me bend;
  Thy spirit, Heart-Ease, is too far away!

PAUL FERROLL

1853.

CAROLINE CLIVE.

AN INCIDENT.

(FROM CHAPTER VII.)

"Do you remember as we went up the steep path to the inn, seeing an Englishwoman sitting just in the angle of one of the turns? The gardener's wife who was sewing on the seat at the top, said the lady was lame, and she did not know how she had managed to get down there; but she had been sitting quite still on the same spot for an hour and a half, while her friends were in a boat on the bay." "I recollect; the woman said she had three or four times peeped over the rock, but the lady always seemed *contentissima, come se stesse in Paradiso.*" "That's the exact expression that struck me; it came into verse the other day. Read it, Janet."

GAËTA'S orange groves were there,
Half circling round the sun-kiss'd sea;
And all were gone, and left the fair
Rich garden-solitude to me.

My feeble foot refused to tread
The rugged pathway to the bay;
Down the steep rock I saw them thread,
And gain the boat and glide away.

And then the thirst grew strong in me,
To taste yet farther scenes so bright,—
To do like those who wander'd free,
And share their exquisite delight.

With careful trouble then, and pain,
I pass'd a little down the hill;
Each step obtain'd was hard-earn'd gain,
Each step before, seem'd distant still.

But when I reach'd at last the trees
Which see that lovely scene complete;
I sat there all at peace and ease,
A monarch of the mossy seat.

Above me hung the golden glow
Of fruit which is at one with flowers;
Below me gleam'd the ocean flow,
Like sapphires in the mid-day hours.

A passing-by there was of wings;
The silent, flower-like butterflies;
The sudden beetle as it springs,
Full of the life of southern skies.

A sound there was of words afloat,
Of sailors, and of children blent,
At work and play beside a boat;
Sounds which the distance mix'd and spent.

A brooding silence too was there,
Of mid-day, and a wide-stretch'd bound;
And I sat still, with open ear,
That drank the silence and the sound.

It was an hour, of bliss to die;
But not to sleep; for ever came
The warm, thin air, and passing by
Fann'd Sense, and Soul, and Heart to flame.

The sight I saw that noontide, grew
A portion of my mem'ry's pride;
And oh, how often I renew
The beauty of the steep hill-side.

It comes, when by the northern fire,
I sit and shiver in its heat;
While with vain longing I aspire,
To rest upon my rocky seat.

A longing, such, thou gracious land,
As thou must ever leave on those
Who bask on thy enchanted strand,
And see thy heavenly shapes and hues.

And if, methinks, to roam and climb,
At my free will, to me were giv'n,
O'er such a land, in such a clime,
It *would* be, what *will* be, in heaven.

Sarah Flower Adams.

1805—1848.

Sarah Fuller Flower, better known as Sarah Flower Adams, was born at Harlow, in Essex, on the 22nd of February, 1805. She was the younger sister of Eliza Flower, who was a gifted musician and composer. Eliza and Sarah were the only children of Benjamin Flower, at one time a printer at Cambridge, and afterwards editor of the *Cambridge Intelligencer*, a paper in which he advocated liberal principles and dared free criticism, for which he suffered fine and imprisonment. Mrs. Flower died in 1810, and Benjamin Flower in 1829. In 1820 the family removed to Dalston, London, then a rural spot, where they numbered among their friends Harriet Martineau, Robert Browning, and others afterwards distinguished in literature. Mrs. Bridell-Fox, in a short memoir contributed to the last edition of "Vivia Perpetua," says of this latter friendship: "He, 'Robert Browning,' is often referred to in letters as 'The Boy Poet' by the elder sister; also, in 1827, as anxiously discussing religious doubts and difficulties with the younger sister, Browning being then a lad of fifteen, and his *confidanté*, Sarah, twenty-two. During the years 1832-5 Sarah became a contributor to the pages of the *Monthly Repository*, then edited by Mr. W. Johnson Fox, and contributed to by John Stuart

Mill, Crabb Robinson, Robert Browning, R. H. Horne, Leigh Hunt, and other distinguished writers. Her articles bear the signature S. Y., which, as Mrs. Bridell-Fox says, "indicated her pet name Sally to her personal friends." On the 24th of September, 1834, she was married at St. John's, Hackney, to Mr. John Brydges Adams, the "Junius Redivivus" of the *Monthly Repository*, whom she first met at the House of Mrs. John Taylor (afterwards Mrs. John Stuart Mill).

"After her marriage, with the hearty sympathy and concurrence of her husband," says Mrs. Bridell Fox, "she sought to carry out her youthful ambition of adopting the stage as a profession. She entertained the idea that the life of an actress, a life devoted to the constant expression of the highest poetry, ought to be really—as it was theoretically—a life in unison with the high thoughts to which she has habitually to give utterance. 'The drama,' she writes in one of her note-books, 'is an epitome of the mind and manners of mankind, and wise men in all ages have agreed to make it, what in truth it ought to be, a supplement to the pulpit.'

"Mrs Adams possessed a rich, mellow, contralto voice, and from girlhood she had been in the habit of studying songs in which she could unite dramatic action and costume. It was a quite original idea in her young days, and she carried it out in a charming and very effective manner. The most striking songs among her varied *repertoire* were 'The Erl King' (music by Schubert), 'The Cid' (music by Lodge Ellerton), Campbell's 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,' Scott's 'Hallowmas Eve,' and Madge Wildfire's song (the music of the two latter by

her sister, who always accompanied on the piano these private performances); also others of a lighter character, such as 'My Boy Tammie,' 'There's nae Luck about the House.' Selected scenes from Shakespeare often varied these domestic entertainments. In 1837 she made her first attempt in public, appearing at the little Richmond theatre as Lady Macbeth with considerable success. 'The performance was strongly marked by original conception and dramatic power,' observes the *Court Journal*, in the course of a long and laudatory article on her performance. Portia and Lady Teazle were to follow. Her success resulted in a good engagement for the Bath Theatre, then considered the best training school for aspirants for the London Stage, obtained partly, no doubt, by a flattering introduction from Macready, who thought highly of her powers. And then—then her health again gave way, and instead of fulfilling her engagement she lay prostrate with illness at Bath."

Finding herself physically incapable of sustaining the strain of public performances, Mrs. Adams now determined to devote her efforts entirely to literature, with the result that her dramatic poem, "Vivia Perpetua," was published in 1841. Her hymns (fourteen in all, besides some translations) were published in the collection of Hymns and Anthems made by Mr. W. Johnson Fox for the use of his congregation at South Place Chapel, Finsbury. Most of them were set to music by her sister, Eliza Flower, who took a large share in the direction of the music at South Place. Eliza died of consumption in December 1846, and Sarah (surviving her sister less than two years) on the 14th of August, 1848.

A selection from "Vivia Perpetua" is given in Vol. VII. of this work, where it is prefaced by a short critique from the pen of Dr. Garnett, who says of it, "'Vivia Perpetua' is unsatisfactory as a play but has deep human interest as an idealised representation of the authoress's mind and heart. In the character of Vivia she has shadowed forth her own moral affections and intellectual convictions, and the intensity of her feelings frequently exalts her diction, else artless and slightly conventional, into genuine eloquence. The moral charm, however, takes precedence of the artistic, as is to be expected in the work of a true woman. Lyrical enthusiasm atones in no small measure for the lack of the constructive faculty, and 'Vivia Perpetua' fulfils better than many more ambitious works Milton's demand that poetry should be 'simple, sensuous, and passionate.' The authoress would probably have left a higher reputation if she had given freer scope to her natural instinct for lyrical poetry, instead of devoting her most strenuous endeavour to the difficult undertaking of reviving the poetical drama." Her hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee," has been one of the most popular of modern hymns, as it is certainly one of the most beautiful. Others less known, if but little inferior, will be found in the following pages.

ALFRED H. MILES.

HYMNS.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

1.—NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with Thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs,
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upwards I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

O! I WOULD SING A SONG OF PRAISE.

O! I would sing a song of praise,
Natural as the breeze
That stirs amongst the forest trees,
Whisp'ring ever,
Weary never,
Summer's prime or wintry days—
So should come my song of praise.

O! I would sing a song of praise,
Sweet as breathing flowers,
That ope to greet the earlier hours;
Never-ending
Incense sending
Up, to bless their parent rays—
So should wake my song of praise.

O! I would sing a song of praise,
Holy as the night,
When heaven comes to us in the light
Of stars, whose gleaming,
Influence streaming,
Draws us upward while we gaze—
So should rise my song of praise.

To Thee, O God, a song of praise,
With breeze, and bloom, and star,
To Thee, who made us what we are—
Blessèd Spirit!
We inherit
All from Thee; then let us raise
Songs of praise—immortal praise!

III.—O HALLOWED MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

O HALLOWED memories of the past,
Ye legends old and fair,
Still be your light upon us cast,
Your music on the air,

In vain shall man deny,
Or bid your mission cease,
While stars yet prophesy
Of love, and hope, and peace.

For hearts the beautiful that feel,
Whose pulse of love beats strong,
The opening heavens new light reveal,
Glory to God, their song.

While bursts confession forth,
That, since the world began,
No miracle on earth
E'er match'd the heart of man.

And while from out our dying dust
Light more than life doth stream,
We bless the faith that bids us trust
The heaven that we dream.

In death there is no fear,
There's radiance through the gloom,
While love and hope are here,
The angels of the tomb.

Then, hallowed memories of the past,
Or legends old and fair,
Still be your light upon us cast,
Your music on the air,

In vain shall man deny,
Or bid your mission cease;
The stars yet prophesy
Of love, and hope, and peace.

IV.—HE SENDETH SUN, HE SENDETH SHOWER.

HE sendeth sun, He sendeth shower,
Alike they're needful for the flower;
And joys and tears alike are sent
To give the soul fit nourishment.
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! Thy will, not mine, be done.

Can loving children e'er reprove
With murmurs, whom they trust and love?
Creator! I would ever be
A trusting, loving child to Thee:
As comes to me or cloud or sun,
Father! Thy will, not mine, be done.

O! ne'er will I at life repine—
Enough that Thou hast made it mine.
When falls the shadow cold of death,
I yet will sing with parting breath,
As comes to me or shade or sun,
Father! Thy will, not mine, be done.

V.—THE MOURNERS CAME AT BREAK OF DAY.

THE mourners came at break of day
Unto the garden-sepulchre;
With darkened hearts to weep and pray,
For Him, the loved one buried there.
What radiant light dispels the gloom?
An angel sits beside the tomb.

The earth doth mourn her treasures lost,
All sepulchred beneath the snow;
When wintry winds, and chilling frost
Have laid her summer glories low;
The spring returns, the flowerets bloom-
An angel sits beside the tomb.

Then mourn we not belovèd dead,
E'en while we come to weep and pray;
The happy spirit far hath fled
To brighter realms of endless day:
Immortal Hope dispels the gloom!
An angel sits beside the tomb.

VI.—O PLEASANT LIFE!

(PARAPHRASED FROM THE SPANISH OF LUIS DE LEON.

O PLEASANT life!
Whene'er the soul can win her way
From out the world's dark strife;
And fly to depths fair-haunted
By spirits who have panted
To quit earth's shadows for immortal day—
O pleasant life!

O happy breast!
Nor care of courts, nor pride of birth,
Can ruffle thy smooth rest;
No scene of gilded riot
Disturbs thy star-lit quiet
Nor dims thy dream of heaven with mists of earth.
O happy breast!

O blessèd soul!
What care hast thou that flatt'ring fame
Thy daily acts enroll?
No breath of hers it tasketh,
Thy life-long deed but asketh
One smile of Truth to light thy passing name—
O blessèd soul!

VII.—PART IN PEACE! IS DAY BEFORE US?

PART in peace! Is day before us?
Praise His name for life and light;
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us?
Bless His care who guards the night.

Part in peace! With deep thanksgiving,
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace! Such are the praises
God our Maker loveth best;
Such the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

1807—1886.

THE poetry of Richard Chenevix Trench is represented, with that of the general poets of his time, in Vol. IV. of the POETS AND POETRY OF THE CENTURY, where particulars of his life and work in literature are given. Though scarcely claiming double representation, it is impossible, in view of the religious and didactic character of much of his verse, to omit him from a volume devoted to the sacred poetry of the period. Two or three examples of his more definitely religious verse are therefore added here.

A firm faith in an all-wise, all-loving, over-ruling providence, and a sense of human unworthiness and weakness, in view of divine love and power, find tender expression in his religious verse, as the following nameless fragments will show:—

I.

Not Thou from us, O Lord, but we
Withdraw ourselves from Thee.

When we are dark and dead,
And Thou art covered with a cloud,
Hanging before Thee, like a shroud,
So that our prayer can find no way,
Oh! teach us that we do not say,
"Where is *Thy* brightness fled?"

But that we search and try
What in ourselves has wrought this blame,
For thou remainest still the same,
But earth's own vapours earth may fill
With darkness and thick clouds, while still
The sun is in the sky.

II.

If there had anywhere appeared in space
Another place of refuge, where to flee,
Our hearts had taken refuge in that place,
And not with Thee.

For we against creation's bars had beat
Like prisoned eagles, through great worlds had sought
Though but a foot of ground to plant our feet,
Where Thou wert not.

And only when we found in earth and air,
In heaven or hell, that such might nowhere be—
That we could not flee from Thee anywhere,
We fled to Thee.

III.

Lord, many times I am aweary quite
Of mine own self, my sin, my vanity—
Yet be not Thou, or I am lost outright,
Weary of me.

And hate against myself I often bear,
And enter with myself in fierce debate:
Take Thou my part against myself, nor share
In that just hate.

Best friends might loathe us, if what things perverse
We know of our own selves, they also knew:
Lord, Holy One! if Thou who knowest worse
Should loathe us too!

Aspiration after purer, truer life, through the tempered discipline of divine mercy, is beautifully expressed in the selections which follow.

ALFRED H. MILES.

POEMS.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

I.—WHAT, MANY TIMES I MUSING ASKED.

WHAT, many times I musing asked, is man,
If grief and care
Keep far from him? he knows not what he can,
What cannot bear.

He, till the fire had proved him, doth remain
The main part dross:
To lack the loving discipline of pain
Were endless loss.

Yet when my Lord did ask me on what side
I were content
The grief, whereby I must be purified,
To me were sent,

As each imagined anguish did appear,
Each withering bliss,
Before my soul, I cried, "Oh! spare me here,
Oh no, not this!"—

Like one that having need of, deep within,
The surgeon's knife,
Would hardly bear that it should graze the skin,
Though for his life.

Till He at last, who best doth understand
Both what we need,
And what can bear, did take my case in hand,
Nor crying heed.

I.—THIS DID NOT ONCE SO TROUBLE ME.

THIS did not once so trouble me,
That better I could not love Thee;
But now I feel and know
That only when we love, we find
How far our hearts remain behind
The love they should bestow.

While we had little care to call
On Thee, and scarcely prayed at all,
We seemed enough to pray:
But now we only think with shame,
How seldom to Thy glorious Name
Our lips their offerings pay.

And when we gave yet slighter heed
Unto our brother's suffering need,
Our hearts reproached us then
Not half so much as now, that we
With such a careless eye can see
The woes and wants of men.

In doing is this knowledge won,
To see what yet remains undone;
With this our pride repress,
And give us grace, a growing store,
That day by day we may do more,
And may esteem it less.

Christopher Wordsworth.

1807—1885

Christopher Wordsworth, nephew of William Wordsworth the father of the poetry of the nineteenth century, was born at Lambeth on the 30th of October, 1807. His father, also Christopher Wordsworth, was at that time Rector of Lambeth, and afterwards Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. Christopher, who was his youngest son, was educated at Winchester and Trinity College, and his career, both at school and at the University, was a brilliant one. He carried off many prizes, graduated as Senior Classic in the Classical Tripos, and 14th Senior Optime in the Mathematical in 1830, and was elected a Fellow of Trinity. He became a Classical Lecturer, and in 1836 Public Orator for the University, and Headmaster of Harrow School. In 1844 he was appointed to a Canonry at Westminster, in 1848–9 to the Hulsean lectureship at Cambridge. In 1850 he accepted the living of Stamford-in-the-Vale-cum-Grosey in Berkshire, and devoted himself assiduously to parochial work for nineteen years. In 1869 he was elevated to the Bishopric of Lincoln, an office which he continued to hold for fifteen years. He died on the 20th of March, 1885.

Christopher Wordsworth was a voluminous writer upon classical and ecclesiastical subjects, and among

other works of a more general character wrote the "Memoirs of William Wordsworth" (his Uncle), published in 1851, and "A Commentary on the whole Bible" (1856–70). In the "Holy Year," published in 1862, he wrote hymns for all the Christian seasons, dealing with the many phases of the various seasons as enumerated in the Book of Common Prayer. The value of hymns as a means of teaching and impressing on the memory Christian doctrines was recognised by him, and he wrote them avowedly for the purpose of inculcating religious truth, with the result that poetic excellence was often lost in the pursuit of a didactic aim. Some of his hymns, however, are of high excellence, and some have become widely popular. Among the more successful, as well as the better known of these are "O Day of Rest and Gladness," "Hark the sound of Holy Voices," "Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost," and "See the Conqueror mounts in Triumph," the first three of which are given in the following pages.

ALFRED H. MILES.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH.

I.—GRACIOUS SPIRIT, HOLY GHOST.

(QUINQUAGESIMA.)

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost,
Taught by Thee, we covet most
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,
Holy, heavenly Love.

Faith, that mountains could remove,
Tongues of earth or Heaven above;
Knowledge—all things—empty prove,
Without heavenly love.

Though I as a Martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain, if Love I need;
Therefore, Give me Love.

Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love, than death itself more strong;
Therefore, Give us Love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day;
Love will ever with us stay!
Therefore, Give us Love.

Faith will vanish into sight;
Hope be emptied in delight;
Love in heaven will shine more bright;
Therefore, Give us Love.

Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

From the overshadowing
Of Thy gold and silver wing,
Shed on us, who to Thee sing,
Holy, heavenly Love!

II.—O LORD OF HEAVEN.

(ALMSGIVING.)

O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,
To Thee all praise and glory be;
How shall we show our love to Thee,
Giver of all?

The golden sunshine, vernal air,
Sweet flowers and fruits Thy Love declare,
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,
Giver of all!

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,
For all the blessings Earth displays,
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,
Giver of all!

Thou didst not spare Thine only Son,
But gav'st Him for a world undone,
And e'en that gift Thou dost outrun,
And give us all!

Thou giv'st the Spirit's blessèd dower,
Spirit of life, and love, and power,
And dost His sevenfold graces shower
Upon us all.

For souls redeem'd, for sins forgiven,
For means of grace, and hopes of heaven,
Father, what can to Thee be given,
Who givest all?

We *lose* what on ourselves we spend,
We *have* as treasure without end
Whatever, Lord, to Thee we lend,
Who givest all.

Whatever, Lord, we lend to Thee,
Repaid a thousandfold will be;
Thus gladly will we give to Thee,
Giver of all;

To Thee, from whom we all derive
Our life, our gifts, our power to give;
O may we ever with Thee live,
We give Thee all!

III.—HARK THE SOUND OF HOLY VOICES.

(All Saints' Day.)

HARK the sound of holy voices, chanting at the crystal sea,
Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Lord, to Thee;
Multitudes which none can number, like the stars in glory stand,
Cloth'd in white apparel, holding palms of victory in their hand.

Patriarch, and holy Prophet, who prepar'd the way for Christ;
King, Apostle, Saint, and Martyr, Confessor, Evangelist,
Saintly Maiden, godly Matron, Widows who have watch'd to prayer,
Join'd in holy concert singing to the Lord of all, are there.

They have come from tribulation, and have wash'd
their robes in blood,
Wash'd them in the blood of Jesus; tried they were,
and firm they stood:
Mock'd, imprison'd, ston'd, tormented, sawn asunder,
slain with sword,
They have conquer'd Death and Satan, by the might
of Christ the Lord.

Marching with Thy Cross their banner, they have
triumph'd following,
Thee the Captain of Salvation, Thee their Saviour
and their King;
Gladly, Lord, with Thee they suffer'd; gladly, Lord,
with Thee they died;
And, by Death, to Life immortal they were born, and
glorified.

Now they reign in heavenly glory, now they walk
in golden light,
Now they drink, as from a river, holy bliss and in-
finite;
Love and Peace they taste for ever; and all Truth
and Knowledge see
In the beatific vision of the Blessèd Trinity.

God of God, the One-begotten, Light of Light,
Emmanuel,
In Whose Body, join'd together, all the Saints for
ever dwell;
Pour upon us of Thy fulness, that we may for ever-
more
God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy
Ghost adore.

IV.—O DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS.

(SUNDAY.)

O DAY of rest and gladness,
O Day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright!
On thee, the high, and lowly,
Through ages join'd in tune,
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great God Triune.

On thee, at the Creation,
The Light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee, our Lord victorious
The Spirit sent from Heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple Light was given.

Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise;
Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our Promised Land.

Thou art a holy ladder,
Where Angels go and come;
Each Sunday finds us gladder,
Nearer to Heaven, our home;

A day of sweet refection,
A day thou art of love;
A day of Resurrection
From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations
The heavenly Manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where Gospel-light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams;
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the Rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To Thee, blest Three in One

Henry Alford.

1810—1871.

Henry Alford was born at 25, Alfred Place, Bedford Row, London, on the 10th of October, 1810. He was a son of Rev. Henry Alford, Rector of Aston Sandford. He entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1829, and graduated in 1832. He was ordained as Curate of Ampton in 1833, and became Fellow of Trinity in 1834. He was Vicar of Wymeswold from 1835 to 1853, Incumbent of Quebec Chapel, London, from 1853 to 1857, and Dean of Canterbury from 1857 until his death, which took place on the 12th of January, 1871. He was Hulsean Lecturer 1841-2. His literary labours were manyfold and incessant, the greatest of his undertakings being his edition of the Greek Testament, a work which took him twenty years to complete. His earlier hymns were published in the *Christian Observer* and the *Christian Guardian* (1830), and these were followed by a volume, "Poems and Poetical Fragments" (1833); "The School of the Heart and Other Poems" (1835); "Hymns for the Sundays and Festivals throughout the Year" (1836); "The Abbot of Muchelnaye" (1841); "Psalms and Hymns" (1844); "Poetical Works" (1845); "A Year of Praise" (1867); and "The Lord's Prayer" (1869); besides which he contributed verse to *Macmillan's Magazine* and *Good Words.*

Dean Alford's general poems were never popular, nor do they possess the qualities which secure the "audience fit, though few," which is the consolation of so many who miss wider recognition. His translations show the scholar rather than the poet, and his other poems lack originality of thought and poetic felicity of diction.

The following lines, dated 1862 and entitled "Life's Answer," were contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine* :—

I know not if the dark or bright
Shall be my lot :
If that wherein my hopes delight
Be best or not.

It may be mine to drag for years
Toil's heavy chain :
Or day and night my meat be tears
On bed of pain.

Dear faces may surround my hearth
With smiles and glee :
Or I may dwell alone, and mirth
Be strange to me.

My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine :
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board :
Above the raving of the gale
I hear my Lord.

He holds me when the billows smite,
I shall not fall :
If sharp, 'tis short ; if long, 'tis light ;
He tempers all.

Safe to the land—safe to the land,
The end is this :
And then with Him go hand in hand
Far into bliss.

ALFRED H. MILES.

HENRY ALFORD.

I.—IN TOKEN THAT THOU SHALT NOT FEAR

(BAPTISM.)

IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His name,
We blazen here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain;

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit thee down on high;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown.

II.—COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE.

(HARVEST.)

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home
All is safely gather'd in
Ere the winter storms begin:
God our Maker doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;—
Come, to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

All this world is God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown;
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Lord of Harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His Harvest home;
From His field shall in that day
All offences purge away;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In His garner evermore.

Even so, Lord, quickly come,
Bring Thy final Harvest-home;
Gather Thou Thy people in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In Thy garner to abide:
Come, with all Thine angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-home!

III.—TEN THOUSAND TIMES TEN THOUSAND.

(Twenty-First Sunday after Trinity.)

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransom'd saints
Throng up the steeps of light:

'Tis finish'd—all is finish'd,
Their fight with death and sin;
Fling open wide the golden gates
And let the victors in.

What rush of Hallelujas
Fills all the earth and sky!
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh!
O day, for which Creation
And all its tribes were made!
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid!

O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting sever'd friendships up.
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
That brimm'd with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
Then take Thy power and reign:
Appear, Desire of nations,—
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign;
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

IV.—FORWARD! BE OUR WATCHWORD.

(PROCESSIONAL.)

FORWARD! be our watchword,
Steps and voices join'd;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind;
Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head;
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By Jehovah led?
Forward through the desert,
Through the toil and fight;
Jordan flows before us,
Zion beams with light!

Forward, when in childhood
Buds the infant mind;
All through youth and manhood,
Not a thought behind;
Speed through realms of nature,
Climb the steps of grace;
Faint not, till around us
Gleams the Father's face.
Forward, all the life-time,
Climb from height to height,
Till the head be hoary,
Till the eve be light.

Forward, flock of Jesus,
Salt of all the earth,
Till each yearning purpose
Spring to glorious birth;
Sick, they ask for healing,
Blind, they grope for day;
Pour upon the nations
Wisdom's loving ray,

Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night:
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light.

Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love Him
One day to be shared;
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard;
Nor of these hath utter'd
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward,
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight!

Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers,
Where our God abideth,
That fair home is ours;
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold;
Flows the gladdening river,
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In Jehovah's might;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into Light!

Into God's high Temple
Onward as we press,
Beauty spreads around us,
Born of holiness

Arch, and vault, and carving,
Lights of varied tone;
Soften'd words and holy,
Prayer and praise alone:
Every thought upraising
To our City bright,
Where the tribes assemble
Round the throne of Light.

Nought that City needeth
Of these aisles of stone:
Where the Godhead dwelleth,
Temple there is none:
All the saints that ever
In these courts have stood,
Are but babes, and feeding
On the children's food.
On through sign and token,
Stars amidst the night;
Forward through the darkness
Forward into light!

To the Father's glory
Loudest anthems raise:
To the Son and Spirit
Echo songs of praise:
To the Lord Jehovah,
Blessèd Three in One,
Be by men and angels
Endless honour done.
Weak are earthly praises,
Dull the songs of night,
Forward into triumph,
Forward into light!

BE JUST AND FEAR NOT.

HENRY ALFORD.

SPEAK thou the truth. Let others fence,
And trim their words for pay:
In pleasant sunshine of pretence
Let others bask their day.

Guard thou the fact; though clouds of night
Down on thy watch-tower stoop:
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's delight
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind. Though safer seem
In shelter to abide:
We were not made to sit and dream:
The safe, must first be tried.

Where God hath set His thorns about,
Cry not, "The way is plain:"
His path within for those without
Is paved with toil and pain.

One fragment of His blessèd Word,
Into thy spirit burned,
Is better than the whole, half-heard
And by thine interest turned.

Show thou thy light. If conscience gleam,
Set not thy bushel down:
The smallest spark may send his beam
O'er hamlet, tower, and town.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

Be true to every inmost thought,
And as thy thought, thy speech:
What thou hast not by suffering bought,
Presume thou not to teach.

Hold on, hold on—thou hast the rock,
The foes are on the sand:
The first world-tempest's ruthless shock
Scatters their shifting strand:

While each wild gust the mist shall clear
We now see darkly through,
And justified at last appear
The true, in Him that's True.

Horatius Bonar.

1808—1889.

Born in Edinburgh on the 19th of December, 1808, Horatius Bonar came of a family which had taken a prominent part on the side of Presbyterianism during Covenanting days. Thomas Chalmers, the eminent Scottish theologian, was at the height of his power when Bonar entered the Edinburgh Divinity Hall. The influence of Chalmers, and of his fellow student Robert Murray McCheyne (whose biography has been written by his brother, Dr. Andrew Bonar), greatly strengthened his "hereditary evangelical sympathies." He became a minister of the Established Church of Scotland, but seceded in 1843, and was one of those who founded the Free Church. He was settled for many years at Kelso, and subsequently removed to a charge at the Grange, Edinburgh, where he remained until his death on July 31st, 1889. So great was his zeal, and so untiring his energy, that, when long past his seventieth year, he not unfrequently preached on summer Sunday evenings in the open air, after having previously preached twice in his own church. His monthly addresses to children were exceedingly popular, and were attended by children from all parts of Edinburgh.

Dr. Bonar was a voluminous and most successful author, and his works, both in prose and in verse,

are too numerous to mention in detail. Perhaps the best known of his prose works is "God's Way of Peace," of which, at the time of his death, more than two hundred and eighty-five thousand copies had been printed. His "Hymns of Faith and Hope" have attained an almost world-wide celebrity. Indeed, it was as a lyrist that he reached his highest excellence. He once remarked that "When the Weary, seeking Rest" (p. 253), was his "favourite" among all his hymns, though he added, with true critical insight, "it has less of poetry in it than some of them." "I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say" (p. 252), and "A Few more Years shall Roll" (p. 255), the latter set to music by Sir Arthur Sullivan, are very successful hymns which appeal to the intelligence of uncultivated people, and moreover, they are beautiful poems with the qualities inseparable from lyrics of a high class. Probably it is not unreasonable to think that Dr. Bonar possessed as much genuine poetic power as any hymn writer of the present century except Cardinal Newman. Tender and graceful occasional poems show, also, that had he sought it, he could have gained a reputation as a secular poet. His long poem, in blank verse, entitled "My Old Letters," published in 1877, was not altogether successful. The introductory lyric, however, is full of melody and sweetness, and, as an interesting piece of poetic autobiography, may be introduced here.

Not written down in haste, but in the quiet
  Of thoughtful seasons, still to memory dear,
When the whole soul was calm, and the world's riot,
  Even in its echo, came not to my ear;
  What I have thought, and felt, and seen, and heard is here.

Sometimes the cloud, but oft the happier noonlight
  Floated above me, as I mused and sung:
At times the stars, at times the mellow moonlight
  Gave ripeness to the fruit of pen and tongue,
  While o'er my ravelled dreams the years and ages hung.

In days of public strife, when, sharp and stinging,
  The angry words went daily to and fro,
Friend against friend the polished missiles flinging,
  Each seeking who could launch the keenest blow,
  I went to thee, my harp, and bade thy numbers flow.

In hours of heaviness thy solace seeking,
  I took thee up and woke the trembling tone
Of the deep melody within thee, speaking
  Like the heart-broken thrush, that sits alone,
  Mourning its spoiled nest and all its nestlings gone.

Into these pages peace-thoughts weave their brightness;
  The peace that has been, is, and is to be,
Is here; peace-blossoms in their tranquil whiteness
  I've shaken, as I passed from tree to tree,
  Relics of many a strange and broken history.

Lie there, my pen! Only a little longer,
  And then thy work shall be for ever done:
Death in these pulses daily groweth stronger;
  Life's ruby drops are oozing one by one;
  The dreams that flowed thro' thee shall soon be dreamed
    alone!

Rest kindly now, beside what thou hast written
  Let *that* a little longer linger here
By age unwithered, and by time unsmitten,
  True leaves of health, that never can grow sere,
  From the great tree of life, plant of a purer sphere!

Thou art the lute with which I sang my sadness,
  When sadness like a cloud begirt my way;
Thou art the harp whose strings gave out my gladness
  When burst the sunshine of a happier day,
  Resting upon my soul with sweet and silent ray.

The sickle thou with which I have been reaping
My great life-harvest here on earth; and now
'Mid these my sheaves I lay me down unweeping,—
Nay, full of joy, in life's still evening-glow,
And wipe the reaper's sweat from this toil-furrowed brow.

From this right hand its cunning is departing,
This wrinkled palm proclaims its work is done:
Look back, fond reaper, to thy place of starting,—
Days, months, and years, a lifetime past and gone;—
Say, which is best, thy rising or thy setting sun?

I may not stay. These hills that smile around me
Are full of music, and its happy glow
Beckons me upward; all that here has bound me
Seems now dissolving; daily I outgrow
The chains and drags of earth. I rise, I go, I go!

THE GRANGE, *August* 1876.

A staunch ecclesiastical Conservative, and one who in public controversies knew how to be bitter, in private life he was always genial, while his scholarship and his knowledge of men and things made personal intercourse with him most pleasant. One could not be in his company, and notice his intellectual face with its massive forehead, without supposing him to be a man of power, and the impression was fully confirmed when one heard him talk.

MACKENZIE BELL.

HYMNS OF FAITH AND HOPE.

HORATIUS BONAR.

I.—HOW LONG.

MY God, it is not fretfulness
That makes me say "How long?"
It is not heaviness of heart
That hinders me in song;
'Tis not despair of truth and right,
Nor coward dread of wrong.

But how can I, with such a hope
Of glory and of home;
With such a joy before my eyes
Not wish the time to come,—
Of years the jubilee, of days
The Sabbath and the sum?

These years, what ages they have been!
This life, how long it seems!
And how can I, in evil days,
'Mid unknown hills and streams,
But sigh for those of home and heart,
And visit them in dreams?

Yet peace, my heart; and hush, my tongue
Be calm, my troubled breast;
Each restless hour is hastening on
The everlasting rest:
Thou knowest that the time thy God
Appoints for thee, is best

Let faith, not fear nor fretfulness,
Awake the cry, "How long?"
Let no faint-heartedness of soul
Damp thy aspiring song:
Right comes, truth dawns, the night departs
Of error and of wrong.

II.—I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold I freely give
The living water;—thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till travelling days are done.

III.—WHEN THE WEARY, SEEKING REST.

WHEN the weary, seeking rest,
To Thy goodness flee;
When the heavy-laden cast
All their load on Thee;
When the troubled, seeking peace,
On Thy Name shall call;
When the sinner, seeking life,
At Thy feet shall fall:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the worldling, sick at heart,
Lifts his soul above;
When the prodigal looks back
To His Father's love;
When the proud man, in his pride,
Stoops to seek Thy face;
When the burdened brings his guilt
To Thy throne of grace;
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the stranger asks a home,
All his toils to end;
When the hungry craveth food,
And the poor a friend;
When the sailor on the wave
Bows the fervent knee:
When the soldier on the field
Lifts his heart to Thee:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the man of toil and care
In the city crowd;
When the shepherd on the moor
Names the name of God;
When the learnèd and the high,
Tired of earthly fame,
Upon higher joys intent,
Name the blessèd Name:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When the child, with grave fresh lip
Youth, or maiden fair;
When the agèd, weak and grey,
Seek Thy face in prayer;
When the widow weeps to Thee,
Sad and lone and low;
When the orphan brings to Thee
All his orphan-woe:
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry,
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

When creation, in her pangs,
Heaves her heavy groan;
When Thy Salem's exiled sons
Breathe their bitter moan;
When Thy widowed, weeping Church
Looking for a home,
Sendeth up her silent sigh—
"Come, Lord Jesus, come:"
Hear then, in love, O Lord, the cry
In heaven, Thy dwelling-place on high.

IV.—A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL.

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb :
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for Thy great day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time ;
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime.
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore ;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more ;
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that calm day ;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that sweet day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,
And take my sins away.

John Stuart Blackie.

1809—1895.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE is represented in another volume of the present Anthology by a selection of verse which was largely his own choice; but his "Songs of Religion and Life" (1876) give him claims to a place in any volume devoted to the sacred poetry of his time, hence two poems from that work are quoted here. Perhaps no better representation could be given of his fine manly religious spirit within the space than that afforded by the following lines entitled "The Laws of Nature" and the "Benedicite," given in the succeeding pages.

The fool hath in his heart declared,—by laws
Since time began,
Blind, and without intelligential cause,
Or reasoned plan,
All things are ruled. I from this lore dissent,
With sorrowful shame
That reasoning men such witless wit should vent
In reason's name.
O Thou that o'er this lovely world hast spread
Thy jocund light,
Weaving with flowers beneath, and stars o'erhead
This tissue bright
Of living powers, clear Thou my sense, that I
May ever find
In all the marshalled pomp of earth and sky
The marshalling mind!

Laws are not powers; nor can the well-timed courses
Of earths and moons
Ring to the stroke of blind unthinking forces
Their jarless tunes.
Wiser were they who in the flaming vault
The circling sun
Beheld, and in his ray, with splendid fault,
Worshipped the one
Eye of the universe that seeth all,
And shapeth sight
In man and moth through curious visual ball
With fine delight.
O blessed beam, on whose refreshful might
Profusely shed
Six times ten years, with ever young delight,
Mine eye hath fed,
Still let me love thee, and with wonder new,
By flood and field,
Worship the fair, and consecrate the true
By Thee revealed!
And loving thee, beyond thee love that first
Father of Lights
From whom the ray vivific marvellous burst,
Might of all mights,
Whose thought is order, and whose will is law.
That man is wise
Who worships God wide-eyed, with cheerful awe
And chaste surprise.

Since the publication of the volume already referred to, the poet has passed away from amongst us, and the place that knew his characteristic face and figure knows them now no more. He died at Edinburgh on the 2nd of March, 1895.

ALFRED H. MILES.

BENEDICITE.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

ANGELS holy,
High and lowly,
Sing the praises of the Lord!
Earth and sky, all living nature,
Man, the stamp of thy Creator,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Sun and moon bright,
Night and noonlight,
Starry temples azure-floored,
Cloud and rain, and wild wind's madness,
Suns of God that shout for gladness,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Ocean hoary,
Tell His glory,
Cliffs where tumbling seas have roared!
Pulse of waters blithely beating,
Wave advancing, wave retreating,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Rock and high land,
Wood and island,
Crag where eagle's pride hath soared,
Mighty mountains purple-breasted,
Peaks cloud-heaving, snowy-crested,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Rolling river,
Praise Him ever,
From the mountain's deep vein poured;
Silver fountain clearly gushing,
Troubled torrent madly rushing,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Bond and free man
Land and sea man,
Earth with peoples widely stored,
Woodman lone o'er prairies ample,
Full-voiced choir in costly temple,
Praise ye, praise ye, God the Lord!

Praise Him ever,
Bounteous Giver!
Praise Him Father, Friend, and Lord!
Each glad soul its free course winging,
Each blithe voice its free song singing,
Praise the great and mighty Lord!

Henry Ellison.

1811—1880.

Henry Ellison was the third son of Richard Ellison of Bagolt, co. Flint, and was born there on the 12th of August, 1811. His father was M.P. for Hereford: his mother a Miss Maxwell. Henry was admitted to Westminster School on the 7th of October, 1824. He proceeded in his seventeenth year to the University of Oxford, matriculating at Christchurch on the 23rd of October, 1828. He is designated of Sudbrooke Holme, co. Lincoln. Throughout, his title-pages bear that he was "of Christchurch, Oxford"; but no degree is in any case appended. He must have been in feeble health while young, as one of his most characteristic poems is headed "On being told I could not live long." Others betray despondency and even darker moods—the more noticeable in that he must have been under twenty-one years of age at the time. He appears as "student of Lincoln's Inn" in 1833. This same year he must have been abroad, as many of his poems are dated from Florence and other Italian, Swiss, and German cities and villages. In 1833 he made his advent as a poet and author from the Malta press in the most noticeable of all his books, as follows:—

"Mad Moments, or First Verse Attempts, by a Born Natural, addressed respectfully to the light-headed of Society at large, but intended more

particularly for the use of that World's Madhouse, London. By Henry Ellison, of Christchurch, Oxford, 1833. 2 vols. Price 8*s.* 6*d.*" (A third volume is promised at the end of the "Siberian Exile's Tale.")

Had Dr. John Brown in his *Horæ Subsecivæ* given full recognition to the fact that the press was a foreign one, it would have saved him from his egregious blundering over the author's supposed intentional running of words into those singular conglomerations on which he exercises his wit though not his wisdom. Besides, had the genial essayist's knowledge of his author not been extremely superficial, he would have known of the later editions, wherein an English press puts right all these and innumerable other mistakes and misprints, not without objurgation and lamentation of the poet over his Maltese printer's performances. His next book was entitled "Man and Nature in their Poetical Relations" (2 vols., 1838?), whereof he thus speaks in "Address to the Readers" in another volume that shall be described immediately:—

"These trifles are conceived in the same spirit, and for the same purpose as my larger work, entitled, 'Man and Nature in their Poetical Relations.' . . . This larger work contains in two volumes as much as usually forms four, there being not less than 26,000 lines therein."

Singularly enough, in no public library—from British Museum to the Bodleian and his own college of Christchurch—is a copy of this work to be found; while I have personally sought by agencies and advertisements over many years in vain for it. Was ever disappearance of a modern book more extraordinary? I have a strong impression that the

entire edition lies somewhere in unappreciative hands *id est* that it fell (practically) still-born from the press, much as later did "Stones from the Quarry."

Following this seeming-lost book came "Touches on the Harp of Nature, in the same key as Burns' grand anthem ('A Man's a man for a' that'). London: William Edward Painter, 342, Strand. 1839." In 1844 he published "The Poetry of Real Life: A new edition, much enlarged and improved. (First Series.) By Henry Ellison. Nihil humani a me alienum puto. London. Published for the Author by John Lee, 440, West Strand. MDCCCXLIV." It was reissued with simply a new title-page and with a motto from Wordsworth by "G. Willis, 42, Charing Cross, and Great Piazza, Covent Garden, 1851." The latter edition consisted of unsold copies of the former, just as there are copies of 'Mad Moments" with a London title-page substituted ("Painter, 342, Strand, 1839"—a new "Address' prefixed). The "Poetry of Real Life" consists substantially of the poems of "Mad Moments" carefully and critically worked over, but too often the revisions are as wooden as Wordsworth's later readings and insertions. After a long interval, but undated, appeared the following pseudonymous work:—

"Stones from the Quarry; or, Modes of Mind." By Henry Browne. London: Provost & Co., Henrietta Street, Covent Garden (pp. xix., 380).

Such is the small sum of our biographic and bibliographic data concerning Henry Ellison, save that he was married to a Miss Wells, who predeceased him some years—childless, and that he died on the 13th of February, 1880, in his sixty-

ninth year. He was buried at Boultham near Lincoln, in the family ground. I have searched fruitlessly all likely sources without happing upon a single memorial-word. He seems to have slipped out of life like a knotless thread through a needle (if the homely metaphor be permissible). Not only so, but congruous with all this is the absolute ignorance of him on the part of otherwise well-informed critics, so that nowhere does one come on any quotation from his relatively numerous volumes. To Dr. John Brown, therefore, belongs the distinction of having first called attention to the remarkable poetry of Henry Ellison; and it is pleasant to the lovers of both that, after every abatement—some of the abatements finical and unseeing—his verdict was high and unmistakable. He thus puts his final judgment:—

"Yet our Born-natural's two thick and closely-printed volumes are as full of poetry as is an 'impassioned grape' of its noble liquor. He is a true poet." If he owned any for Master it was Wordsworth.

That in all the known volumes of Henry Ellison there are grave faults and tantalising flaws even in the most consummate poems, audacities of eccentricity, violations of rhyme and rhythm, over-recurrence of the same rhyme-words, weak endings, carelessness of structure and construction, and sheer defiances of public opinion and sentiment, it were vain to deny. But whoso will take his five known volumes (whatever the lost ones may contain) and in patience of faith read on and on and through—pausing at times to ponder—will not lose his reward. He will find himself in contact with a

singularly penetrative intellect, before which rose far more than the eyes see of the mysteries of God's universe and nature and human nature, a wealth of high-thinking,—introspective and prescient,—bursts of lofty imagination, and hues of subtle fancy, and often and often felicities of wording and phrasing of the finest art. Nor was he without the salt of wit and humour, as the following hitherto unpublished lines by him, with which I have been favoured by a nephew of his, will show.

EUROPA ON THE WRONG BULL: ALBERT MEMORIAL SCULPT.

You stall-fed ox! you, *you* Europa carry!
Go plough, dull brute, or some staid cow go marry!
Your tail should lash the air, your hoof strike fire;
Your eyeballs light the way with hot desire;
The wave from off your glowing flanks should hiss;
Your lolling tongue strain back to lick or kiss.
You marble sham! become again a stock,
Till hands of fire Europa's form unlock.
Though one should kick behind, Europa pinch
And nudge above, thou'lt never budge an inch.
Get down, Europa! give the brute a kick,
He has no "go," and wants a good sharp prick.
Go, mount an "Irish bull" ('twill profit more)
On two legs, than this stock upon all four.
Not such the Bull that thee off whilom bore,
And, spurning Asia's, sought famed Europe's shore;
The winner of such prize was worth his fee
(Not so the Sculptor-man), though but Bull he!
The hand of Phidias made dead stones live,
But this can only take life from, not give!

The poem "Season Changes" is one of the longer of his poems, and is of such quality as ranges it with the type of poems represented by some of the "higher strains" of Dr. Henry More and Henry and Thomas Vaughan, Milton's "L'Allegro" and "Il

Penseroso," and Wordsworth's "Intimations of Immortality"—all of the imperishable stuff and touched with the light of the Neo-Platonists. To find room for this remarkable poem,—which it were treason to mutilate,—our extent of choice has been inevitably limited. But our second selection, "Nature," will vindicate itself, whilst our third and fourth, "Two Odes to Psyche," though not without specks, must surely henceforth take a high place in any intelligent Anthology. So too his ode to "Antinous in the Florence Fine Art Gallery"—"On a Greek Vase"—on "Ghiberti's Gates to the Baptistery at Florence"—on "the Apollo Belvedere," and on "an undeciphered Etruscan death-urn." Ellison did so much of his poetic work in sonnets—sometimes like Palissy the Potter creating miracles of wonder out of clay, and sometimes like Benvenuto Cellini placing before us, as it were, flagon or casket of gold or silver-work,—that we include several representative ones. Perchance we might have chosen better; but those selected may perhaps tempt the reader to search out the volumes that contain the others. I should have liked to have spoken of "Emma, a Tale," and of "Hearing an Old Time Song," and several other of his longer pieces, and of his pregnant and pathetic addresses in prefaces and notes, and considerable expository prose; but my space is exhausted. And so I close my inadequate but heartfelt notice by deploring the inexplicable reticence of living Ellisons regarding Henry Ellison. He is a puzzle in many ways, but scarcely less is the unconcern of his representatives toward his memory.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

MAD MOMENTS: OR FIRST VERSE ATTEMPTS BY A BORN NATURAL.

1833.

HENRY ELLISON.

I.—SEASON-CHANGES: THEIR SIGNS AND MORAL.

WHEN Summer fruits have ripen'd sweet,
When winds are sighing, and flowers dying,
And latest are blinking in brake and dell;
When Autumn leaves are first wind-flying,
And rainbow-hued by the rip'ning spell,
Of sun-baked juices that downward fleet
From the seasoned boughs i' the roots to dwell,
In their Winter cells; when old carles tell
By ingle blaze, their Christmas tales
That smack of the taste of ancient days;
And the New Year midnight's dream is told
To the flame-flap and the whistling gale's
Wild Winter music, as he lays
Some stout oak low, and the blood runs cold
Of the prick-eared urchin, 'neath the charm
Of brain-coined fears and sprite-wrought harm;
And good old songs, heart-music, meet
To merrymakings, where the heart
Takes a new lease of life and love,
Are sung by household lips, so sweet
To wiser minds, who play their part
On life's calm home-stage, far above
Ambition's vain heart-fevering cares,
Soul-soiling wealth, and all the fears
Of him whose mind is not his own,
But fashioned at Opinion's beck,
Chameleon-like, a bubble blown

By every breath of Folly thro'
The void wherein 'tis born and dies;
With no self-strength, self-worth, or hue,
But borrowed all, like atomies
Wind-lifted in the sunbeam's track.
When Summer feelings pass away
With the bright things that gave them birth,
They leave their sweetness in the heart,
By Thought's honey-bees preserved
And for after-times reserved;
Thought's honey-bees, whose Summer-day
Tho' gone, has left a sober mirth,
Which shall endure with kindly ray
To lighten o'er the Winter-hearth;
In the hour of outward dearth
A taste of past joys to impart:
As the honey still retains
The flavour which the flower gave,
When *this* to charm no more remains,
And wisdom *that*, alone can save;
Their colours, forms and scents and hues,
The soul can take from outward things,
And with them recreate past views;
Like the wild eagle it has wings
Of unseen motion, which will bear
It cloudwards from this prison-scene,
And give it visions fresh and fair.
When all fruits, ripe to the core
Swell to bursting; when no more
You can see the toppling wain
Crowned with Cere's golden grain,
Filling all the narrow lane;
And as creaking on it goes
Leaving corn-spikes on the rows

Of the hedge-side elms, which spread
In groin-like arches overhead.
When the garners brimfull tell
That the earth has yielded well;
Paying back man's toil and care
With all gifts and produce fair;
Teaching many a lesson high
In her wise economy;
Had to turn to fitting use
Means which men too oft abuse;
And e'en in most despisèd things
To seek and find high minist'rings.
When the rainbow harvests all
Are gathered in, and none to fall
'Neath hook or sickle now remain;
'Tis a sign that Summer's train
Has departed; that again
Prudence, Toil, and Hope begin
A new race, repeating in
The self-same track, the self-same round
Of the Season's narrow bound;
The image of the former year,
As in a glass reflected clear.
When the stubble field, close-clipped,
Tells that harvest-home is done;
Tho' Fancy still can think she hears,
(Cheating her heart from Winter-fears)
The harvest carols dying on
Her charmèd ear, and sheafèd corn
Loud-rustling in the breeze, or borne
To the careful granary;
There to be stacked high and dry
For the Winter use, or years
Of scanty growth; when now frost-nipp'd

Flowers hang drooping 'neath the Morn;
Tho' the lark still soars the sky
As tho' Winter's dreaded name
Not one pulse of joy could tame;
Season-free, as unto him,
All times and places were the same;
When the swallow's swift wings skim
The foam-wave that sparkles by;
Speeding blithely whence he came;
When the cawing rooks do gather
Sticks and straws for Winter-weather;
Architects who build and plan
Tho' unschool'd, as well as man,
With his terms of Art precise,
And his rules and measures nice.

When the red-cheeked apple falls,
And from the purple-stainèd grapes
Dropping ripe on warm South walls
The nectar juice almost escapes;
When from Summer's parting lip
Their last beauty-tinge they take;
Fragrant hues and scents that make
The wandering bee athirst to sip
Dew-wine, with warm sunbeams blent,
That might fill the veins nigh spent
Of age with vigour—bunches such
As in his rosy-fingered clutch
(Sweet as kisses, full and lush)
Bacchus' self was wont to crush
When with frolic, mirth and glee
And many-voicèd revelry,
From the mid-day heat he strayed
Thro' Nysa's echo-haunted shade;
Where the Dryads answered him

'Mid the alleys faint and dim;
And the many-fountained glade
By the birds was vocal made;
While from some wide-branching oak
Came the Woodman's far-off stroke;
Far far from the sacred spot
Which man's foot disturbèd not;
There on heaped up flowers he'd lie
Counting the moments as they fly,—
Grape-berries for his rosary:
Whose nectar-drops seemed to his mouth
Sweet as the breath of the sweet South;
Trickling o'er his laughing lip,
As with head held back he'd sip;
While old Silenus watched the boy,
And held his sides, and laughed for joy:
Now when 'neath their leafy palls
Tender flowerets buried lie,
Yielding to harsh Destiny,—
From which nothing fair escapes,
And the hoar-frost weaves fancy-shapes,
Till the thawing sunbeam falls;
For Nature has her fancies too,
And with the clouds and with the winds
She fashions pictures ever-new,
At her sweet will, like poet-minds
Who are but utterers of things
Which she has sent thro' ear and eye,
Unto the heart, which o'er them flings
The charm of human feeling high;
The sweet touch of humanity.
The heart, which by its hopes and fears,
Its yearnings, joys and loves endears
The meanest thing; 'til it can give

An impulse unto all who live :
Yes ! in Nature's every form,
In cloud, in sunshine, and in storm ;
In voice of stream, or song of bird,
In all that's seen and all that's heard,
One spirit still is hovering nigh,
The soul of all her poesy ;
Typ'd in the Echo's mystic voice
That bids the heart of man rejoice
To think the universal soul
Pulsing thro' each part and whole,
A sympathetic response gives
Unto everything that lives.
'Tis from this eternal source
Each smaller stream derives its course
Supplied like rivers from the sea,
And flowing thither constantly.
Of all Nature's harmonies
The corresponding key-note lies
In man's soul, and every part
Hath an echo in his heart ;
As a mirror, where you see
All things in epitome ;
The moral world and physical
The outward and the inner, all
Form one vast and perfect whole
Moved by one pervading soul.
And the highest poet he
Who of the vast machinery
At the centre stands, and sees
Creation rise by due degrees ;
And with Wisdom's master-key
Unlocks the soul of harmony.

When grasshopper, chirping late,
Easing thus his merry heart,
Not from cares but over-joy,
Tells that Summer's out of date,
Yet thereat no fears annoy
His blithe spirit; not one smart
For lost moments, wishes ill,
As he sang, so sings he still:
In his life-dregs keeping holy
That joy-essence fresh and clear,
Free from taint of melancholy;
Which from Nature, when the Year
Saw his birth-day young like him
He received, a boon of glory
Man might envy, whom a whim
A mere nothing can o'er-dim;
Changing Joy's smile to a tear
From his cradle to his bier:
Ever-seeking, never tasting,
Some air-form of Fancy grasping,—
Present moments ever-wasting,
For those that come not for his asking;
And when come not worth the tasking;
Wherewith Fancy, sick at heart,
Ransacked all her slippery art;
Giving to Time's future shape
Graces; in their stead the ape,
Grinning Mockery, to find;
Disappointment hid behind
The form of ripe fruition
When the bubble-dream is gone!

When the Redbreast whistles blithe,
Taking of sweet song his fill,

Tho' the other birds be still;
And the lambs full-sized bleat strong,
Well-wool'd 'gainst the Winter's chill;
When no more the reaping scythe
Finds a cornstalk to cut down
And the stubblefield looks brown
Where the formless vapor shows
Objects indistinct and wrong;
When the daylight shorter grows,
And owl and bat's delight is long;
When nigh eveless Night draws on,
Waiting scarce for set of sun;
Like enchantress, whose high spell
Works a sudden miracle.
When the Nightingale's spell-song
Is rare heard the brakes among;
Now by ruder sounds o'erblown
Which from Winter take their tone;
The harsh-voicèd wind 't may be,
With rude-season'd rivalry;
Or the Night-birds bolder made
By the lengthened evening's shade;
When the peasant, weather-wise,
Shakes his grey head at the skies;
By his blazing cottage flame
Mutters Winter's chilly name,
Lives o'er the Past in many a tale,
And prophecies, and quaffs his ale;
While the fire's fitful blaze
On his sunburnt features plays,
And in chimney-nook to sleep
Tirèd dog and urchin creep.
When the weather-signs are rife,
Telling of new Season's life;

And all creatures, instinct-wise,
Tho' taught not to philosophize,
Now prepare, each in his way
To protract life's little day;
When the hazel-nuts full-grown
To the squirrel ripely shown
Thro' the scant leaves plump and brown
Give a relish to his tooth
Epicures might grudge in sooth;
And the acorns pattering
To the swine a rich treat bring;
While the passing traveller sees
Them grunting 'neath the wind-shook trees.

Now when all Earth's living creatures
Tell of change in Time's old features;
And thy own heart, plainer still
Than falling leaf or faded hill;
Tells thee that the Summer's flown
With all joys that thou hast known;
When thou feel'st that, like the Year
Thy heart too is in the sere
And yellow leaf; that it must be
Changed in its fancied unity;
Reflect but shattered fragments now
Like broken glass of former joy,
And of its former self retain
Dull memory with present pain;
The remnants of a joy which was
A perfect whole, ere Time the glass
Of Hope had broke, whose fragments now
But multiply an idle show;
Which puzzles still the cheated eye
That vainly would identify.

Take courage Heart; for here below
What are such things but idle show;
Whose whole worth in thyself doth dwell
Created by thy magic spell.
According as thou turn'st to good
Or evil use, Time's changeful mood:
So, like the wind the eagle's wings
'Twill lift thy soul to higher things
Than those whereon the eye doth rest,
Or make thee level with the beast
Who lives but unto time and earth,
Whereof his food and joys have birth.
But thou that draw'st from such mean source
Only thy body's brief-lived force;
Should'st not submit thy soul thereto
But to its service these subdue;
Nor from the changeful Seasons here,
Take argument of hope or fear.

When thy heart with outward things
Tells that Time upon his wings
Has thy Summer-fancies stole,
And far from th' imagin'd goal
Still thy hopes keep toiling on,
For joys that seemed already won,
And in future trust to find
Bliss that shall not cheat the mind,
More than all thou'st left behind;
Tho' if thou think'st well, there is
Nor surer, nor a greater bliss;
For what so sure as that which thou
Dost enjoy, not thinking how
Or when, or where, it is enjoyed,
Lost in the bliss, which is destroyed,
Or past, when you begin to think

Of what it is; then does it shrink
Up from a boundless joy to a
Cold reflex of what's passed away.

When all these signs tell the Year
Hath laid Summer on his bier,
When all fruits are gathered in,
And our indoor joys begin;
When the fixed mind seeks at home
Bliss for which fools vainly roam;
When in sober thought it tastes
Sweeter joys than Summer wastes;
Who, too lavishly profuse
Of pleasure, scarcely knows its use;
Plucking fruit and smelling flower
As Winter had o'er these no power;
Who severely wise and kind
Concentrates within the mind.
When at Wisdom's harvest-home
Gleaning from the fleeting doom,
And quick change of earthly things
Bright truths and high aspirings;
It self-centred in the sphere
Of desires calm and clear,
Moves on unto its true end,
E'en as kindred stars do bend
In one constellation knit,
To the source from whence they're lit.
Then look thro' thy heart, and say
What the Summer in its day
Has ripen'd there of good and bright,
That may glad thy after-sight.
Has it had its harvest-home?
Its Spring growth? and its Summer bloom?

And when bloom has passed away
Has it had its seeding-day,
Of well-rip'ned, seasoned thought,
From Experience duly bought ;
Of wise joys, which in the mind
Seeds of better leave behind ;
Joys by sorrow touched and tried,
And freed from earthly dross and pride ;
Such as unreprov'd and free,
Sweeten after-memory,—
Like scents which tho' lost in air
Leave a long-breathed odour there :
Has the Summer left for thee
In the soul's high-granary,
Produce not of hasty growth
But of well-maturèd worth ?
Fellow-creature Love and Peace,
With a mind and heart at ease ;
An high trust in human worth,
Where true self-respect has birth ;
And a love for everything
Which with man holds communing,
From the meanest worm that creeps
To the babe that cradled sleeps,
On his mother's love-stirred breast,--
Like a young bird on the nest.
Has the Summer left thy heart,
That which passes show, the art
Like wise Nature, to prepare
From the Past a future fair ?
From thine undisturbèd breast,
To create a high self-rest ;
And as Earth seems barren round
Yet has rich seeds underground,

In the Winter of thy day,
Still to foster Faith's pure ray.
As the Earth within her breast
When she seems at barren rest,
Still prepares in her good time
Coming Springs; and from the slime
Of the brute soil moulds to life
Forms with grace and beauty rife;
So within thy inmost soul
Striving towards a higher goal,
From this life's impediments,
And the body's downward bents,
Frame thou the wings to upward aims,
As from the gross wood rise pure flames.
In thy spirit's fertile womb
Mould its shapes not for the tomb;
There let Faith beget on Love
The angel thou shalt be Above!
From life's dull and Winter clime
Prepare the Springs of coming Time.
Thus the Seasons o'er thy heart
Pass, and leave no fretting smart;
Each in its own kind is good,
Tho' they yield a different food;
Still for immortality
Thought from all can draw supply;
Meanings from the falling leaf;
Warnings from things sweet and brief;
Thoughts too deep for words, in things
To which home-dear Memory clings;
Food for love in all we see,
For Love is the life-faculty;
The high basis-element
Where noblest things take nobler bent;

In which alone they breathe and fly,
Unfold their wings and seek the sky.
Thus pass the fleeting shows of things,
These Time takes off, e'en as he brings;
While the pure soul unchanged doth lie
Self-centred in its unity.

Lies not life's true worth in thought?
Are not hence its best hues caught?
Can we not in soul pass in
To the promise-land, and win
Even to reality
Some shadow of that purer sky?
View, like the Hebrew, from afar
The land which earthly senses bar?
Is it not enough to think
And as with a Lethe-drink
Gnawing sorrows melt away,
In the warmth of Faith's full ray:
She feels not the weight of years;
In her eye are no dim tears;
She knows neither age nor youth,
For her being is a truth;
And all truth unchanging is;
No chameleon hues are his,
In old hearts and young the same,
Burning as their altar-flame.
Tho' I body old may be,
Still heart-young I'll taste the glee
Of all things that in my youth
Were to me a week-day truth;
Ever in the hope before me,
As with prophet's eye I'll see,
From the rainbow's cloud-path rise

Shadowings of bright mysteries,
Wherein the soul doth trust to be
What here it seems but scantily.
Still shall Fancy to me bring
Flowers of Spring-blossoming;
Buds of Southern hue and clime
In the chill mid-Winter time;
With the ripest Summer-fruits
And a mood that therewith suits!
And tho' full-ripe they be not,
I'll not quarrel with my lot,
But the ripe half thankfully
Eat; nor linger greedily
Till the whole shall ripen'd be;
Grateful what the Seasons give
Will I take, and learn to live
As the wise bee, who doth hive
From each flower, as it blows
The honey which delay would lose:
Like him mould each different store
Into Wisdom's compact lore;
Giving the enduring taste
To sweets which one brief hour might waste,
For no joy is perfect here;
Half is ripe and half is sere;
Half in Disappointment's shade;
Half by Hope's warm sun o'er-rayed;
I'll pluck it as it chance to be;
Half is worth the whole to me;
Fancy still shall bring me pleasures
From an whole life's scattered treasures
She shall plant in my old breast
Youth's wise heart with all life's best;
Make me as I was of old,

Ere life's weary tale was told;
Thus, for ever young, the heart
Changes with alchymic art
To pure gold the dross of things;
Plucking from Time's rapid wings
Feathers for a higher flight,
When it feels full-fledged its might.
From Doubt's curious questionings,
Flashings forth of hidden things;
Drawing stronger faith and love;
Quickened pulses that do move
In a holier unison
(Like age-mellowed eld-time song
Sung in Nature's ear so long,)
With the hidden heart of things,
Throb for throb; mysterious yearnings:
Thus as life shall near its end
Wisely I the dregs will spend;
They shall not be troubled lees
Where all taste of goodness dies,
But a genial liquor still
Fit to cheer the heart at will.
Thus I'll pluck, on the grave's brink
Life's last flowers ere I sink;
Then my last earth-glance shall be
Sweet as closing minstrelsy;
Or as the calm sunset-ray
Betokening a fairer day;
And the first taste of Heaven's bliss
Mingle with the last of this!
Thus my heart with sober mirth
Shall await its second birth;
Self-moulded to that inward form
Which outlives both Time and storm!

II.—NATURE.

(*As revised for "The Poetry of Real Life."* 1844.)

OFT mighty Nature herself plays for me
Over again, (that I may the true key
Of Being hit), the music of the Past;
Not broken notes, as erst, (which scarce could be
Of their own sweetness conscious, ere, too fast,
And but half felt, they fled) but the whole vast
And boundless compass of her harmony;
Through all the vocal steps, e'en from the last,
Soft breathings, rising gradual to the blast
From the loud thunder to the cricket's glee,—
The homesomest note of all her minstrelsy;
Which links the music of the household hearth
With hers: man's small home with his vast home, earth!
And something more than this, oh something more
I hear (felt by the beating heart before,
At intervals, when hushed as is a flower,
It caught the import of some happier hour,
Yet scarcely conscious, though touched to the core:
Lost amid feelings, whose immensity
Makes us to pause, as when upon the shore
Of the hushed ocean we come suddenly)
A music of far far diviner power;
A choral burst from out the sanctuary,
The touching music of Humanity;
Which at the heart still of all Nature lies,
The deep bass now of all her harmonies.
In snatches I had felt it from the first,
Which more than they expressed seem to comprise;
Oft have the village-bells, the wild replies

Of Echo, as if earth with man conversed,—
A dying note, which seemingly dispersed,
Comes softly back once more, in whispering wise,
Like Nature at our ear, brought to my eyes,
The tears I scarce knew why, and scarcely durst
Ask mine own self: for awe—it seemed to rise
So far beyond my depth—to sympathise
With some mysterious pulse! but it has burst
On me at length, with its full melodies:
As thunder strong, yet gentle from the first
And clearly its deep import, not as erst
Unsconsciously in all, I recognise!

What we entrust to Nature's keeping, she
Will beautify a thousand-fold for our
Enlarged perceptions, at some future hour;
Though but the childish recollections we
Link with the daisy, or the faded flower,
She makes it as a spell of boundless power:
And, if from youth we walk in her ways, free
And unreproved her footsteps to explore,
The music of our own hearts then will be
With her eternal music blent—still more,
And clearer felt—not distinct, as before,
But needful parts of one full harmony:
Where what one wants the other doth supply.

The music which in boyhood charmed my ear,
The sound of village-bell, of bird and brook,
Was set to hopes and yearnings, which, tho' dear
And deep, and holy, their sole impulse took
From homes so blessèd, yet still narrow sphere
Music, which few beyond would care to hear

Yet, since that too was hers, and in a key,
In which the highest melodies might be
Composed, was set e'en then—the key of Love—
In which the music of the spheres above
By God Himself is tuned !—still, as I grew
Did she enlarge, as she is wont to do,
For those who put their trust in her alone,
Its sphere and compass, till it now runs through
The whole vast scale, down to the smallest tone,
The least, least note, to living creature known !
Till this wide Earth seems now but as my home,
With the old footsteps marked, where'er I roam !
For such, to my enlarged perceptions shown,
With years expanding, the vast hall has grown,
And all things therein, as transfigured, shine,
Enlarged for mankind's use, yet not to mine
Lost or diminished, but brought far, far more
Within my reach—a richer, goodlier store !
Thus all I seem'd to have lost again I find,
Differing but in degree—the same in kind !
The village-clock, whose chimes rang out so sweet,
With memories of youth and home replete,
Is now changed to the vast clock of the sky,
Whose chimes, the spheres, ring out man's destiny !
And Earth, the grave of millions, is to me
Now sacred as the churchyard seemed to be,
In which the graves of my beloved ones lie !
With dew, for holy-water, the great God
Hath blessed it—yea ! each flower on the sod !
His blessing is on all perceptible—
And from each open grave His voice is sent,
The echo to man's deep presentiment !
Thus find I still, e'en to the least detail,
All home held dear, upon so grand a scale !

This world is now, with its starlighted dome,
Dear and familiar to me, as the room,
Where, in the holy concert, small yet true,
My heart, with those of all I loved, was like
A string, which Nature's hand e'en then did strike,
Yielding a music which, though low, thrilled through
The World's profound heart, that e'en then with it
Did beat, and strange, electric throbs transmit!
But now it swells into a nobler strain,
A mightier harmony, which can constrain
The pulses of the hush'd world, and subdue
Men's hearts to rapture!—for 'tis now in true
Accord, and set to larger joy and pain,
The hopes and yearnings of this vaster home,
(For ever echoing up to heavens' dome,
And mingling with the music of the spheres:
Where, like its written note, each star appears,
The score, with fire traced through all the sky!)
The deep sweet music of Humanity!
So deep, that its least tone can stir to tears!
Which e'en the living God delighted hears!
And, in its sublime swell of harmony
(Like the world-organ's, whose vast pipes are blown
Upon by all the four winds of the sky
At once, so to produce commensurate tone
And fill its mighty lungs perpetually
With breath, that it may lift its voice on high,
And with its choral thunders still make known
The power of God! yet melting gradually,
(His gentleness and mercy to imply)
Into a strain so soft, as not to wake
The bird upon the bough, nor yet to make
A dewdrop tremble in the flower's eye!)
Nature, my nobler mother grown, plays o'er

Again for me the music sweet of yore ;
Not lost, but as a soft, deep undertone,
Blest with, for aye, and still more like, her own!
So homesome, so familiar, so clear,
That all that sublime music doth appear
To me but as the airs I used to play
On mine own flute, upon my homeward way ;
And all the stops of that vast instrument,
Like those of my small pipe, obedient
To my least touch, repeat those tunes so dear ;
So that, like the first flowers of the Year,
Life's freshest feelings still to me are lent,—
For that which is true to the heart she keeps
In her own blessedness and beauty steeps,
And what man takes to heart, she takes to heart
Likewise, if good, and will not from it part—
Thus, if a truth be hid in antique rhyme,
She cleaves to it, and keeps it through all time:
Thus, the first song, that charmed our childish ear
Is still the sweetest music we can hear!
And comes back to us like the voice of God,
When in the paths of peace, His paths, we trod,
The paths of innocence: and with Truth played,
As with a cherub, who yet with us stayed!

III.—TO PSYCHE.

(Ode I.)

(As revised for "The Poetry of Real Life." 1844.)

First made immortal by Apuleius in his "Golden Ass," the classical story of Psyche and Cupid has exercised a strange fascination over poets of all lands and languages. Psyche is made to represent the human soul as embodied in woman, and Cupid, heavenly love as embodied in man. They are united under the condition (itself a subtle fancy) that their entire intercourse is to be limited to night and darkness, under the inexorable penalty on either of separation on any attempt to see one or other with the bodily eyes. Anger and Desire tempt Psyche to violate the bond of union, and, bearing a lit lamp with her, she enters their bed-chamber and gazes on the sleeping Cupid, but only to lose him.—A. B. G.

LET not a sigh be breathed, or he is flown!
With tip-toe stealth she glides, and throbbing breast
Towards the bed, like one who dares not own
Her purpose to herself, yet cannot rest
From her rash essay: in her trembling hand
She bears a lamp, which sparkles on a sword:
In the dim light she seems a wandering dream
Of loveliness: 'tis Psyche and her lord,
Her yet unseen, who slumbers like a beam
Of moonlight, vanishing as soon as scann'd!

One moment, and all bliss hath fled her heart;
She with her eyes the vision will dispel,
And break the dreamy charm no magic art
Can e'er replace; alas! we learn full well
How beautiful the Past but to deplore;
While with seal'd eyes we hurry to the brink,
Blind as the waterfall: oh, stay thy feet,
Thou rash one! let thine eye not covet more
Of bliss than thy heart feels, nor vainly think
That sight will make thy vision more complete!

Onward she glides, and gliding, doth infuse
  Her beauty into the dim air, that fain
Would dally with it; and, as the faint hues
  Flicker around, her charmèd eye-balls strain;
For there he lies in dreamy loveliness!
  Softly she steals towards him, and bends o'er
His eyes, sleep-curtained, as a lily droops
Faint o'er a folded rose: one meek caress
She would, but dares not take; and as she stoops
  A drop fell from the lamp, she trembling, bore.

Thereat, sleep-fray'd, dreamlike the god takes wing,
  And soars to his own skies, while Psyche strives
To clasp his foot, and fain thereon would cling
  But falls insensate; so must he who gives
His love to sensual forms sink still to earth;
  Whose soul doth cater to a wanton eye.
Psyche! thou should'st have taken that high gift
  Of love, as it was meant, that mystery
Had use divine; the gods do test our worth,
And, ere they grant high boons, our hearts would sift!

Hadst thou no divine vision of thine own?
  Didst thou not see the object of thy love
Clothed with a beauty to mere sense unknown?
  And could not that bright image, far above
The reach of sere decay, content thy thought?
  Which with its glory would have wrapp'd thee round,
To the grave's brink, untouched by age or pain!
Alas! we mar what Fancy's womb has brought
  Of loveliest forth, and to the narrow bound
Of sense reduce the Helen of the brain!

(Ode II.)

Why stand'st thou thus at gaze
In the faint taper's rays,
With strainèd eyeballs fixed upon that bed?
Has he then flown away,
Lost, like a star in day,
Or like a pearl in depths unfathomèd?
Alas! thou hast done very ill,
Thus with thine eyes the vision of thy soul to kill

Thought'st thou that earthly light
Could then assist thy sight?
Or that the limits of reality
Could grasp things fairer than
Imagination's span,
Who communes with the angels of the sky?
Thou graspest at the rainbow, and
Would'st make it as the zone with which thy waist
is spann'd!

And what find'st thou in his stead?
Only the empty bed!
And what is that when no more hallowed by
Imagination? a mere sty
For Sensualism to wallow in,
To which thy fault is near akin;
Thou sought'st the earthly and therefore
The heavenly is gone, for that must ever soar!

For the bright world of
Pure and boundless love
What hast thou found? alas! a narrow room

Put out that light,
Restore thy soul its sight,
For better 'tis to dwell in outward gloom,
Than thus, by the vile body's eye,
To rob the soul of its infinity!

Love, Love has wings, and he
Soon out of sight will flee,
Lost in far ether to the sensual eye,
But the soul's vision true
Can track him, yea! up to
The Presence and the Throne of the Most High:
For thence he is, and tho' he dwell below,
To the soul only he his genuine form will show!

Oh Psyche, Psyche, 'tis by our own thought
That Heaven's gifts to fit use must be wrought,
But what the soul itself can scarcely grasp,
Thou in thine arms wouldst sensually clasp!

SELECTED SONNETS.

HENRY ELLISON.

I.—THE DAY'S EYE.

(From "Mad Moments.")

SWEET flower! thou art a link of memory,
An emblem to the heart of bright days flown;
And in thy silence, too, there is a tone
That stirs the inmost soul, more potently
Than if a trumpet's voice had rent the sky!
I love thee much, for when I stray alone,
Stealing from Nature her calm thoughts, which own
No self-disturbance, and my curious eye
Catches thy magic glance, methinks a spell
Has touched my soul; once more I grow a boy;
Once more my thoughts, that as a passing-bell,
Seemed to toll o'er departed shapes of joy,
Change to old chimes, and in my bosom swell
Fresh pulses of a bliss without alloy.

II.—THE ALP ROSE.

(From "Mad Moments.")

HAST Thou not bade the Alp Rose bloom to Thee
All-bounteous God! though mortal foot has rare
Or never trod the eternal snows, which there
Worship Thee silently; nor curious eye
Sought in the wilderness Thy testimony?
Let us not idly deem that aught in air
Or earth is barren beauty, so it bear
A witness unto Thee; 'tis hallowed by
That thought, and has a moral beauty far
Beyond the pomp of thrones! That lone flower might
Emblem true piety; which, like a star,
Dwells 'mid a privacy of modest light,
Blessing unseen, unnoticed 'mid the glare;
Her sole reward, the bliss of acting right.

III.—SONNET TO THE GENTIAN.

(From "Mad Moments.")

SWEET flower of holiest blue! why bloom'st thou so
In solitary loveliness, more fair
In this thy artless beauty, than the rare
And costliest garden-plant? why dost thou grow
On the unthankful ice-cliff's printless brow,
Like the fond offerings, which true hearts bear
To the cold inmate of the grave? The air
Is redolent of Heaven, and thy glow
Of azure blue is caught from thence; but why
Hid'st thou thy beauties from the sight of man?
There is a moral in thy privacy!
Truth will not grow where vulgar eyes may scan,
Or hands unholy pluck—'tis for the sky
She blooms, and those who seek, must climb, nor fear to die.

IV.—A SUNSET THOUGHT.

As Revised for "The Poetry of Real Life."

THE sun is burning with intensest light
Behind yon grove; which, in the golden glow
Of unconsuming Fire, burns; as though
It were the Bush, in which to Moses' sight
The Lord appeared! And O, am I not right
In thinking that he *re*appears e'en now
To me, in the old Glory? So I bow
My head, in wonder hush'd, before His might!

Yea! this whole world so vast, to Faith's clear eye,
Is but that burning Bush full of His Power,
His Light, and Glory; not *consumed* thereby,
But made *transparent*: till, in each least flower,
Yea! in each smallest leaf, she can descry
His Spirit shining through it visibly!

V.—THE STARS.

(From "Mad Moments.")

THE Stars come forth, a silent hymn of praise
To the great God, and shining every one,
Make up the glorious harmony, led on
By Hesperus their Chorister; each plays
A part in the grand concert with its rays,
And yet so stilly, modestly, as none
Claimed to himself ought of the good thus done
By all together, mingled in soft blaze.
Each has his path, there moves unerringly,
Nor seeks for empty fame, do we as they.
Let each soul lend its utmost light, each play
In the grand concert of Humanity
Its destined part;—then mankind on its way
Shall move as surely as those stars on high.

VI.—LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT.

(From the "Poetry of Real Life.")

SILENCE broods o'er the mighty Babylon,
And Darkness, his twin-brother, with him keeps
His solemn watch; the wearièd city sleeps,
And Solitude—strange contrast! muses on
The fate of man, there, whence the crowd anon
Will scare her with life's tumult! the great deeps
Of human thought are stirless, yet there creeps,
As 'twere, a far-off hum, scarce heard, then gone,
On the still air: 'tis the heart doth move
And beat at intervals, soon, from its sleep,
To start refreshed. O Thou Who rul'st above,
Be with it in its dreams, and let it keep,
Awake, the spirit of pure peace and love,
Which Thou breath'st thro' it now, so still and deep!

VII.—ON ROBERT BURNS' HUMANITY.

(From the "Poetry of Real Life.")

OH noble Burns! thy soul was like the lark
That 'neath thy feet sprang up to greet the sky,
Yet singing of the earth eternally,
And pleading up to heaven—while yet dark
It lay beneath thee, thou afar didst mark
The Day that cometh in its majesty;
And, kindling up thereat thy poesy,
With its articulate blasts didst blow the spark!
That spark of Love divine, which in thy soul
God placed, and which, as still thou sang'st, did grow,
And kindle, till it warm'd this mighty Whole—
Until that Whole, transfigured in its glow,
Revealed to thee the one great Word, the sole
Abiding Truth—that Love is all below.

VIII.—TO WORDSWORTH.

(From the "Poetry of Real Life.")

THRO' clouds and darkness to meridian height
Of glory, thou hast upward climbed, and now
In empyrean blue, with cloudless brow
Look'st o'er a prospect clear and infinite—
Rejoicing by, rejoicing in, thy light!
The vapours, which at first would not allow
Full view of thee, are gone, we know not how;
Absorbed into thy splendour, and thy might!
And now, great spirit, thou unto thy close
Art hastening, and trails of glory make
The heavens gorgeous for thy repose—
Thou hast made day for all men to partake,
And having thought of others and their woes,
Shalt be remembered now for thy own sake.

THE POETRY OF REAL LIFE.

1844.

HENRY ELLISON.

I.—THE UPRIGHT MAN.

THE Upright Man, he goes his way,
He holds his God-marked brow erect,
His where-abouts are like the day,
Suspecting none, none him suspect.

He wears his arm upon his sleeve,
Though spiteful daws may peck at will,
And, though his fellow-men aggrieve,
His heart of good they cannot kill.

He loves and pities them, in spite
Of all the ill they cause him too,
Their loss, he knows, is infinite,
Better to suffer wrong than do!

He scorns to hide his thoughts, for 'tis
His glory to be free at heart,
And if his tongue were tied, he'd miss
His freedom, or its better part.

He scorns to do, too, i' the dark
What he should do in all men's sight;
This is of Freedom, the true ark,
The real Palladium of Right.

He sees not in the ballot-box
The hope and freedom of a State,
But in Truth, Peace, and Justice, rocks,
Pillars, on which to lean its weight.

He does as he would be done by,
And covets not another's good,
But with it gladdens heart and eye,
And would increase it if he could.

He does increase it truly too,
And swells the general sum of bliss,
As through the moon, though hid from view
By other worlds, the sun lights this!

He yields obedience e'en where
The law is not as it should be,
For violence doth Peace impair,
Who brings, at last, all to agree.

Yet must he speak against the wrong,
Aye, though he suffer, he must speak,
For Truth is stronger than the strong,
And mightiest often in the weak.

And thoughts, high thoughts, like angels are,
And work unseen their work of grace,
Conveying their ministries afar,
When nearer home they leave no trace!

And oft when fall'n on evil days
Freedom awhile seems lost to Man,
One witness may again upraise,
And many end what one began.

He labours not for some poor end,
In darkling mole-ways of his own,
But with Mankind doth onward wend,
And *his* Good doth to its postpone.

Or, rather, they have one same Good,
And that which makes Mankind more wise
And happy, doth the one include,
And all his blessings multiplies.

He would take shame to think, that he,
The labours of Man's hand and thought,
So largely shared, without a plea,
Contributing thereunto nought.

Past ages both and present make
The goodly sum of each Man's bliss,
And he who adds most, more doth take,
And little truly can call his!

A nation builds him palaces,
With Art and Nature's wonders filled,
And bridges, as he goes, his ways
Prepare, just where he would have willed!

And vessels wait, to bear him o'er
The sea, as made for him alone,
He steps on board, and thinks no more
About it, till his voyage is done!

Sages, for him, great Nature's laws
Explore, and bring her to the light
He may know all that is or was,
A Being all-but infinite.

For him the greatest poets sing,
As if they sang for him alone,
And music from the heavens bring
For every fireside some tone!

Ungrateful were he then indeed,
If deeply he took not to heart
The want of Man, and bade God-speed
To all, and took in all a part.

So goes the upright man his way
One with mankind, not of a sect,
His goings open as the day
His actions, like the light, direct!

Frederick William Faber.

1814—1863.

Frederick William Faber was born at the Vicarage, Calverley, Yorkshire, on the 28th of June, 1814. He was educated at Harrow and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he graduated in 1836, having carried off the Newdegate prize with his poem "The Knights of St. John." In 1837 he was elected to a fellowship at University College, and in the same year ordained deacon, accepting priest's orders in 1839. He took a private tutorship in 1840, and during 1841 travelled extensively with his pupils upon the Continent of Europe. In 1842 he published a work entitled "Sights and Thoughts in Foreign Churches and among Foreign People," which he dedicated to Wordsworth. In 1843 he became rector of Elton, in Huntingdonshire, and again visited the Continent, this time to inquire into the practical results of Catholic teaching, a deferred result of which was that in 1845 he entered the Church of Rome and founded a Brotherhood "of the will of God," first located at Birmingham, and afterwards at St. Wilfred's, Staffordshire. He was ordained priest in 1847, and in the following year joined the Oratory of St. Philip Neri under John Henry Newman, a branch of which he established at King William Street, Strand, London, in 1849. The London Oratory, which became a

separate institution in 1850, was removed to Brompton in 1854, and Faber continued at its head until his death, which took place there on the 26th of September, 1863. He was buried at St. Mary's, Sydenham. He published several volumes of verse: "The Knights of St. John" (1836); "The Cherwill Water Lily and other Poems" (1840); The Styrian Lake and other Poems" (1842); Sir Lancelot" (1844).; "The Rosary and other Poems" (1845); "Hymns ' (1848); "Jesus and Mary; or Catholic Hymns" (1849); and a complete edition of Hymns in 1862.

Faber enjoyed for a number of years the friendship of Wordsworth, to whom, as we have seen, he dedicated one of his early volumes. Upon hearing of Faber's determination to enter the Church, Wordsworth wrote him: "I do not say you are wrong, but England loses a poet." Whether Faber would ever have justified the application of the term poet in the high sense in which we should expect Wordsworth to use it may be doubted; but judged by any standard which it is proper to apply to sacred poetry, as such the best of his verse will take honourable rank. In "Carl Ritter," "The Heiress of Gösting," and the "Dream of King Crœsus," one of his best poems, he showed some faculty for narrative verse, but he lacked originality; and when not dealing with a classical or legendary theme showed want of resource and invention. Some of his hymns, however, have become very popular, and some contain the more enduring qualities not always found in popular work.

ALFRED H. MILES.

HYMNS.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

I.—THE PAIN OF LOVE.

JESUS! why dost Thou love me so?
What hast Thou seen in me
To make my happiness so great,
So dear a joy to Thee?

Wert Thou not God, I then might think
Thou hadst no eye to read
The badness of that selfish heart,
For which Thine own did bleed.

But Thou art God, and knowest all;
Dear Lord! Thou knowest me;
And yet Thy knowledge hinders not
Thy love's sweet liberty.

Ah, how Thy grace hath wooed my soul
With persevering wiles!
Now give me tears to weep; for tears
Are deeper joy than smiles.

Each proof renewed of Thy great love
Humbles me more and more,
And brings to light forgotten sins,
And lays them at my door.

The more I love Thee, Lord! the more
I hate my own cold heart;
The more Thou woundest me with love,
The more I feel the smart

What shall I do, then, dearest Lord!
Say, shall I fly from Thee,
And hide my poor unloving self
Where Thou canst never see?

Or shall I pray that Thy dear love
To me might not be given?
Ah, no! love must be pain on earth,
If it be bliss in Heaven.

II.—SUNDAY.

THERE is a Sabbath won for us,
A Sabbath stored above,
A service of eternal calm,
An altar-rite of love.

There is a Sabbath won for us,
Where we shall ever wait
In mute or voiceful ministries
Upon the Immaculate.

There shall transfigured souls be filled
With Christ's Eternal Name,
Dipped, like bright censers, in the sea
Of molten glass and flame.*

Yet set not in thy thoughts too far
Our Heaven and Earth apart,
Lest thou shouldst wrong the Heaven begun
Already in thy heart.

Though Heaven's above and Earth's below,
Yet are they but one state,
And each the other with sweet skill
Doth interpenetrate.

* Apoc. xv. 2.

Yea, many a tie and office blest,
In earthly lots uneven,
Hath an immortal place to fill,
And is a root of Heaven.

And surely Sundays bright and calm,
So calm, so bright as this,
Are tastes imparted from above
Of higher Sabbath bliss.

We own no gloomy ordinance,
No weary Jewish day,
But weekly Easters, ever bright
With pure domestic ray;

A feast of thought, a feast of sight,
A feast of joyous sound,
A feast of thankful hearts, at rest,
From labour's wheel unbound;

A day of such homekeeping bliss
As on the poor may wait,
With all such lower joys as best
Befit his human state.

He sees among the hornbeam boughs
The little sparkling flood;
The mill-wheel rests, a quiet thing
Of black and mossy wood.

He sees the fields lie in the sun,
He hears the plovers crying;
The plough and harrow, both upturned,
Are in the furrows lying.

In simple faith he may believe
That earth's diurnal way
Doth, like its blessed Maker, pause
Upon this hallowed day.

And should he ask, the happy man!
If Heaven be aught like this:—
'Tis Heaven within him, breeding there
The love of quiet bliss.

Oh leave the man, my fretful friend!
To follow nature's ways,
Nor breathe to him that Christian feasts
Are no true holydays.

Is Earth to be as nothing here,
When we are sons of Earth?
May not the body and the heart
Share in the spirit's mirth?

When thou hast cut each earthly hold
Whereto his soul may cling,
Will the poor creature left behind
Be more a heavenly thing?

Heaven fades away before our eyes,
Heaven fades within our heart,
Because in thought our Heaven and Earth
Are cast too far apart.

III.—JESUS CRUCIFIED.

O COME and mourn with me awhile,
See, Mary calls us to her side;
O come and let us mourn with her:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Have we no tears to shed for Him,
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?
Ah! look how patiently He hangs:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

How fast His hands and feet are nailed;
  His blessèd tongue with thirst is tied;
His failing eyes are blind with blood:
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

His Mother cannot reach His face;
  She stands in helplessness beside;
Her heart is martyred with her Son's:
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love,
  And all three hours His silence cried
For mercy on the souls of men:
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

What was Thy crime, my dearest Lord?
  By earth, by heaven, Thou hast been tried,
And guilty found of too much love:
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Found guilty of excess of love,
  It was Thine own sweet will that tied
The tighter far than helpless nails:
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Death came, and Jesus meekly bowed;
  His falling eyes He strove to guide
With mindful love to Mary's face:
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

O break, O break, hard heart of mine!
  Thy weak self-love and guilty pride
His Pilate and his Judas were:
  Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

Come, take thy stand beneath the cross
And let the blood from out that side
Fall gently on thee drop by drop:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified.

A broken heart, a fount of tears,
Ask, and they will not be denied;
A broken heart love's cradle is:
Jesus, our Love, is crucified!

O Love of God! O sin of Man!
In this dread act your strength is tried:
And victory remains with love,
For He, our Love, is crucified!

IV.—THE AGONY.

O SOUL of Jesus, sick to death!
Thy blood and prayer together plead;
My sins have bowed Thee to the ground,
As the storm bows the feeble reed.

Midnight—and still the oppressive load
Upon Thy tortured heart doth lie;
Still the abhorred procession winds
Before Thy spirit's quailing eye.

Deep waters have come in, O Lord!
All darkly on Thy human soul;
And clouds of supernatural gloom
Around Thee are allowed to roll.

The weight of the eternal wrath
Drives over Thee with pressure dread;
And, forced upon the olive roots,
In deathlike sadness droops Thy head.

Thy spirit weighs the sins of men;
Thy science fathoms all their guilt;
Thou sickenest heavily at Thy heart,
And the pores open,—blood is spilt.

And Thou hast struggled with it, Lord
Even to the limit of Thy strength,
While hours, whose minutes were as years,
Slowly fulfilled their weary length.

And Thou hast shuddered at each act,
And shrunk with an astonished fear,
As if Thou couldst not bear to see
The loathsomeness of sin so near.

Sin and the Father's anger! they
Have made Thy lower nature faint;
All, save the love within Thy heart,
Seemed for the moment to be spent

My God! my God! and can it be
That I should sin so lightly now,
And think no more of evil thoughts,
Than of the wind that waves the bough?

I sin,—and heaven and earth go round,
As if no dreadful deed were done,
As if Christ's blood had never flowed
To hinder sin, or to atone.

I walk the earth with lightsome step,
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air
Do my own will, nor ever heed
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

Shall it be always thus, O Lord ?
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me
The grace Thy passion merited,
Hatred of self and love of Thee ?

Ever when tempted, make me see,
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,
And bleeding, on the earth He made.

And make me feel it was my sin,
As though no other sins there were,
That was to Him who bears the world
A load that He could scarcely bear !

V.—THE SORROWFUL WORLD.

I HEARD the wild beasts in the woods complain ;
Some slept, while others waken to sustain
Through night and day the sad monotonous round,
Half savage and half pitiful the sound.

The outcry rose to God through all the air,
The worship of distress, an animal prayer,
Loud vehement pleadings, not unlike to those
Job uttered in his agony of woes.

The very pauses, when they came, were rife
With sickening sounds of too successful strife,
As, when the clash of battle dies away,
The groans of night succeed the shrieks of day.

Man's scent the untamed creatures scarce can bear,
As if his tainted blood defiled the air ;
In the vast woods they fret as in a cage,
Or fly in fear, or gnash their teeth with rage.

The beasts of burden linger on their way,
Like slaves who will not speak when they obey;
Their faces, when their looks to us they raise,
With something of reproachful patience gaze.

All creatures round us seem to disapprove;
Their eyes discomfort us with lack of love;
Our very rights, with signs like these alloyed,
Not without sad misgivings are enjoyed.

Earth seems to make a sound in places lone,
Sleeps through the day, but wakes at night to moan,
Shunning our confidence, as if we were
A guilty burden it could hardly bear.

The winds can never sing but they must wail;
Waters lift up sad voices in the vale;
One mountain-hollow to another calls
With broken cries of plaining waterfalls.

Silence itself is but a heaviness,
As if the earth were fainting in distress,
Like one who wakes at night in panic fears,
And nought but his own beating pulses hears.

Inanimate things can rise into despair;
And, when the thunders bellow in the air
Amid the mountains, Earth sends forth a cry
Like dying monsters in their agony.

The sea, unmated creature, tired and lone,
Makes on its desolate sands eternal moan:
Lakes on the calmest days are ever throbbing
Upon their pebbly shores with petulant sobbing.

O'er the white waste, cold grimly overawes
And hushes life beneath its merciless laws;
Invisible heat drops down from tropic skies,
And o'er the land, like an oppression, lies.

The clouds in heaven their placid motions borrow
From the funereal tread of men in sorrow;
Or, when they scud across the stormy day,
Mimic the flight of hosts in disarray.

Mostly men's many-featured faces wear
Looks of fixed gloom, or else of restless care;
The very babes, that in their cradles lie,
Out of the depths of unknown troubles cry.

Labour itself is but a sorrowful song,
The protest of the weak against the strong;
Over rough waters, and in obstinate fields,
And from dank mines, the same sad sound it yields.

O God! the fountain of perennial gladness!
Thy whole creation overflows with sadness;
Sights, sounds, are full of sorrow and alarm;
Even sweet scents have but a pensive charm.

Doth Earth send nothing up to Thee but moans?
Father! canst Thou find melody in groans?
Oh can it be, that Thou, the God of bliss,
Canst feed Thy glory on a world like this?

Ah me! that sin should have such chemic power
To turn to dross the gold of Nature's dower,
And straightway, of its single self, unbind
The eternal vision of Thy jubilant mind!

Alas! of all this sorrow there is need;
For us Earth weeps, for us the creatures bleed:
Thou art content, if all this woe imparts
The sense of exile to repentant hearts.

Yes! it is well for us: from these alarms,
Like children scared we fly into Thine arms;
And pressing sorrows put our pride to rout
With a swift faith which has not time to doubt.

We cannot herd in peace with wild beasts rude;
We dare not live in Nature's solitude;
In how few eyes of men can we behold
Enough of love to make us calm and bold?

Oh, it is well for us: with angry glance
Life glares at us, or looks at us askance:
Seek where we will,—Father! we see it now,—
None love us, trust us, welcome us, but Thou.

VI.—THE PILGRIMS OF THE NIGHT.

HARK! hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's wave-beat shore
How sweet the truth those blessèd strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
Angels of Jesus! angels of light!
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Darker than night life's shadows fall around us,
And, like benighted men, we miss our mark;
God hides Himself, and grace has scarcely found us
Ere death finds out his victims in the dark.
Angels of Jesus! angels of light!
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come!"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
Angels of Jesus! angels of light!
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to Thee.
Angels of Jesus! angels of light!
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
All journeys end in welcomes to the weary,
And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
Angels of Jesus! angels of light!
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Cheer up, my soul! faith's moonbeams softly glisten
Upon the breast of life's most troubled sea;
And it will cheer thy drooping heart to listen
To those brave songs which angels mean for thee.
Angels of Jesus! angels of light!
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping,
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
While we toil on, and soothe ourselves with weeping,
Till life's long night shall break in endless love.
Angels of Jesus! angels of light!
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Thomas Toke Lynch.

1818—1871.

Thomas Toke Lynch was born at Dunmow, Essex, on the 5th of July, 1818. His father was a surgeon in practice there. The son was educated in a school at Islington, in which he afterwards became an usher. With a view to the ministry of the Independent Church, he entered Highbury College. Here he remained but a very short time, partly on account of ill health, and partly because his spirit was too free to submit to the routine of such an institution. He felt that he could study better alone. For two years, from 1847 to 1849, he ministered to a small congregation at Highgate. From the latter period till the time of his death in 1871, he was minister of a congregation which had several changes of *locale*, but at last, in 1862, a permanent home was found in Mornington Church in the Hampstead Road, where, with many interruptions, caused by failure of health, he preached to a small but intelligent congregation, which had learnt to appreciate the force and freshness of his words. Among his hearers were found students from the various Theological Colleges of London, and men and women eager to find greater vigour and beauty of Christian teaching than the ordinary pulpit then presented.

All his life, however, Lynch was hindered by the

exceeding frailty of his body. In the Preface to a posthumous volume called "Sermons for my Curates"—discourses he wrote for friends to deliver at the evening service, which for some time he had not the physical strength to conduct—his friend, Dr. Samuel Cox, thus describes the conditions under which much of his work was done: "Hardly was he seated at his desk before he was assailed by the rending, suffocating pangs of his cruel disease (*Angina pectoris*). As the work went on, the anguish grew, until the intolerable agony compelled him to fling himself on the floor, where he lay patiently and steadfastly enduring the pressure of his great pain. No sooner was the fierce spasm past than he rose, seated himself once more at his desk, and resumed his labour till seized by another intolerable spasm. On the original manuscripts of this volume there are pathetic marks of the agony he endured before he would yield. Here and there, especially toward the close, his handwriting, ordinarily so neat and regular, grows large, straggles wildly across or down the page, and looks as though his hand must have been jerked and dragged by an alien force." And yet from a man who all his days, from early manhood onward, thus suffered, came some twelve volumes, large and small, full of vigorous thoughts expressed in graceful style—none of which bear any trace of the shadow that fell upon his way. This was not the only burden he had to bear. The publication of "The Rivulet: a Contribution to Sacred Song," aroused the *odium theologicum* in a way that is difficult now to understand. The first to sound the alarm was the Editor of the *Morning Advertiser* (Grant), soon to be joined by the Editors

of the *British Banner* (John Campbell) and the *Record*. The first of these laid down the principle that sound doctrine should be plainly stated in every hymn, and, testing Lynch's hymns by this standard, declared that "there was not one particle of vital religion or Evangelical piety in the book, that nearly the whole of his hymns might have been written by a Deist, and a very large portion might be sung by a congregation of Freethinkers." The strife was fierce and long, and drew to both sides many combatants beyond those first engaged. Lynch gave the most effective reply in a small collection of verse called "Songs Controversial," by Silent Long. Time has, however, settled the question, and carried verses from the "Rivulet" into the Hymnals of nearly every English-speaking Church.

The writer of the article on Lynch in the "Dictionary of National Biography" makes two astounding statements: first, that "the hymns in the 'Rivulet' express too exclusively an admiration for nature to be suitable for Christian worship"; and second, that "none of them are popular in the churches." A fairly wide acquaintance with the usage of the Churches in the matter of hymns enables me to say that Mr. Lynch's are amongst the most popular in the Free Churches of this country, a popularity ever growing. The extracts from the "Rivulet," given in this volume, will enable readers to form their own judgment on the first statement.

Lynch was a keen lover of God, of nature, and of man, and as such was intensely spiritual, natural, and human. Nature to him was an open revelation of God to man, full of symbols of divine beneficence and parables of human life. In one of his poems he says;—

Nature is the robe of God—
God the merciful and good:
Flowers are the embroider'd hem,
Virtue he hath given them;

and in a little poem of only eight lines without a title, he thus characterises the relationship of nature, man, and God:—

Stars are for souls; but each for Him
Abideth bright or groweth dim:
One voice did both to being call,
Each, self-consumed and changed, may fall.
But souls may brigthly happy be,
Unfading through eternity;
While stars, in courses ever new,
Come and go like drops of dew.

"The Memorials of Theophilus Trinal, Student" (1850), from which the foregoing lines are taken, contains many strikingly original and tender poems. In these the writer gives forcible expression to many moods, from solemn joy to playful pathos. A page from this work will illustrate this, and show how happily the writer intermingles prose and verse:—

Pleasantries, lighter acts and utterances, are to the wise like flowers on the margin of deep, barge-laden streams—the waters that bear up and along the works of life, nourish this flowerage. Man is in the likeness of his Maker in this also, that small things as well as the great may have to him dearness, and yield him a good after their kind. One half-hour, solemnity may fill his heart; the next, pleasantry; by each shall his heart be for the time sufficed.

Solemnly the stars of light
In ancient silence show;
And solemnly the sounding waves
Utter their voice below;
And solemnly the striving winds
About the mountains blow;
And solemnly the beams of dawn
Across the countries flow.

In these solemnities is joy. Yet pleasant are laughter and the dance; and the babble of the tongue may be health and purity, like that of a brook. We must let our heart sometimes be a child—let it entertain itself with wanderings, gambol, and song.

> The young they laugh: Laughs not the sky?
> The winds they laugh as they pass by;
> The sun he laughs; and nature's face
> Beams with a joyous, laughing grace.
> Yes, laughing; ever she renews
> Her verdant fields, her morning dews;
> Is ever young—the same to day
> As ages past; and when away
> From earth to heaven we are gone,
> Our dust beneath the turf or stone,
> The moon will smile, the dews distil,
> Dance to the winds the flowers will;
> And round our grave the kindly spring
> Will the cheerful daisies bring.

Other examples of the verse from this volume will be found in the following pages. Love of nature and awe of its creation are solemnly expressed in "Modulations" (p. 319), tender sympathy in "The Five Flowers" (p. 321), human weakness in "Rest" (p. 324), and the questioning unrest of intelligent love in "Reasoning with God" (p. 319). In contrast with this last we may quote the following lines, without title, from the same work:—

> While little boys, with merry noise,
> In the meadows shout and run;
> And little girls—sweet woman buds—
> Brightly open in the sun;
> I may not of the world despair.
> Our God despaireth not, I see,
> For blithesomer in Eden's air
> These lads and maidens could not be.

Why were they born, if Hope must die?
Wherefore this health, if truth shall fail?
And why such joy, if misery
Is conquering us, and must prevail?
Arouse! our spirit may not droop,
These young ones fresh from Heaven are;
Our God hath sent another troop,
And means to carry on the war.

Other poems in this volume which I should have been glad to quote, had space permitted, are "A Return from Music" for vivid description, "Providence" for its fine delineation of the overruling care of God, and a "Church with Bells" for its light and almost playful setting of the idea so finely wrought out by Browning in his "Christmas Eve."

What Wordsworth was in the realm of Poetry in its wider sense, Lynch was in the realm of Hymnody. In his hymn-writing he followed the Christ who without a parable rarely spake, rather than the Theologians who separate truth from parable and story, who rob it of its incarnation in life and nature. Lynch turns from the herbarium of Theology to the fair gardens of Scripture for the inspirations and models of his verse. He is one of the most picturesque of our Hymnists. By a strange oversight Mr. Lynch is not represented in *The Treasury of Sacred Song*, edited by Professor Palgrave; but the Rev. H. C. Beeching in his *Lyra Sacra* gives four specimens of his verse, and says "that he well deserves wider recognition." This I think the selection in the following pages will demonstrate; nor is it too much to add that he has claims to consideration as a poet apart from his achievements in hymnody.

W. Garrett Horder.

MEMORIALS OF THEOPHILUS TRINAL, STUDENT.

1850.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH.

I.—REASONING WITH GOD.

O HIDDEN Lord, most wise and rich,
Whom oft I love, but often fear;
Of light and dark, oft doubting which,
Doth most upon Thy works appear:
Why, if in Thee no darkness is,
So deep a shade on human kind?
If Thou be Father, tell me this,
Why the sad heart, the troubled mind?

Then said a voice, "This truth within thee store,
And wait, believing, ere thou askest more:
Earth is a cloud which Time shall puff away,
Then shalt thou see the heaven and feel the day."

II.—MODULATIONS.

MY God, I love the world,
I love it well—
Its wonder, and fairness, and delight—
More than my tongue can tell;
And ever in my heart, like morning clouds
New earth-loves rise and swell.

Lilies I love, and stars,
  Dewdrops, and the great sea;
Colour, and form, and sound,
  Combining variously;
The rush of the wind, and the overhanging vast—
  Voiceless immensity.

Thou world-creator art,
  World-lover too;
In delight didst found the deep,
  In delight uprear the blue;
And with an infinite love and carefulness
  The wide earth furnish through.

My God, I am afraid of Thee, I am afraid—
  Thou art so silent, and so terrible;
And oft I muse upon Thee in the deep night dead,
  Listening as for a voice that shall my spirit tell,
  To be of comfort and of courage, for that all is well.

Of thoughts uncounted as the stars,
Which burn undimm'd from old eternity,
Oh, everlasting God!
  Thy Spirit is a sky—
A brighten'd dark, enrounding every world
  With stillness of serenest majesty:
Fit several forms of the same splendour
Thou to beholding worlds dost render,
In starry wonder of a thousand skies,
Beheld by creature-eyes:
Who in the glorious part have symbol bright
Of the uncomprehended Infinite.

But if as the great dark art Thou, unknown,
  Thou, God reveal'd, art as the sweet noon blue;
Soft canopying mercy in the Christ is shown,
  And the azure of His love Thy face beams through
Looking forth, like the sun, to comfort and to bless,
And with beauty over-lighting the rough wilderness

III.—THE FIVE FLOWERS.

"LOOK, love, on your bosom
  Are flowers five;
But one has droop'd its head—
  Four alone live."

"So, late, in our nursery
  Were children five:
One rests in grassy darkness—
  Four alone live."

"Your four flowers bloom freshly, love;
  The fifth, not as they—
Its colour, and form, and odour,
  Have passed away.
Take, then, from your bosom
  The withered one:
Can the air now nourish it?
  Can it feel the sun?"

"I have bound the five together
  With a fresh willow leaf,
That grew large by a river,
  As by flowing love, grief;

And they all will fall asunder
If I loose the tie;
So a love-clasp for living babes
Is a dead one's memory."

"Let the five flowers in your bosom, love
Its sweet shelter share;
As bound in one, within your heart,
Our five darlings are.
The dead make the living dearer;
And we will joy the more,
That the Giver, who has taken one,
Has left us four."

IV.—THE HEAVEN.

CALL not the heaven Vacancy—
Whose colour, soft and deep,
Compels a tear to every eye
That gazing long will keep;
Whose beauty rests so silently,
Like a maiden's in a sleep.

O Father great! this heaven high
Is of Thy love the token;
As sweet and deep as anciently,
Of stillness yet unbroken;
A love is imaged in the sky,
Too great to be outspoken.

Our earth, the featured Definite,
Has meanings all Divine;
But oneness of the Infinite
Doth in the azure shine;
We seem to see Thee in the height,
Around we look on Thine.

By works for uses and delight
We learn Thee part by part;
Thy world reveals to gradual sight
How manifold Thou art;
But read at once in heaven bright
Is the fulness of Thy heart.

When gazing on the open blue,
Our heart and Thine seem near;
Thy love in ours is imaged true,
As skies in water clear;
Clouds come and pass, but still in view
The depths of heart appear.

We feel—and all our spirit through,
As through the air a bell,
Or odour of a blossom new
Through all a hidden dell,
Spreads joy as deep as heaven's hue,
Which utterance cannot tell.

V.—HYMN FOR SUNDAY.

THE Lord is rich and merciful!
The Lord is very kind!
Oh! come to Him, come now to Him,
With a believing mind.
His comforts they shall strengthen thee,
Like flowing waters cool;
And He shall for thy spirit be
A fountain ever full.

The Lord is glorious and strong,
Our God is very high;
Oh! trust in Him, trust now in Him,
And have security.

He shall be to thee like the sea,
And thou shalt surely feel
His wind, that bloweth healthily
Thy sicknesses to heal.

The Lord is wonderful and wise,
As all the ages tell:
Oh! learn of Him, learn now of Him,
Then with thee it is well.
And with His light thou shalt be blest.
Therein to work and live;
And He shall be to thee a rest
When evening hours arrive.

VI.—REST.

THE day is over,
The feverish, careful day:
Can I recover
Strength that has ebbed away?
Can even sleep such freshness give,
That I again shall wish to live?

Let me lie down,
No more I seek to have
A heavenly crown,
Give me a quiet grave;
Release and not reward I ask,
Too hard for me life's heavy task.

Now let me rest,
Hushed be my striving brain,
My beating breast;
Let me put off my pain,
And feel me sinking, sinking deep
Into an abyss of sleep.

The morrow's noise,
  Its aguish hope and fear,
Its empty joys,
  Of these I shall not hear;
Call me no more, I cannot come;
I'm gone to be at rest, at home.

Earth undesired,
  And not for heaven meet;
For one so tired
  What's left but slumber sweet,
Beneath a grassy mound of trees,
Or at the bottom of the seas?

Yet let me have,
  Once in a thousand years,
Thoughts in my grave,
  To know how free from fears
I sleep, and that I there shall lie
Through undisturbed eternity.

And when I wake,
  Then let me hear above
The birds that make
  Songs not of human love;
Or muffled tones my ears may reach
Of storms that sound from beach to beach.

But hark! what word
  Breathes through this twilight dim?
"Rest in the Lord,
  Wait patiently for Him;
Return, O soul, and thou shalt have
A better rest than in thy grave."

My God, I come;
  But I was sorely shaken:
Art Thou my home?
  I thought I was forsaken:
I know Thou art a sweeter rest
Than earth's soft side or ocean's breast.

Yet this my cry!—
  "I ask no more for heaven,
Now let me die,
  For I have vainly striven."
I had, but for that word from Thee,
Renounced my immortality.

Now I return;
  Return, O Lord, to me;
I cannot earn
  That Heaven I'll ask of Thee;
But with Thy Peace amid the strife
I still can live in hope of Life.

The careful day,
  The feverish day is over;
Strength ebbed away,
  I lie down to recover;
With sleep from Him I shall be blest,
Whose word has brought my sorrows rest.

VI.—PROOFS.

THE man that can and will
In the rough waters swim,
And calmly keep his courage still—
We know the proof of him.

The man by praise unbought,
And free from haste and whim,
Who speaks aloud his inward thought—
We know the proof of him.

The man who hails the morn,
While yet with dazzling rim
The day's new monarch is unborn—
We know the proof of him.

The man who not for gold
His way will wind and trim,
But rich or poor is just and bold—
We know the proof of him.

The man who will not plead
His weary head and limb,
When love is at its sorest need—
We know the proof of him.

The man who hates excess,
Yet fills up to the brim
His every cup of kindliness—
We know the proof of him.

The man who fears no cry
Of party-bigot grim,
But meekly stands, and sturdily—
We know the proof of him.

The man whose laughter rings
A puzzle to the prim;
Yet who no witty poison flings—
We know the proof of him.

The man who plunging dives
Where others only skim,
And so at real truth arrives—
We know the proof of him.

The man who brightly shines,
Not flickering and dim,
But steady as the heavenly signs—
We know the proof of him.

This man for our behoot,
In body stout or slim,
Hath manfully wrought out the proof—
That God hath wrought in him.

THE RIVULET.

1871.

THOMAS TOKE LYNCH.

I.—LIFT UP YOUR HEADS.

LIFT up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Now breathes a softer air,
Now shines a milder sky;
The early trees put forth
Their new and tender leaf;
Hushed is the moaning wind
That told of winter's grief.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
Now mount the laden clouds,
Now flames the darkening sky;
The early scattered drops
Descend with heavy fall,
And to the waiting earth
The hidden thunders call.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh;
O, note the varying signs
Of earth, and air, and sky;
The God of Glory comes
In gentleness and might,
To comfort and alarm,
To succour and to smite.

He comes the wide world's king,
He comes the true heart's friend,
New gladness to begin,
And ancient wrong to end;

He comes to fill with light
The weary, waiting eye:
Lift up your heads, rejoice,
Redemption draweth nigh.

II.—WHERE IS THY GOD?

WHERE is thy God, my soul?
Is He within thy heart;
Or ruler of a distant realm
In which thou hast no part?

Where is thy God, my soul?
Only in stars and sun;
Or have the holy words of truth
His light in every one?

Where is thy God, my soul?
Confined to Scripture's page;
Or does His Spirit check and guide
The spirit of each age?

O Ruler of the sky,
Rule Thou within my heart;
O, great Adorner of the world,
Thy light of life impart.

Giver of holy words,
Bestow Thy holy power;
And aid me, whether work or thought
Engage the varying hour.

In Thee have I my help,
As all my fathers had;
I'll trust Thee when I'm sorrowful,
And serve Thee when I'm glad.

III.—GRACIOUS SPIRIT.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would gracious be,
And with words that help and heal
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would truthful be;
And with wisdom kind and clear
Let Thy life in mine appear;
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would tender be;
Shut my heart up like a flower
At temptation's darksome hour;
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade
Which through earth its way has made;
Silently, like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail;
Ever by a mighty hope
Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me,—
I myself would holy be;
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good;
And whatever I can be
Give to Him who gave me Thee.

IV.—DISMISS ME NOT.

DISMISS me not Thy service, Lord,
But train me for Thy will;
For even I in fields so broad
Some duties may fulfil;
And I will ask for no reward,
Except to serve Thee still.

How many serve, how many more
May to the service come;
To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
Thou dost appoint for some:
Thou hast Thy young men at the war,
Thy little ones at home.

All works are good, and each is best,
As most it pleases Thee;
Each worker pleases when the rest
He serves in charity:
And neither man nor work unblest
Wilt Thou permit to be.

O ye who serve, remember One
The worker's way who trod;
He served as man, but now His throne,
It is the throne of God:
The sceptre He hath to us shown
Is like a blossoming rod.

Firm fibres of the tree of life
Hath each command of His,
And each with clustering blossoms rife
At every season is;
Bare only, like a sword of strife,
Against love's enemies.

Our Master all the work hath done
He asks of us to-day;
Sharing His service, every one
Share too His sonship may.
Lord, I would serve and be a son;
Dismiss me not, I pray.

V.—OFT WHEN OF GOD WE ASK.

OFT when of God we ask
For fuller, happier life,
He sets us some new task
Involving care and strife:
Is this the boon for which we sought?
Has prayer new trouble on us brought.

This is indeed the boon,
Though strange to us it seems;
We pierce the rock, and soon
The blessing on us streams;
For when we are the most athirst,
Then the clear waters on us burst.

We toil as in a field,
Wherein, to us unknown,
A treasure lies concealed,
Which may be all our own:
And shall we of the toil complain
That speedily will bring such gain?

We dig the wells of life,
And God the waters gives;
We win our way by strife,
Then He within us lives;
And only war could make us meet
For peace so sacred and so sweet.

VI.—O, BREAK MY HEART.

O, BREAK my heart; but break it as a field
Is by the plough up-broken for the corn:
O, break it as the buds, by green leaf sealed,
Are, to unloose the golden blossom, torn:
Love would I offer unto love's great Master,
Set free the odour, break the alabaster.

O, break my heart; break it, victorious God,
That life's eternal well may flash abroad:
O, let it break as when the captive trees,
Breaking cold bonds, regain their liberties:
And as thought's sacred grove to life is springing,
Be joys, like birds, their hope Thy victory singing.

VII.—THE WORLD WAS DARK.

THE world was dark with care and woe,
With brawl and pleasure wild,
When in the midst, His love to show,
God set a child.

The sages frowned, their beards they shook,
For pride their heart beguiled;
They said, each looking on his book,
"We want no child."

The merchants turned towards their scales,
Around their wealth lay piled;
Said they, "'Tis gold alone prevails;
We want no child."

The soldiers rose in noisy sport,
Disdainfully they smiled,
And said, "Can babes the shield support?
We want no child."

The merry sinners laughed or blushed,
Alas, and some reviled;
All cried, as to the dance they rushed,
"We want no child."

The old, the afflicted, and the poor,
With voices harsh or mild,
Said, "Hope to us returns no more;
We want no child."

And men of grave and moral word,
With consciences defiled,
Said, "Let the old truth still be heard;
We want no child."

Then said the Lord, "O world of care
So blinded and beguiled,
Thou must become for thy repair
A holy child.

And unto thee a Son is born,
Thy second hope has smiled;
Thou mayst, though sin and trouble worn,
Be made a child."

VIII.—O LORD, THOU ART NOT FICKLE.

O LORD, Thou art not fickle;
Our hope is not in vain;
The harvest for the sickle
Will ripen yet again.

But though enough be given
For all the world to eat,
Sin with thy love has striven
Its bounty to defeat.

Were men to one another
As kind as God to all,
Then no man on his brother
For help would vainly call.

On none for idle wasting
Would honest labour frown;
And none, to riches hasting,
Would tread his neighbour down.

O, is there one in twenty
With his own lot content,
Though God has bread and plenty
To all the nations sent?

Till heart to heart is plighted
In faith on heaven above,
Earth's harvests must be blighted
For want of mutual love.

No man enough possesses
Until he has to spare;
Possession no man blesses
While self is all his care.

For blessings on our labour,
O, then, in hope we pray,
When love unto our neighbour
Is ripening every day.

John Mason Neale.

1818—1866.

Dr. Neale, to whose labours as a translator of ancient hymns, especially from the vast stores of the Eastern Church, we owe so much, was born in London, on the 24th of January, 1818. His parents were remarkable for their intellectual endowments—his father—the Rev. Cornelius Neale—having been Senior Wrangler, Second Chancellor's Medallist, and Fellow of St. John's College. His mother, to whom, as he said just before his death, he owed more than he could express, was the daughter of John Mason Good, a man of mark in his day. Like most of the men who became leaders in the Anglican Revival, Neale was brought up in an Evangelical atmosphere, in which he gained that religious fervour which marked his whole career, though it assumed so different an ecclesiastical and theological form. He was educated first at Sherborne Grammar School, and later in a more private way by the Rector of Shepperton, the Rev. William Russell, and Professor Challis. In 1836 he took a scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was reckoned the best man of his year. His ability, however, was almost entirely classical—he hated mathematics; and since these were necessary to obtain classical honours, he had to be content with an ordinary degree. A year later the coveted honours might have been his,

since the University changed the regulation, making the Mathematical Tripos unnecessary to aspirants for classical honours. He gained, however, such distinctions as were not barred by the hated Mathematics. The Seatonian prize he won no fewer than eleven times.

During Neale's Cambridge days the Anglican Movement was stirring Oxford life to its very depths; but its influences reached the sister University, and found there no more congenial spirit than in John Mason Neale, who soon became one of the founders of the Ecclesiological Society. In 1842 he married Miss Webster, and in the following year was presented to the Incumbency of Crawley in Surrey Affection of the lungs prevented his institution to that living, and sent him to Madeira as the only chance of saving his life. In 1846 he was made Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead. Here the outward history of his life ends, for he remained at East Grinstead till his death. As his close friend Dr. Littledale has said—"he spent nearly half his life in the position of Warden of an obscure almshouse on a salary of £27 a year." But in this quiet place his labours were incessant, and their influence reached out in different ways. We have tried again and again to discover in Dr. Neale's original verse lines worthy of the a ugust name of poetry; but we have not succeeded. "Songs and Ballads for the People" is poor doggerel inspired by a bitter partisan spirit. The "Hymns for Children" are not picturesque enough, not quick enough in movement for their purpose. His best original work is in "Sequences, Hymns, and other Ecclesiastical Verses" and "Hymns for the Sick," from which we give

what seem to us the best specimens of his original writing in verse.

It is on his Translations that Neale's fame will ultimately rest. Indeed at the present moment it is from these the Church at large has almost exclusively drawn. His original hymns have passed, with a few exceptions, only into Hymnals edited by men who reverenced the writer, or who belonged to his particular school of ecclesiastical and theological thought. Indeed, Dr. Neale's capacity for translation amounted almost to genius. The Rev. Gerard Moultrie gives an amusing instance which shows his facility in such work: "Dr. Neale was invited by Mr. Keble and the Bishop of Salisbury to assist them with their new Hymnal, and for this purpose he paid a visit to Hursley Vicarage. On one occasion Mr. Keble, having to go to another room to find some papers, was detained a short time. On his return Dr. Neale said, 'Why, Keble, I thought you told me that the "Christian Year" was entirely original.' 'Yes,' he answered, 'it certainly is.' 'Then how comes this?' and Dr. Neale placed before him the Latin of one of Keble's hymns. Keble professed himself utterly confounded. He protested that he had never seen the 'original,' no, not in all his life. After a few minutes Neale relieved him by owning that he had just turned it into Latin in his absence."

From the Latin Neale has given us "Mediæval Hymns and Sequences," and "Hymns chiefly Mediæval on the Joys and Glories of Paradise," and from the Greek, "Hymns of the Eastern Church." In these Dr. Neale is at his best, since he seems to have needed some flame at which he could kindle

his torch. We have spoken of his *Translations*, but they were more—they were not mere rendering in English of what had previously been in Latin or Greek. In turning these from the one language to the other they had passed through Dr. Neale's own mind, and took a certain colour therefrom. This was markedly so in the case of the "Hymns from the Eastern Church," which are adaptations rather than translations. In this department he had no predecessors nor examples, and it is no small triumph that in a work so new and difficult he should have so succeeded that nearly every section of the Church has welcomed his versions, and that they have become amongst the most favourite hymns of recent days.

W. Garrett Horder.

ORIGINAL HYMNS.

JOHN MASON NEALE.

I.—EVENING.

(FROM "HYMNS FOR CHILDREN.")

1 THESS. iv. 13; REV. xxi. 4.

GOD hath two families of love,
In earth below, and heaven above:
One is in battle, sharp and sore;
And one is happy evermore.

The holy Church on earth must fight
Against the devil and his might;
The Church in heaven with war hath done;
And yet the two are only one.

For they who loved their Saviour here,
And died in God's true faith and fear,
Have join'd the glorious Church on high,
And reign with it beyond the sky.

We thank Thee, Saviour, for the grace
By which they reach'd that blessèd place;
By which they dwell in endless day,
And sin and sorrow flee away:

In Thee, with all Thy Saints, they rest,
And never more can be distrest;
Oh, teach us so to live, that we
May follow them, as they did Thee;

To think on all their faith and love,
Until Thou callest us above,
To see Thee as Thou art, and bow
Before Thy throne, as they do now.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye Heavenly Host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

II.—THE COMMUNION OF SAINTS.

(FROM "HYMNS FOR THE YOUNG.")

ACTS xii. 15.

THEY whose course on earth is o'er,
Think they of their brethren more?
They before the Throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now?

Yea, the dead in Christ have still
Part in all our joy and ill;
Keeping all our steps in view,
Guiding them, it may be, too.

We by enemies distrest,
They in Paradise at rest;
We the captives,—they the freed,—
We and they are one indeed:

One in all we seek or shun;
One, because our Lord is One;
One in Home, and one in love;
We below, and they above.

Those whom many a land divides,
Many a mighty sea besides,
Have they with each other part?
Have they fellowship in heart?

Each to each may be unknown,
Wide apart their lot be thrown;
Differing tongues their lips may speak,
One be strong, and one be weak:

Yet in Sacrament and prayer
Each with other hath a share;
Hath a share in tear and sigh,
Watch, and Fast, and Litany.

With each other join they here
In affliction, doubt, and fear;
That hereafter they may be
Join'd, O Lord, in bliss with Thee.

Now our hearts and voice we raise,
And we share in Angels' praise:
Rendering worship, thanks, and love,
To the Trinity above!

III.—LAYING THE FIRST STONE OF A CHURCH.

(FROM "HYMNS FOR THE YOUNG.")

EXOD. XXXI. 1-6; ISA. LX. 19.

O LORD of Hosts, Whose glory fills
The bounds of the eternal hills,
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,
To dwell in temples made with hands:

Grant that all we, who here to-day,
Rejoicing, this foundation lay,
May be in very deed Thine Own,
Built on the precious Corner-stone.

Endue the creatures with Thy grace
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place:
The beauty of the oak and pine,
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

To Thee they all belong; to Thee
The treasures of the earth and sea;
And when we bring them to Thy throne,
We but present Thee with Thine own.

Endue the hearts that guide with skill;
Preserve the hands that work from ill;
That we, who these foundations lay,
May raise the topstone in its day.

Both now and ever, Lord, protect
The temple of Thine own elect;
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,
O ever-blessèd Trinity!

IV.—AT A FUNERAL.

(FROM "SEQUENCES, HYMNS, ETC.")

WHY march ye forth with hymn and chant
Ye veteran soldiers jubilant,
As though ye went to lay to rest
Some warrior that had done his best?
— Because we do but travel o'er
The road the Victor trod before;
Himself knows well the way we go:
The Son of Man is Lord also
Of the grave-path.

Commit your loved one to the surge,
Without a wail, without a dirge?
To the wild waves' perpetual swell,
To depths where monstrous creatures dwell?
—Yes; for we lay him but to sleep
Where those blest Feet have calmed the deep:
Little we reck its ebb and flow:
The Son of Man is Lord also
Of the Ocean.

Leave him with thousand corpses round,
Thus buried in unhallowed ground,
Interred in that same scene of strife
Where man and steed gasped out their life?
—Yes: for our King and Captain boasts
His own elect, His glorious hosts;
His Victors, crowned o'er many a foe:
The Son of Man is Lord also
Of the Battle.

Why, as across the dewy grass,
Ye through the evening Church-yard pass,
Why welcome in your bells a guest,
With chimings, not of woe, but rest?
—Where'er their twilight warblings steal,
We do but ring a Sabbath peal;
And, till the glorious Sunday glow,
The Son of Man is Lord also
Of the Sabbath.

V.—THE MINISTRATION OF ANGELS.

(FROM "HYMNS FOR THE SICK.")

THEY slumber not, nor sleep,
Whom Thou dost send, O God of light,
Around Thine Own the livelong night
Their watch and ward to keep:

They leave their seats on high,
They leave the Everlasting Hymn,
Where Cherubim and Seraphim
Continually do cry:

They come to guard the bed
Whereon, while others wake and weep,
Thou givest Thy belovèd sleep,
And hover round their head.

Nor less they haste to soothe
Their Vigils, who, like me, distrest,
Nor wake to strength, nor sleep to rest,
And make the rough ways smooth.

So peradventure now,
My eyes, if loos'd from flesh, might see
Such an immortal Company,
As ne'er to Monarch bow;

And this familiar room
Might seem the Gate of Paradise;
And in its sorrow joy might rise,
And glory in its gloom.

Thy Holy Name be blest,
God in Three Persons, both by those
That after toil in Thee repose,
And those by grief opprest!

HYMNS OF THE EASTERN CHURCH.

1862

JOHN MASON NEALE.

I.—FIERCE WAS THE WILD BILLOW

(FROM "S. ANATOLIUS.")

FIERCE was the wild billow;
Dark was the night;
Oars labour'd heavily;
Foam glimmer'd white;
Trembled the mariners;
Peril was nigh;
Then said the God of God,
—"Peace! It is I!"

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
Lower thy crest!
Wail of Euroclydon,
Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,—
Darkness must fly,—
Where saith the Light of Light,
—"Peace! It is I!"

Jesu, Deliverer!
Come Thou to me:
Soothe Thou my voyaging
Over Life's sea!
Thou, when the storm of Death
Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth!
—"Peace! It is I!"

II.—THE DAY IS PAST AND OVER.

(FROM "S. ANATOLIUS.")

This little hymn, which, I believe, is not used in the public service of the Church, is a great favourite in the Greek Isles. Its peculiar style and evident antiquity may well lead to the belief that it is the work of our present author. It is, to the scattered hamlets of Chios and Mitylene, what Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn is to the villages of our own land; and its melody singularly plaintive and soothing.—J. M. N.

THE day is past and over;
All thanks, O Lord, to Thee!
I pray Thee, that offenceless
The hours of dark may be.
O Jesu! keep me in Thy sight,
And save me through the coming night!

The joys of day are over:
I lift my heart to Thee;
And call on Thee, that sinless
The hours of sin may be.
O Jesu! make their darkness light,
And save me through the coming night!

The toils of day are over:
I raise the hymn to Thee;
And ask that free from peril
The hours of fear may be.
O Jesu! keep me in Thy sight,
And guard me through the coming night!

Lighten mine eyes, O Saviour,
Or sleep in death shall I;
And he, my wakeful tempter,
Triumphantly shall cry:
"He could not make their darkness light,
Nor guard them through the hours of night!"

Be Thou my soul's preserver,
O God! for Thou dost know
How many are the perils
Through which I have to go:
Lover of men! O hear my call,
And guard and save me from them all.

III.—CHRISTIAN! DOST THOU SEE THEM?

(FROM "S. ANDREW OF CRETE.")

CHRISTIAN! dost thou *see* them
On the holy ground,
How the troops of Midian
Prowl and prowl around?
Christian! up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss:
Smite them by the merit
Of the Holy Cross!

Christian! dost thou *feel* them,
How they work within,
Striving, tempting, luring,
Goading into sin?
Christian! never tremble!
Never be down-cast!
Smite them by the virtue
Of the Lenten Fast!

Christian! dost thou *hear* them
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?
Christian! say but boldly:
"While I breathe I pray:"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

"Well I know thy trouble,
O My servant true;
Thou art very weary,—
I was weary too:
But that toil shall make thee,
Some day, all Mine own:
But the end of sorrow
Shall be near My Throne."

IV.—'TIS THE DAY OF RESURRECTION.

("FROM S. JOHN DAMASCENE.")

'TIS the Day of Resurrection:
Earth! tell it out abroad!
The Passover of gladness!
The Passover of God!
From Death to Life Eternal,—
From this world to the sky,
Our Christ hath brought us over,
With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
Of Resurrection-Light:
And, listening to His accents,
May hear, so calm and plain,
His own—*All Hail!*—and hearing,
May raise the victor strain!

Now let the Heav'ns be joyful!
Let earth her song begin!
Let the round world keep triumph
And all that is therein:
Invisible and visible
Their notes let all things blend—
For Christ the Lord hath risen,—
Our joy that hath no end.

V.—ART THOU WEARY, ART THOU LANGUID?

(FROM "S. STEPHEN THE SABAITE.")

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me"—saith One—"and coming,
Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
If He be my Guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are Wound-prints.
And His Side."

Is there Diadem, as Monarch,
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a Crown in very surety,
But of Thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,
What His guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquish'd, labour ended,
Jordan past!"

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till Heaven
Pass away!"

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,
Answer, Yes!"

VI.—O HAPPY BAND OF PILGRIMS.

(FROM "S. JOSEPH OF THE STUDIUM.")

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow
To Jesus as your Head!

O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hunger'd then!

The Cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due:
The crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.

The Faith by which ye see Him,
The Hope, in which ye yearn,
The Love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—

What are they, but vaunt-couriers
To lead you to His Sight?
What are they, save the effluence
Of Uncreated Light?

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That Death alone can cure,—

What are they, but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder,
Set up to Heav'n on earth?

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies;—
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize!

MEDIÆVAL HYMNS AND SEQUENCES.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN MASON NEALE.

HORA NOVISSIMA.

(From "BERNARD OF CLUGNY.")

(SELECTED PASSAGES.)

I.

THE world is very evil;
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom.
Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.

II.

O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest:
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight:

Till Jesus gives the portion
  Those blessed souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satiate,
  The full, yet craving still.
That fulness and that craving
  Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
  A home like theirs shalt gain.

* * * *

Jerusalem demands them:
  They paid the price on earth,
And now shall reap the harvest
  In blissfulness and mirth:
The glorious holy people,
  Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
  The King, the Crucified:
The sacred ransomed number
  Now bright with endless sheen,
Who made the Cross their watchword
  Of Jesus Nazarene:
Who, fed with heavenly nectar,
  Where soul-like odours play,
Draw out the endless leisure
  Of that long vernal day:
And through the sacred lilies,
  And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought people
  Go wandering far and wide.
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
  Their mouths are tun'd to praise,
What time, now safe for ever,
  On former sins they gaze:

The fouler was the error,
  The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
  Of Him Who pardoned all.

III.

Brief life is here our portion;
  Brief sorrow, short-liv'd care;
The life that knows no ending,
  The tearless life, *is there.*
O happy retribution!
  Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
  A mansion with the blest!
That we should look, poor wand'rers,
  To have our Home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
  Beyond the starry sky!
To all one happy guerdon
  Of one celestial grace;
For all, for all who mourn their fall,
  Is one eternal place:
And martyrdom hath roses
  Upon that heavenly ground:
And white and virgin lilies
  For virgin-souls abound.
Their grief is turned to pleasure;
  Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
  No human heart can know:
And after fleshly scandal,
  And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
  Is calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle,

But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope:
But He Whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.

IV.

For thee, O dear dear Country!
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of thy glory
Is un tion to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.
O come, O onely Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy;
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall:
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethyst unpriced:

Thy Saints build up its fabric,
And the corner-stone is Christ.
The Cross is all thy splendour,
The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
Jesus, the Gem of Beauty,
True God and Man, they sing:
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring:
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of His Court:
The Day-star of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower:
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile:
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl thine own:
The Lamb is ever near thee,
The Bridegroom thine alone:
The Crown is He to guerdon,
The Buckler to protect,
And He Himself the Mansion,
And He the Architect.

The only art thou needest,
  Thanksgiving for thy lot:
The only joy thou seekest,
  The Life where Death is not:
And all thine endless leisure
  In sweetest accents sings,
The ill that was thy merit,—
  The wealth that is thy King's!

Jerusalem the golden,
  With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
  Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not,
  What social joys are there!
What radiancy of glory,
  What light beyond compare!

And when I fain would sing them
  My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
  The assembly of the Saints.

They stand, those halls of Syon,
  Conjubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
  And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them;
  The daylight is serene:
The pastures of the Blessèd
  Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the Throne of David,—
  And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
  The shout of them that feast;

And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white!

O holy, placid harp-notes
Of that eternal hymn!
O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim!
O thirst, for ever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
O true, peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent!
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim:
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter,—
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect:
Even now by faith I see thee:
Even here thy walls discern:
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn:
Jerusalem the onely,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe!
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,

Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.
O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise :
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device :
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart :
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou City of the Angels !
Thou City of the Lord !
Whose everlasting music
Is the glorious decachord !
And there the band of Prophets
United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
Of Israel's ransomed tribes :
The lily-beds of virgins,
The roses' martyr-glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
Who kept the faith below.
And there the Sole-Begotten
Is Lord in regal state ;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow !
O state that fears no strife !
O princely bow'rs ! O land of flow'rs !
O realm and home of Life !

Thomas Hornblower Gill.

1819.

Mr. Gill was born at Birmingham, on the 10th of February, 1819. His parents belonged to English Presbyterian families who had become Unitarian. He was sent to King Edward's Grammar School, then presided over by Dr. Jeune, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. Here he distinguished himself, and would have passed to the University of Oxford, had not religious tests, then imposed upon all who entered, barred the way. He did not, however, give up study, but in private devoted himself chiefly to historical and theological subjects, and followed the life of a student-recluse. He published "The Papal Drama," an historical essay (1866), and "The Triumph of Christ," Memorials of Franklin Howard, a record of spiritual experiences very much like his own. In verse he published "The Fortunes of Faith" (1841), and "The Anniversaries," poems in commemoration of great men and great events (1858), in which his love of history, his intense patriotism, his strong Protestantism, and his deep religiousness found impetuous expression. The poems for September the 3rd and December the 9th are especially worthy of note, the former being the date of Cromwell's victories at Dunbar and Worcester, and of his death; the latter being the date of Milton's birth. From this volume I quote here the Birthday Ode to the Duke of Wellington.

WELLINGTON.

The predictions of Merlin and other British bards assured their countrymen of the return of King Arthur in greater might and glory than before.

Not idly, eldest sages of our land,
Rang forth the rapture of your prophet-lyre,
"Arthur shall come again! from Arthur's hand
Deliverance still his Britain shall require!
A stately pillar of strong, steadfast fire
Arthur upon her darkened hour shall blaze:
His awful sword shall quell her foeman's ire,
Stroke upon stroke, and her dimmed glory raise
To an imperial glow far in those latter days."

On rolled the ages: lo! the hero woke.
Her Arthur wore his conqueror's robe unrent,
Whether with scanty band forlorn he broke
The thronging squadons of the Orient,
Or the calm patience of his valour lent
To pluck from the fierce Gaul that Spanish prey.
Each laurelled leader down before him went;
From strength to strength he passed, a wondrous way,
Till Victory's faint, dim dawn flamed into fair, full day.

Within the impenetrable lines he stayed,
And lo! the fiery, rushing foe recoiled;
Anon of tented field he trial made,
And constant victory on her wooer smiled.
He smote the ruthless smiters sore, he spoiled
The spoilers utterly! their feet no more
Stained the Hesperian fields so long defiled;
Back o'er the Pyrenees their rout he bore,
And on the fields of France his robe of victory wore.

But O! it gleamed most glorious on that plain
Where lay the robe of the world's victor rent;
There war's great master wrought his best in vain,
There France her furious valour vainly lent;
There with the brazen-throated roar was blent
The tramp of her on-rushing cuirassiers;
But lo! that deadly rain was idly spent;
On rode, back reeled those fiery cavaliers;
Calm round their Arthur stood the unbroken islanders!

Then on *they* rushed—but theirs no backward spring!
At length *they* smote—but theirs no broken blow!
O shivered army! O discrownëd king!
O world-bestrider shrunken and laid low!
O Time! thou canst not match this overthrow.
O crownëd Britain! with thine Arthur vie;
Confront his g'ory with thy heart's great glow!
Yes, raise his honours as his trophies high!
The measure of his meed make thine own majesty!

O pure-eyed Peace! let fall almost a smile
Upon this most white-handed warrior!
Wrong not his greatness with the guilty style,
The gloomy glory of a conqueror!
O wondrous sword, ne'er drawn but in just war,
Ne'er laid aside till bright with Victory's beam!
O gracious sword, that saints may least abhor!
O mighty sword, that men most glorious deem!
O drawn but to o'ercome! O drawn but to redeem!

The statutes of his England well he kept,
That faithful, glorious servant: at her word
His sword awoke; at her command it slept.
Not once the gale of his great glory stirred
The calm of his obedience; most preferred,
The splendour of his faithfulness he wore.
Still, still the hand she felt, the voice she heard
Of her true servant; still with him he bore
The humbleness that made his majesty the more.

O Fairy Land! no Arthur thus sublime
Walks through thy golden fields. O Latter Days!
How the dim glory of that Olden Time
Faints 'neath the splendour of your steadfast blaze!
Britain! outsing those old prophetic lays!
Behold thine Arthur more than come again!
Thy song, thy soul unto his stature raise;
The mighty name lift on a mighty strain,
And with thine Arthur still the ages entertain!

But it is by his hymns Mr. Gill will be longest remembered. Many influences combine to make them

remarkable. To his Unitarian environment in early life are due their freedom of spirit and ethical earnestness, whilst his Puritan ancestry and the Evangelical influences that reached him later in life gave them spiritual fervour. These diverse influences have made him what Dr. J. Freeman Clarke calls—"a more intellectual Charles Wesley." This is a true description, save that he has not the ease in versification of thc Methodist singer. There is a certain mannerism, too, which prevents him, save in a few of his best hymns, reaching the highest point of excellence. To the more balanced judgment of the critic Mr. Gill's hymns have something of the quaintness of George Wither or John Mason, but touched with the warmer feeling of Isaac Watts. In them his distaste for all antiquarian and sacerdotal conceptions of Christianity is very evident, whilst beyond this is a keen discernment of the spirit as opposed to the letter of scripture. Here and there much subtlety of thought is discernible, which renders them somewhat *caviare* to the ordinary reader, but very precious to the more thoughtful. There is, however, what is all too rare in hymns, distinctiveness of thought and style.

"The Golden Chain of Praise," in which one hundred and sixty of his hymns are included, was first issued in 1869, an enlarged edition with ninety new hymns was issued in 1894. This is the whole of his work as a hymn-writer, except certain pieces in "The Anniversaries," which might be classed as hymns, and a few published in 1883 under the title "Luther's Birthday."

W. Garrett Horder.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN OF PRAISE.

1869.

THOMAS H. GILL.

I.—SWEET SUBJECTION.

DEAR Lord and Master mine,
Thy happy servant see!
My Conqueror! with what joy divine
Thy captive clings to Thee!

I love Thy yoke to wear,
To feel Thy gracious bands,
Sweetly restrained by Thy care
And happy in Thy hands.

No bar would I remove;
No bond would I unbind;
Within the limits of Thy love
Full liberty I find.

I would not walk alone
But still with Thee, my God,
At every step my blindness own
And ask of Thee the road.

The weakness I enjoy
That casts me on Thy breast;
The conflicts that Thy strength employ,
Make me divinely blest.

Dear Lord and Master mine,
Still keep Thy servant true!
My Guardian and my Guide Divine,
Bring, bring Thy pilgrim through!

My Conqueror and my King,
Still keep me in Thy train,
And with Thee Thy glad captive bring
When Thou return'st to reign!

II.—THE DIVINE RENEWER.

THE glory of the spring how sweet!
The newborn life how glad!
What joy the happy earth to greet
In new, bright raiment clad;

The blessèd vernal airs to hail
In their renewing power,
The new song of each nightingale,
The new birth of each flower!

Divine Renewer! Thee I bless;
I greet Thy going forth:
I love Thee in the loveliness
Of Thy renewèd earth.

But O! these wonders of Thy grace,
These nobler works of Thine,
These marvels sweeter far to trace,
These new-births more divine!

These sinful souls Thou hallowest,
These hearts Thou makest new,
These mourning souls by Thee made blest,
These faithless hearts made true:

This new-born glow of faith so strong,
This bloom of love so fair;
This new-born ecstasy of song
And fragrancy of prayer!

Creator Spirit, work in me
These wonders sweet of Thine!
Divine Renewer, graciously
Renew this heart of mine!

Grant me the grace of the New Birth,
The joy of the New Song!
The vernal bloom, the vernal mirth
In my new heart prolong!

Still let new life and strength upspring,
Still let new joy be given!
And grant the glad new song to ring
Through the new earth and Heaven!

III.—WE ARE SEEKING THE LORD.

O SAINTS of old! not yours alone
These words most high shall be:
We take the glory for our own;
Lord! we are seeking Thee.

Not only when ascends the song,
And soundeth sweet the Word;
Not only 'midst the Sabbath throng
Our souls would seek the Lord.

We mingle with another throng
And other words we speak:
To other business we belong:
But still our Lord we seek.

We would not to our daily task
Without our God repair,
But in the world Thy presence ask,
And seek Thy glory there.

Would we against some wrong be bold
And break some yoke abhorred?
Amidst the strife and stir behold
The seekers of the Lord!

Yes, we who every yoke would break,
Who every soul would free;
The world our calling doth mistake:
Lord! we are seeking Thee.

O! mean may seem the work we do;
O! vile the name we earn:
But Thou hast eyes to look us through:
Thy seekers, Lord, discern!

We lose, we lack that men may gain
We suffer and we smile;
But why this joy amidst the pain?
We seek our Lord the while.

When on Thy glorious works we gaze
We fain would seek Thee there:
Our gladness in their beauty raise
To joy in Thee, First Fair!

O everywhere, O every day,
Thy grace is still outpoured;
We work, we watch, we strive, we pray:
Behold Thy Seekers, Lord!

IV.—THE GLORY OF THE LATTER DAYS.

OUR God! our God! Thou shinest here
Thine own this latter day:
To us Thy radiant steps appear:
We watch Thy glorious way.

Thou tookest once our flesh ; Thy face
  Once on our darkness shone ;
Yet through each age New Births of Grace
  Still make Thy glory known.

Not only olden ages felt
  The presence of the Lord ;
Not only with the fathers dwelt
  Thy Spirit and Thy Word.

Doth not the Spirit still descend
  And bring the heavenly fire ?
Doth not He still Thy Church extend
  And waiting souls inspire ?

Come, Holy Ghost ! in us arise ;
  Be this Thy mighty hour !
And make Thy willing people wise
  To know Thy day of power !

Pour down Thy fire in us to glow,
  Thy might in us to dwell ;
Again Thy works of wonder show,
  Thy blessèd secrets tell !

Bear us aloft, more glad, more strong
  On Thy celestial wing,
And grant us grace to look and long
  For our returning King.

He draweth near, He standeth by,
  He fills our eyes, our ears ;
Come, King of Grace, Thy people cry,
  And bring the glorious years !

V.—NEW YEAR HYMN.

BREAK, New-born Year, on glad eyes break!
Melodious voices move!
On, rolling Time! thou can'st not make
The Father cease to Love.

The parted year had wingèd feet;
The Saviour still doth stay:
The New Year comes; but, Spirit sweet,
Thou goest not away.

Our hearts in tears may oft run o'er;
But, Lord, Thy smile still beams;
Our sins are swelling evermore;
But pardoning grace still streams.

Lord! from this year more service win,
More glory, more delight!
O make its hours less sad with sin,
Its days with Thee more bright!

Then we may bless its precious things
If earthly cheer should come,
Or gladsome mount on angel wings
If Thou wouldst take us home.

O! golden then the hours must be;
The year must needs be sweet:
Yes, Lord, with happy melody
Thine opening grace we greet.

Charles D. Bell.

1819—1898.

CHARLES DENT BELL, D.D., Hon. Canon of Carlisle, was born on the 10th of February, 1819, at Ballymagnigan, County Derry, Ireland. He was educated at the Academy, Edinburgh, the Royal School, Dungannon, and Trinity College, Dublin. He was Vice-Chancellor's prizeman for English Verse 1840-1-2, B.A. 1842, M.A. 1852, B.D. and D.D. 1878. Ordained deacon in 1843, and priest in 1844, he held curacies at Hampton-in-Arden, Reading, and Hastings, and was Incumbent of St. John's Chapel, Hampstead, from 1854 to 1861, Vicar of Ambleside, and Rural Dean 1861, Hon. Canon of Carlisle 1869, Vicar of Rydal with Ambleside 1872, Rector of Cheltenham 1879, and Surrogate of Cheltenham 1884. His principal volumes of Verse are "Voices from the Lakes" (1876); "Songs in the Twilight" (1881); "Songs in many Keys" (1884); "Poems Old and New" (1893). He died Nov. 11, 1898.

It is somewhat difficult to represent Canon Bell's poetry within necessary limits, owing to its variety, and to the length of many of its best examples. His poems of nature, "The Rosy Dawn," "Spring," and the "Ambleside" group are refreshing, as nature is refreshing. He could scarcely have lived in the Wordsworth country for so long as he did without coming under the influence, if not of

Wordsworth, at least of the conditions which influenced Wordsworth. The nature poems are, however, freer from Wordsworthian influences than are the blank verse narrative poems which provoke disadvantageous comparison with those of the master poet. In the "Dream of Pilate's Wife" we have a dramatic study which won commendation from Whittier, but which, beginning strongly, scarcely sustains its power to the end. One of Canon Bell's best poems is "In the Escurial," a poem describing the burial of Alfonso XII., December 10th, 1885. There is true dignity and fine pictorial power in this poem. The subject of death is one which finds felicitous treatment at Canon Bell's hands, as the poems "Before" and "After," "Dying Words," and the Rondeaux in the following pages evidence.

ALFRED H. MILES.

POEMS OLD AND NEW.

CHARLES D. BELL.

1.—GOD'S FURNACE.

"I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction."
Isa. xlviii. 10.

MY God a Furnace hath of fire,
Its chambers all with flame aglow,
'Tis fann'd in love, and not in ire,
And on the coals He oft doth blow;
A Furnace kindled with His breath,
Cruel, and keen, and sharp as death.

Why doth He thus His fires prepare,
And fan them till they fiercely burn,
To scathe us with their angry glare,
Whichever way we move or turn?
That He may plunge His people in,
And cleanse them throughly from their sin.

He treats us as the goldsmith treats
The ruddy gold he prizeth well,
Who makes it pass thro' savage heats,
And melts it in his crucible;
And this he does because he knows
'Tis destined for a monarch's brows.

God's fires burn up the seeds of ill
Which lurk within the secret heart;
God's fires melt down the hardest will,
And sever dross and gold apart;
Thro' all the spirit's depths they run,
Until their cleansing work is done.

Oft at white heat the furnace stands,
  Ready the evil to consume,
To shrivel up sin's strongest bands,
  With fires as fierce as those of doom;
For some He heats it seven times more
Than He has heated it before.

But in the furnace fires so keen,
  God doth not leave us all alone,
And tho' His presence is not seen,
  There walks beside us His dear Son,
Who comforts us and doth sustain,
And takes from suffering half its pain.

And when His fires have wrought their aim
  And sullen hardness all is gone,
God takes us from the burning flame,
  To place us on His Anvil stone,
And there with patience wondrous kind,
He moulds and shapes us to His mind.

We shrink indeed from all the pain,
  The furnace blast, the hammer's blow,
We pray to 'scape them, but in vain,
  For God knows well it must be so;
That if we would be clean and pure,
The searching flame we must endure.

We need the frequent hammer's stroke,
  One blow doth not accomplish all,
It is not thus that hearts are broke,
  Oft and again the sledge must fall;
And 'tis our fault that we require
God's Anvil, and God's Furnace fire.

But let us thank Him for the pain
That separates the gold from dross,
That purges us from soil and stain,
E'en tho' it be at our sore loss;
Why should we quail, when God desires
To make us perfect thro' His fires?

II.—BEFORE.

WE watched beside her thro' the night—
Thro' night unto the morning grey,
Till on the casement smote the light,
And sudden flashed the day.

She kept all thro' a silence deep,
With closed and heavy-lidded eye,
And murmurs as of one asleep,
And now and then a sigh.

Oh, passing sweet she was and fair,
A fragrant lily in its prime,
That fed on honey'd dew and air,
Had blossomed for a time!

Her two white hands extended were
Upon the little snowy bed;
The rippling of her golden hair
With glory touch'd her head.

The little lamp we lit at night,
Which faintly burnt with dull red glow,
Scarce broke the darkness with its light,
Or showed the bed of snow.

It stood upon a table near,
It flickered low, it flickered high;
We wondered, with a strange sad fear,
Which life should soonest die.

One now threw back the window pane,
The close-drawn curtains were withdrawn;
There came a smell of fresh'ning rain
From off the fragrant lawn.

And in the dim and dewy grove,
The sweet birds piped from every bush;
'Midst glistening boughs sang songs of love—
Sweetest of all, the thrush.

We did not speak or move the while,
Fast held in wonder to our place,
Watching a rare and radiant smile
Transfigure all her face.

But hushed, and awed, and very still,
We prayed in thrilling silence near;
And down our faces flowed at will,
Unchecked, the burning tear.

When all at once, as we stood there,
There rose a sudden, startling cry,
That stayed our weeping, checked our prayer,
As came it ringing by.

She started forward on the bed,
She raised her trembling hands on high;
All paleness from the face had fled,
Now flushed with ecstasy.

Her eyes were lifted up to heaven,
Her parted lips did gently stir;
We felt Christ, and the Spirits seven,
Communion held with her.

Her look of rapture grew and grew,
As tho' before her wondering sight
There stretched the way she must pass thro',
All lined with angels bright.

Our hearts were filled with deep'ning awe,
We dared not move, or speak a word;
We knew she saw what no one saw,
And heard what no one heard.

So for a space the rapture lay
Upon her glowing cheek and brow;
And dawnings of a brighter day
Seemed breaking on her now.

The arms relaxed, a shadow stole
O'er quivering lip, and cheek, and brow;
We knew full well the golden bowl
Was being broken now.

I clasped her gently to my breast,
And held her closely there, until
The aching head had sunk to rest,
The tossing arms were still.

The glory soon was past and gone,
The light went slowly from her eyes,
Though still beneath their lashes shone
A look of sweet surprise.

We knew that she had passed away,
So deep the awe upon her face;
We knew her ransom'd spirit lay
Fast clasped in Christ's embrace;

Who called her to His home above,
And drew her to His happy side;
Where now they walked in perfect love,
The Bridegroom and His Bride.

III.—AFTER.

I HID my face, I spake no word,
I fell upon the bed and wept;
And there, while nothing moved or stirred,
Shaken by grief I slept.

I slept at first a restless sleep,
With throbbing heart and aching head;
For even slumber's self did keep
Some memories of the dead.

I dreamt. The sorrow passed away,
I wept no more, no longer sighed,
Though in the chamber where she lay,
And where that morn she died.

Methought I saw her after death,
And knowing well that she was dead;
And yet no terror choked my breath,
Or bowed my wondering head.

I saw her now a spirit bright,
Freed from the weak and mortal frame,
And clad in raiment all of light,
Which flashed like lambent flame.

The form that lay there stilled in death,
That bent before his cruel power,
Was but the fair and outward sheath
That held the fragrant flower.

She met my gaze with such a look,
That to my very soul did thrill;
And all my quivering pulses shook
And all my heart stood still.

A yearning love was in my eye,
I felt that she was leaving me;
I cried, "Oh, let me also die,
That I may go with thee!"

While thus I spake, a voice I heard,
Come ringing down the heavens afar;
And sweeter sounded every word,
Than song of Morning Star.

She turned to hear the voice that spoke,
And glowing rapture filled her eye;
And as upon her ear it broke,
Her glance was raised on high.

She passed at once upon the way
That leads through depths of dazzling light,
To worlds where everlasting day,
Place never gives to night.

I saw her gliding up on high,
Where burning suns in glory move;
I saw her mounting thro' the sky
Drawn by the force of love.

Her path lay thro' the star-strewn skies,
By argent moon, keen, bright, and clear;
Orb after orb flashed on her eyes,
Globed each in silver sphere.

Thus held she on her upward way,
Where gleam the golden gates afar;
At length beneath her feet there lay,
Both sun, and moon, and star.

And still she kept her upward flight,
Until she reached the happy place,
Where God dwells in the perfect light,
And shows His awful face.

Thro' Heaven's door there poured a flood
Of melody and thrilling song;
And, bathed in glory, there she stood,
Close to the shining throng.

And One stepped forth to meet her there,
A crown upon His kingly brow,
With dazzling eyes and radiant hair,
And face with love aglow.

He took her to the Fountain's brink,
Whence flow the living rills of light;
And, stooping down, I saw her drink
The waters pure and bright.

I heard the six-winged Seraphim,
As they beheld her forward come,
Pause in their loud adoring hymn,
To bid her welcome home.

Christ led her then beneath the shade
Of the green mystic Tree of Life,
Whose fragrant leaves fall not, nor fade,
Whose boughs with fruit are rife.

She plucked with joy the blushing flowers,
That grew in happy gardens there,
And never wither as do ours,
But bloom for ever fair.

And there I saw the streets of gold,
And sea of glass that burned with fire,
And starry gates their doors unrolled.
As He led her ever higher.

I heard the holy angels cry,
One to another, as they sang,
In strange delicious melody,
That thro' the heavens rang.

I heard her voice amongst the choir,
And knew it well from all the rest;
And as she struck her golden lyre,
Methought it sounded best.

And still she moved 'midst rainbow dyes,
Along the crystal floor of heav'n,
Full in the Day of Paradise,
Which never wanes to ev'n.

And so Christ led her ever on,
Thro' bending ranks of angels bright,
Until she stood before the throne,
There lost within God's light.

So passed she from my straining eyes;
And then I woke with sudden start.
Full of a sweet, tho' sad surprise,
And throbbings of the heart.

Alas! I woke to weary day,
To see her lying on the bed,
Where white, and calm, and still she lay,
One of the blessed dead.

But from my aching heart had gone
The bitter anguish and the pain;
I said, "O God, Thy will be done,
I ask her not again.

"I would not, if I could, dear Lord,
Recall her to this world of woe;
Nor might I, could I speak the word,
Draw her from Thee below.

"No! Let her live before Thy face,
And follow Thee thro' pastures fair;
Patient I'll tarry here a space,
Then seek her with Thee there."

IV.—DYING WORDS.

"When I am dead, think of me as in the next room. It is the same house, only one is to the back, and the other to the front."—LADY AUGUSTA STANLEY.

DEAREST, when from thy sight I've passed away,
And from my glass has run out all the sand,
When you no more shall see me day by day,
Or feel the loving pressure of my hand,
And I have gone into the shadowy land,
I ask for this,—you will not say me nay,—
That memories of me be free from gloom,
Oh, "think of me as in the other room!"

Sorrow not overmuch, nor greatly weep,
Mourning because I am amongst the dead;
Rather believe I only am asleep,
And dreaming sweetly on a painless bed,
Where God has smoothed the pillow for my head
And bright-winged angels watch around me keep.
Oh, speak not of me in the silent tomb,
But "think of me as in the other room."

"The other room"—the house is just the same;
The chambers vary as regards the place—
One lieth to the front, where all aflame
The sky is glowing with the sun's bright face;
The other, to the back, has dimmer grace,
Set also in a smaller, meaner frame:
But is not God in both, dear love? with Whom,
"I pass from this into the other room."

I know, belov'd, my loss will make you sad,
I know full well you cannot choose but grieve;
But think of all the blessedness we've had.
O home, more happy than I could conceive!
O God, who in my lot such bliss did weave!
O love, for twelve sweet years which made me glad!
Why should dark sorrow all your life consume
When I but pass "into the other room"?

True, often in the gathering shades of night,
When sitting by our dear hearth all alone,
Your heart will ache, because you think the light,
The bloom, from off your life has passed and gone
And left it joyless, colourless, and wan,
Bereaved of all you say did make it bright.
But let your mind its calm and peace resume,
And "think of me as in the other room."

And when you feel aweary of the strife
With sin and sorrow, falsehood, wrong and pain,
Wishing for one who used to cheer your life,
Whose joy it was to comfort and sustain,
And help you bear the pressure and the strain,
Whose dearest thought is this—she is your wife,
'Twill touch with light the clouds that darkly loom,
To "think of me as in the other room."

And when a silence broods o'er stair and hall,
Unbroken by a voice you loved to hear,
And when I answer not, although you call,
Yet still believing I am very near,
This one sweet thought will check the rising tear,
And hold it on the cheek before it fall,—
I may step any time from out the gloom,
Being so near you in "the other room."

"The other room," beloved, not far away,
For though removed a little from your sight,
I shall be ever near you, day by day,
And when the evening darkens into night;
And surely it will be a strange delight,
Which all my pain and grief will overpay,
To know that through your life this hope shall bloom
—We meet again within "the other room."

RONDEAUX.

CHARLES D. BELL.

I.—WORKS DEATH SUCH CHANGE?

WORKS Death such change upon our dead,
Doth it such awe around them spread,
That, would they suddenly appear,
Trembling, we would recoil in fear,
Though on their breast had lain our head?

Why should their light and ghostly tread
Thus thrill us with a nameless dread,
If still we hold them all so dear?
Works Death such change?

We kissed their cold lips on the bier,
And weeping wished the spirit here;
And shall the wish be all unsaid,
If some night, rising near our bed,
They stand within the moonlight clear?
Works Death such change?

II.—I WOULD NOT SHRINK

I WOULD not shrink if some dear ghost,
One of the dead's unnumbered host,
Should rise in silence of the night,
Shrined in an aureole of light,
And pale as snowdrift in the frost.

No! if the brother loved and lost
For me the silent river crossed,
For me left worlds all fair and bright,
I would not shrink!

Oh, if I gauge my heart aright,
Dear would the dead be to my sight;
A vision from the other coast,
Of one on earth I cherished most,
Would be a measureless delight:
I would not shrink!

III.—HE DOES NOT COME.

HE does not come, although I pray
From sombre eve to morning grey;
Either my voice he cannot hear
In that untroubled happier sphere,
Or cannot force to me his way.

Ah, they but mock us when they say,
The dead revisit realms of day,
Or ever to our sight appear,—
He does not come!

Yet eager was he to obey
What on his heart I pleased to lay;
And if he heard, he would stand here
Before me in the moonlight clear,
Though only for an hour his stay,—
He does not come!

IV.—BEFORE HE PASSED.

BEFORE he passed from mortal view,
To where he sleeps beneath the yew,
He said, "Weep not; to thee I'll come,
If spirits ever leave that home
Through whose dark gates I go from you."

How firm his promise well I knew;
So as he spake life sweeter grew,
And flowered again my heart in bloom,
Before he passed!

Alas! the sweet hope is not true;
He may not tread the avenue
That leadeth from the nether gloom;
Else would he come to this dear room.
I heard his vow,—God heard it too,
Before he passed!

Anna Lætitia Waring.

1820.

Anna Lætitia Waring was born at Neath in Glamorganshire in 1820. She is the daughter of Elijah Waring, and niece of Samuel Miller Waring, who wrote a few hymns of merit.

In 1850 she published a little book "Hymns and Meditations," by A. L. W., which contained nineteen hymns. This was enlarged from time to time as new editions were called for, until the tenth, issued in 1863, contained just twice as many hymns as the edition of 1850. In 1858 she published "Additional Hymns," and in 1871 contributed verses to the *Sunday Magazine*. All her verse that she cares to preserve is now issued under the same title as her small collection of 1850, "Hymns and Meditations."

Miss Waring's last volume impresses us as the work of a writer who only wrote when moved to do so, or when she had a message to deliver. The second part of her title—"Meditations"—is best descriptive of her verse, which is more meditative than hymnic. The substance is often better than the form. Every now and then she gives us a happy thought charmingly phrased, such as—

> "a heart at leisure from itself
> To sooth and sympathise,"

so often quoted as to have become well nigh proverbial; but the value of her verse lies in its

quiet thoughtfulness and a certain restfulness very precious in an age of hurry and strife like ours. The defect of her verse lies in the form rather than the substance or spirit. Here and there the accent is faulty, and this has made slight alterations necessary when her verses have been set to music. This, however, is but a slight matter, and probably arises from a want of sensitiveness to sound on the part of the writer. And yet in some few instances her verse is well nigh perfect in form, the very sound of the words being exquisitely suited to the sentiment. The best instance of this is in the following :

Tender mercies, on my way
Falling softly like the dew,
Sent me freshly every day,
I will bless THE LORD for you.

Though I have not all I would,
Though to greater bliss I go,
Every present gift of good
To Eternal Love I owe.

Source of all that comforts me,
Well of joy for which I long,
Let the song I sing to Thee
Be an everlasting song.

Had she attained a similar compactness and perfection of expression in her other hymns Miss Waring would have been one of the greatest of modern hymnists ; but, in spite of their faultiness of form, her hymns remind one, in their quiet restfulness, of Longfellow's well-known lines :—

Such songs have power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

W. GARRETT HORDER.

ANNA LÆTITIA WARING.

I.—FATHER, I KNOW THAT ALL MY LIFE.

"My times are in Thy hand."—PSALM xxxi. 15.

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come,
I do not fear to see;
But I ask Thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing Thee.

I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask,
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to Thee—
More careful—not to serve Thee much,
But to please Thee perfectly.

There are briers besetting every path,
That call for patient care;
There is a cross in every lot,
And an earnest need for prayer;
But a lowly heart that leans on Thee
Is happy anywhere.

In a service which Thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me,
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
That makes Thy children "free";
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

II.—MY HEART IS RESTING, O MY GOD.

MY heart is resting, O my God,—
I will give thanks and sing;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.
Now the frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine shall fill—
For the waters of the earth have failed,
And I am thirsty still.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise—
I seek the treasure of Thy love,
And close at hand it lies.
And a "new song" is in my mouth
To long-loved music set—

Glory to Thee for all the grace
I have not tasted yet.

Glory to Thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known—
And the fear that sends me to Thy breast
For what is most my own.
I have a heritage of joy
That yet I must not see;
But the hand that bled to make it mine
Is keeping it for me.

There is a certainty of love
That sets my heart at rest—
A calm assurance for to-day,
That to be poor is best;
A prayer reposing on His truth
Who hath made all things mine,
That draws my captive will to Him,
And makes it one with Thine.

I will give thanks for suffering now,
For want and toil and loss—
For the death that sin makes hard and slow
Upon my Saviour's cross—
Thanks for the little spring of love
That gives me strength to say,
"If they will leave me part in Him,
Let all things pass away."

Sometimes I long for promised bliss,
But it will not come too late—
And the songs of patient spirits rise
From the place wherein I wait;
While in the faith that makes no haste
My soul has time to see

A kneeling host of Thy redeemed,
In fellowship with me.

There is a multitude around
Responsive to my prayer;
I hear the voice of my desire
Resounding everywhere.
But the earnest of eternal joy
In every prayer I trace;
I see the glory of the Lord
On every chastened face.

How oft, in still communion known,
Those spirits have been sent
To share the travail of my soul,
Or show me what it meant!
And I long to do some work of love
No spoiling hand could touch,
For the poor and suffering of Thy flock
Who comfort me so much.

But the yearning thought is mingled now
With the thankful song I sing;
For thy people know the secret source
Of every precious thing.
The heart that ministers for Thee
In Thy own work will rest;
And the subject spirit of a child
Can serve Thy children best.

Mine be the reverent, listening love
That waits all day on Thee,
With the service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see—
The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,

Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

My heart is resting, O my God,
My heart is in Thy care—
I hear the voice of joy and health
Resounding everywhere.
"Thou art my portion," saith my soul,
Ten thousand voices say,
And the music of their glad Amen
Will never die away.

III.—GO NOT FAR FROM ME, O MY STRENGTH.

GO not far from me, O my strength,
Whom all my times obey;
Take from me anything Thou wilt,
But go not Thou away;
And let the storm that does Thy work
Deal with me as it may.

On Thy compassion I repose,
In weakness and distress:
I will not ask for greater ease,
Lest I should love Thee less.
Oh, 'tis a blessed thing for me
To need Thy tenderness.

While many sympathizing hearts
For my deliverance care,
Thou, in Thy wiser, stronger love,
Art teaching me to bear—
By the sweet voice of thankful song,
And calm, confiding prayer.

Thy love has many a lighted path,
No outward eye can trace,

And my heart sees Thee in the deep,
With darkness on its face,
And communes with Thee, 'mid the storm,
As in a secret place.

O Comforter of God's redeemed,
Whom the world does not see,
What hand should pluck me from the flood
That casts my soul on Thee?
Who would not suffer pain like mine,
To be consoled like me?

When I am feeble as a child,
And flesh and heart give way,
Then on Thy everlasting strength
With passive trust I stay,
And the rough wind becomes a song,
The darkness shines like day.

Oh, blessed are the eyes that see,
Though silent anguish show
The love that in their hours of sleep
Unthanked may come and go;
And blessed are the ears that hear,
Though kept awake by woe.

Happy are they that learn, in Thee,
Though patient suffering teach
The secret of enduring strength,
And praise too deep for speech—
Peace that no pressure from without,
No strife within, can reach.

There is no death for me to fear,
For Christ, my Lord, hath died;
There is no curse in this my pain,
For He was crucified;

And it is *fellowship* with Him
That keeps me near His side.

My heart is fixed, O God, my strength—
My heart is strong to bear;
I will be joyful in Thy love,
And peaceful in Thy care.
Deal with me, for my Saviour's sake,
According to His prayer.

No suffering while it lasts is joy,
How blest soe'er it be—
Yet may the chastened child be glad
His Father's face to see;
And oh, it is not hard to bear
What must be born in Thee.

It is not hard to bear by faith,
In Thy own bosom laid,
The trial of a soul redeemed,
For Thy rejoicing made.
Well may the heart in patience rest,
That none can make afraid.

Safe in Thy sanctifying grace,
Almighty to restore—
Borne onward—sin and death behind,
And love and life before—
Oh, let my soul abound in hope,
And praise Thee more and more!

Deep unto deep may call, but I
With peaceful heart will say—
"Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
No waves can take away;
And let the storm that speeds me home,
Deal with me as it may."

IV.—THE CRY OF THE LOST ANSWERED.

THAT was the Shepherd of the flock; He knew
The distant voice of one poor sheep astray;
It had forsaken Him, but He was true,
And listened for its bleating night and day.
Lost in a pitfall, yet alive it lay,
To breathe the faint sad call that He would know;
But now the slighted fold was far away,
And no approaching footstep soothed its woe.

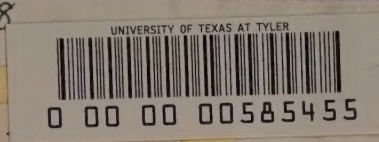
A thing of life and nurture from above
Sunk under earth where all was cold and dim,
With nothing in it to console His love,
Only the miserable cry for Him.
His was the wounded heart, the bleeding limb
That safe and sound He would have joy'd to keep;
And still, amidst the flock at home with Him,
He was the Shepherd of that one lost sheep.

Oh! would He now but come and claim His own,
How more than precious His restoring care!
How sweet the pasture of His choice alone,
How bright the dullest path if He were there!
How well the pain of rescue it could bear,
Held in the shelter of His strong embrace!
With Him it would find herbage anywhere,
And springs of endless life in every place.

And so He came and raised it from the clay,
While evil beasts went disappointed by.
He bore it home along the fearful way
In the soft light of His rejoicing eye.
And *thou* fallen soul, afraid to live or die
In the deep pit that will not set thee free,
Lift up to Him the helpless homeward cry,
For all that tender love is seeking thee.

193638

193638



PR 1221 .M5 1967 v.1
Miles, Alfred Henry, 1848-1929,
The poets and the poetry of the nineteenth century

193638

X